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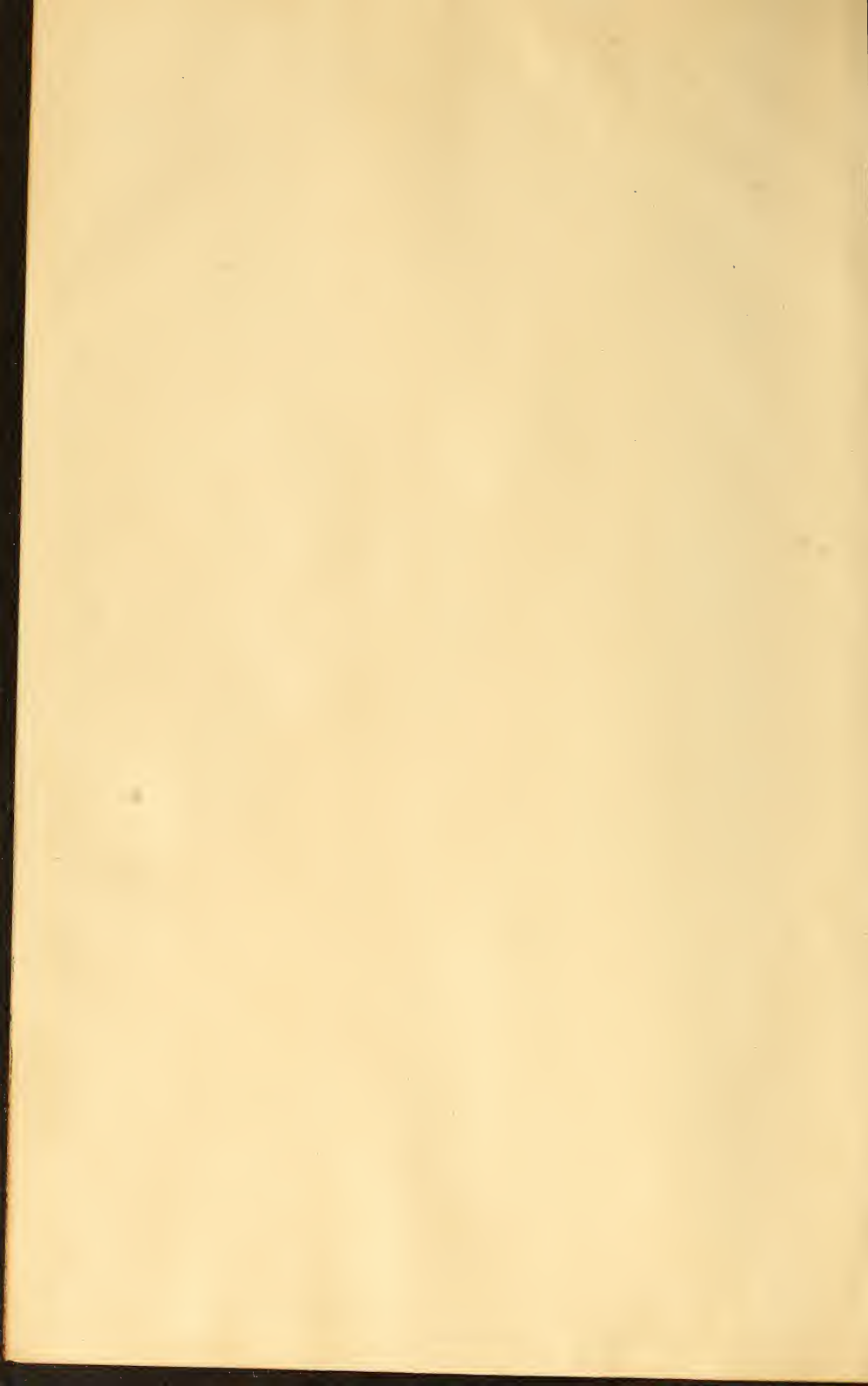
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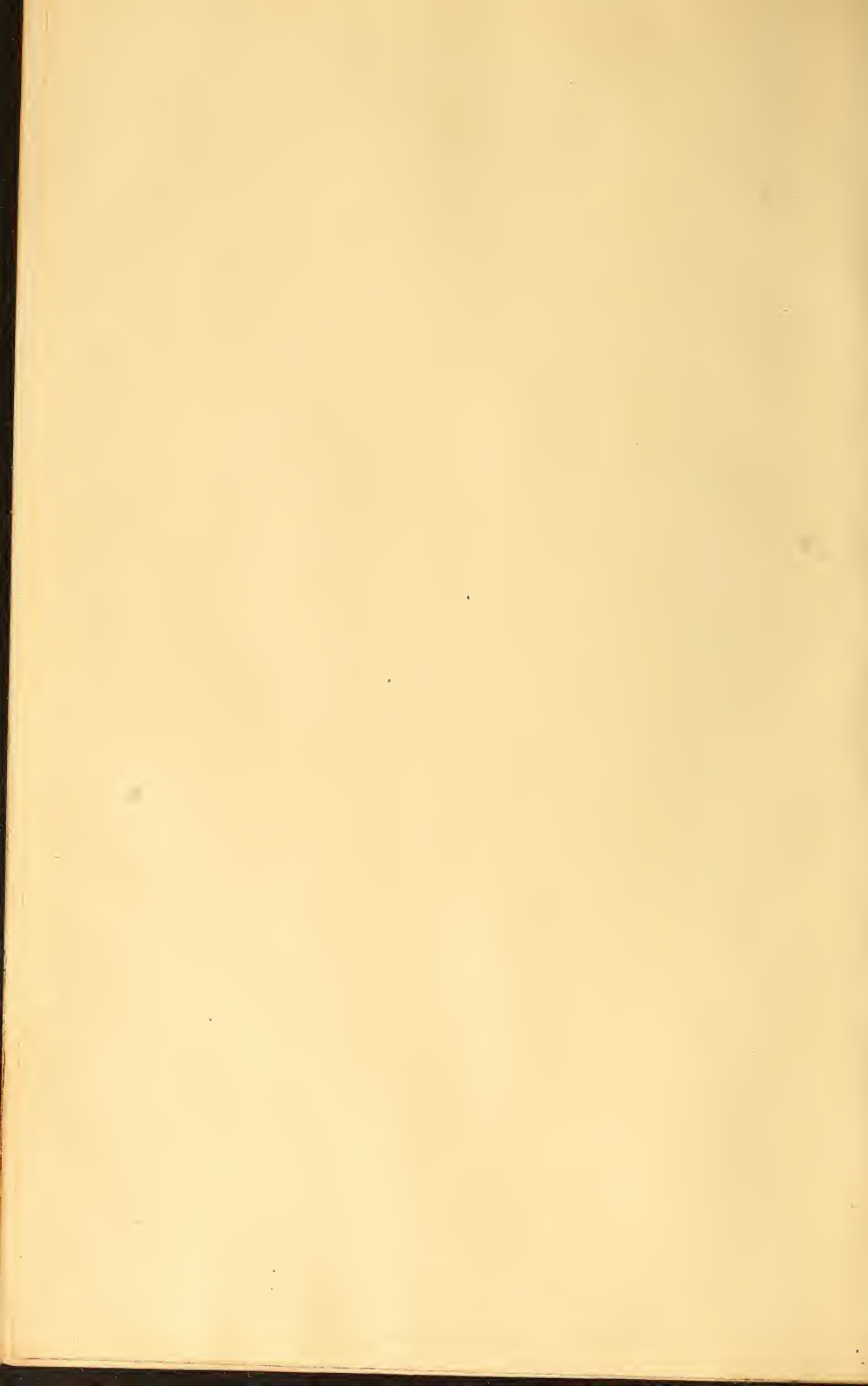
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

















THE BEACH PATROL.

"The engines had been stopped, and The Great Republic was drifting, her agonized commander not knowing whither. It was a fearful hour. Dawn was near."—Page 231.

AMERICA'S KING

HE COSTS THE PEOPLE FIVE MILLION DOLLARS A DAY.

Consider your ways.—Ye have sown much and bring in little; ye eat but have not enough; ye drink but are not filled with drink; ye clothe yourselves but none are warm; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put them into a bag with holes.—*Haggai I: 5, 6.*

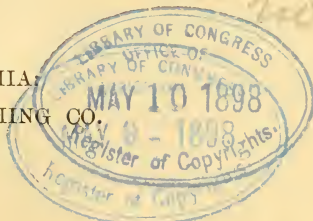
Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.
—*Proverbs XIV: 34.*

HARD FACTS ABOUT HARD TIMES AND THEIR CAUSE.

EDWIN K. HART.

PHILADELPHIA,
PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.

1898.



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JUST A WORD, TO BEGIN WITH.

Twelve years ago the writer was asked to address the West Chester, Pa., Philosophical Society upon existing social and industrial conditions. The title of the lecture delivered under such auspices, twice repeated, by special request, before larger audiences, was "Millions Against Millions." A supplemental review of the same subject was given, six months later. The facts plainly presented were earnestly discussed by thoughtful men and women. Transcribed, the notes used on that occasion now read like prophecy, so rapid and startling has been the development of the un-American policy to the presence and pursuit of which, with such consuming zeal, the country is indebted for the acknowledged perils which beset it. That was the beginning of this book. Its purpose is to direct attention to the wide departure from the safe land-marks of the fathers of the American Republic, and the establishment and growth of methods dangerous in their tendency and results, and which have worked incalculable injury to a vast number of the best citizens of our country. It does not deal in impracticable suggestions. Its author has been too busy with his daily editorial work to even read the productions of the economic doctrinaires or romancers of the time, however able, sincere or original they may be. He believes that one ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory in solving national problems.

Every page here submitted could have been fortified by many pages of confirmatory evidence, from leading journals and the utterances of public men. What is presented, as tersely as possible, is a summary of the situation, as it strikes the observer, after twenty-five years' service in the arena of daily inquiry and discussion of public events. A portion of his former journalistic work is embodied, revised for present uses. The reader who is unprepared for statements given and is disposed to cavil, should find fault with the facts; not with the chronicler. Let him stop and think what his duty is. Let him look about him and note what is within the range of his own vision. Let him put to himself and answer the query of the prophet of old: "What Seest Thou"?

Let him remember that the first duty of a patriot is to fearlessly face the truth, and next to put on the armor of righteousness and patriotism and enlist for the war against the combined enemies of true national prosperity. Let him find his own work as a good citizen and take it up without delay and with courage and zeal. If popular government is to be preserved in its integrity on this continent its friends must be up and doing.

No other great nation ever was so perilously overborne in such a short time. Through mis-government, official defalcation and legislative bribery, abuse of corporate power, trust conspiracy, bank wrecking, tax evasion, commercial dishonesty, stock gambling, subjection of courts, rent extortion, degradation of labor, needless poverty, social vanity and vice, millionairism and the ravages of the liquor traffic, the American people are being robbed of over one billion five hundred million dollars a year, or five million dollars for each working day. The resources of the country are being rapidly absorbed by a self-appointed ruling class, in defiance of the basic principles of our national life. Over ninety per cent. of the wealth of the land is held by less than ten per cent. of the population, reducing vast and increasing numbers of our people to a condition worse than that of common serfdom; and this alarming change has taken place within the lifetime of the younger part of the present generation. How much longer will the nation submit to this reign of millionaire, corporation and political absolutism? How much longer will it tolerate this all-devouring King Stork and the despotic forces which stand for national spoliation and ruin?

EDWIN K. HART.

Philadelphia, April 19, 1898.



WHAT YOU WILL READ ABOUT.

I.	PAGE
The American corner-stone—True national ideas—Public service and public honors—The early record of a great State—A direful change—Its blighting effects—A personal oligarchy—A legacy of crime—An historic protest,	11
II.	
The "Pennsylvania System" as applied to the nation—Debasing influences—The machine and what it stands for—In town and country—Its creatures and their methods—Typical characters—A self-perpetuating organization—"Hearts of stone,"	21
III.	
Appointments—Subversion of authority—Misuse of executive power—Growth and effect of a vicious system—A nursery of intrigue, deception and falsehood—The popular will disregarded—Payment of political debts—Personal and official degradation—"Sugar on the spoon,"	31
IV.	
Executive mis-government—Tax-payers needlessly burdened—A growing brood of evils—The vice and sequel of selfish ambition—Care of the public money—"Millions in it"—Millions lost to the people—The treasury machine—A treacherous friend; a cruel and relentless foe,	37
V.	
Legislative picking and stealing—"Pinchers"—Sham investigations and contests—The mileage swindle—Extravagance and waste—Special and corrupt legislation—Abuse of corporate power—Fatal excuses Injurious to the public welfare—Defiance of law—Demoralizing example and injurious results,	43
VI.	
Money in politics—The consuming peril of the nation—Startling facts—Oily Rocks and his methods—Hireling workers multiplied—Misuse of power—A ruinous revolution—Bitter fruits for the people—A conspiracy of degradation and silence,	49

VII.

PAGE

The Courts—Influences of the times—Perverted legal ethics—How selections for the Bench are made—Governing ideas of ruling elements—Services of Slick & Co.—Set-up juries—New trials—A battle for justice—Ominous signs, 54

VIII.

Trusts—Their purpose, growth, rapacity and power—Un-American, hateful and ruinous—Individualism crushed—How labor suffers and the State is burdened—Defiance of constituted authorities—Breederers of anarchy—Enormous profit of the money kings, . . . 62

IX.

The greatest of evils—The power of the liquor traffic in social, political and commercial affairs—Its cardinal principles—Methods and resources—A menace to life, liberty and happiness—Responsibility of ruling classes—Duty of all good citizens, 68

X.

The press, its rights, duties and responsibilities—Evils of official advertising—What it costs the people—The business office and the editorial room—The country newspaper—Ethics of journalism—A noble life—An appeal for higher principles and purer methods, . 76

XI.

The American farmer—An inspiring record—Social and industrial changes—A costly mistake—Keep the young people away from cities—The old homestead—An ideal life—Spiritual needs—Personal influence—Joys of the inner light, 85

XII.

"Lost or stolen," \$2,500,000,000—The mortgage that never shrinks—Hard facts about hard times—Crushing burdens the farmer and artisan have to bear—How immigration has injured both—The only way out—The power of united effort, 96

XIII.

Wrongs of American labor—Slavery, old and new—The black list and its victims—How wages are kept down—Thirty days ahead of starvation—"Charity"—Protection a mockery—Nothing so "cheap" as flesh and blood—A desperate battle for life, 104

XIV.

In the depths—Increase of poverty—Society and the dependent classes—The pitiful cry from the "slums"—Suffering humanity and its needs—What can be done—An imperative duty—Prevention and not cure the true remedy, 118

XV.

PAGE

- The last and worst blow at labor—No day of “rest and gladness; no day of joy and light”—How human greed is abolishing the American Sunday—Millions of helpless toilers—Something to strike against as one man—The neglected duty of the Church, 128

XVI.

- Young America and its weaknesses—Traps for the unwary—Satan’s recruiting stations—Bad books, bad plays and bad habits—The voice of the tempter—The pathway of safety, usefulness and honor—High ideals and worthy efforts, 138

XVII.

- God and mammon—The true mission of the Church—“Wanted, an earthquake”—Running away from the poor—The vacation season and its opportunities and duties—Misguided leaders—What the world is hungering for—An appalling responsibility, 147

XVIII.

- Inspiration of patriotic lives—Birthdays of Washington and Lincoln—Lessons which should never be forgotten—The citizen and his responsibility for bad government—National preservation dependent upon individual integrity and patriotism, 158

XIX.

- The men of ’61-’65—The cause for which they fought—Memorial Day and what it should stand for—The Blue and the Gray—The man in the ranks—The second martyr President—A forgotten warning—The spoils system and what it means, 163

XX.

- Reform, true and false—The cart before the horse—Failure and why—Pinhook and Highflyer—The true way—The nation topheavy—Social vanity—The pace that kills—Hostile influences and ruinous kite-flying—A time to think, 173

XXI.

- A prophecy fulfilled—Alarming contrasts—The millionaire and the tramp—Rags, robbery and riches—The curse of combination—A nation plundered—The growth of millionaireism—Cheating the State—The source of bribery—The Republic’s peril, 178

XXII.

- Manufacturing and commercial crookedness—How the people are deceived—The fraud of cheapness—Food adulteration—Honey in the comb—Swindling the government—“Higher education” of criminals—Where will it all end?—A revival of righteousness needed, 188

XXIII.

PAGE

America's "smart set"—Ill gotten millions and how they are spent—
 Heathen profligacy outdone—A generation of upstarts—Ignorance
 and insolence—Shoddy, Sham and Pretence—Fashionable iniquity
 —Gilded palaces and useless lives—What of the future? 197

XXIV.

America's King Stork, and how he robs the people—Burden of the
 liquor traffic—Labor's just complaint—The cost of commercial dis-
 honesty—How monopoly makes millionaires—Over one billion,
 five hundred million dollars lost every year—A lesson to be re-
 membered, 204

XXV.

The founders of the Republic—The covenant of a chosen people—
 Source of true loyalty and strength—National principles perverted
 —Labor's heavy burden—Babylon's boast repeated—The spirit of
 oppression—The eagle and the serpent—War clouds—The danger
 and duty of the hour, 214

XXVI.

Voyage of The Great Republic—The gathering storm—Feasting and
 dancing within; approaching peril without—The stranded ship—
 A cry for help—The fishermen of Gallilee—Rescuing faith—Human
 brotherhood—The warning signal—On the shoals—"Two Bells"
 —Saved as by a miracle—A summer idyl of the sea, 225



MEN WHOM YOU WILL MEET.

"CARROTS." The ground work of the rural machine.

"A little of the stuff goes a long ways down here."

JERRY PLUG. As useful as he is unscrupulous.

"Leathery always leaves this township to me."

"SLIPPERY BILL-YUS." A 'spectable colored gemmen in politics.

"Ise goine to git half a pig—after de 'lection."

JEEMS LEATHERY. An expert campaign manager.

"The fat goose loves to be plucked."

HON. TOMPKINS BROADAXE. A rural speculator in votes and offices.

"I believe in methods which produce results."

JEREMIAH BUMPKIN. The greatest man in Bumpkinville.

"Politics pays better than farming."

JUDGE SMUGG. A believer in one-eyed justice.

"Oh, Jim is only making a little money."

BUCKEY HEELER. The man with a pull.

"I always carry my division."

LIJE CROOK. The boss who runs the machine.

"This is the point—what is in it for me?"

DAN McSWIGGIN. He has a finger in every municipal pie.

"Live and let live, is my motto."

EASY SMILER. An open countenance and a fat pocket-book.

"Ah, about the same as last year—I suppose?"

DEWELLINGTON HIGHFLYER. A thrifty "man of business" in politics.

"Why, sir, they are taxing us to death, sir."

EBENEZER PINHOOK. Alias "Granny Gooseberry."

"We reformers should stick together."

OILY ROCKS. The ambitious millionaire in politics.

"Statesmanship, with me, is a mere matter of business."

PROF. BEETLE. Knows all about bugs, but despises politicians.

"And they asked me if I could *read*?"

OLIVER SLICK, ESQ. A Senatorial lobbyist and corporation attorney.

"My services were purely professional."

SIMON SNEAK. An ex-member and professional lobbyist.

"Every man has his price, and I pay cash."

MAJOR DAN HORNBLOWER. A prince of journalistic Pharisees.

"The sacred calling of journalism appeals to my highest instincts."

GOVERNOR BRASS. Thinks he ought to be President.

"You might put me on that high stump."

THE HESSIAN. The "striker" between the lines.

"No cash, no vote."

PATSEY BOLIVER. The last of his race.

"The only people fooled are the people."







EDWIN K. HART.

I.

**“There is an undeniable justification for your uprising—
Peace and reform will never come until the moral
forces in politics you have organized prevail.”**



IN the first sentence of his remarkable life of Martin Van Buren, published more than forty years after it was written, having been withheld for politic reasons, George Bancroft suggestively observes: “Public life in America opens the widest possible field for the promulgation of truth.” Of course, the eminent historian did not mean in this instance to indulge in irony. He was in sober earnest, as always, deeming it a waste of precious time and talent to

talk flippantly or insincerely upon any occasion. He meant to convey the impression at the outset that public leaders in this country rested under very great responsibility; that they were constantly teaching by example as well as precept; and that it was only through steadfast fidelity to the obligations implied that any one exercising considerable influence in his time could acquit himself before the world. Dealing with a most interesting period of American history, full of instruction and admonition, Mr. Bancroft could not fail to improve the opportunity to try to impress all who might ponder his sober words with a sense of their duty to their Government and to mankind.

For more than a century the world has looked upon that marvelous instrument, sent forth in 1789 as the organic law of the young Republic, as a piece of matchless wisdom, strict compliance therewith insuring the perpetuity of the government thus provided for, and equal rights to all its citizens. The fundamental thought in the minds of the framers of the Constitution, as they so earnestly and pointedly put it, was “to form a more perfect Union,” which should stand the storms of time, outride increas-

ing dangers, seen and unseen, and make government of the people, for the people and by the people, an abiding and happy success. It has been said that great men are only made in great emergencies, yet, as the greatest truths are the simplest, so are the greatest men; and the greatest acts of statesmanship, the greatest triumphs in any field of human activity, are those which promote the comfort, prosperity and happiness of the largest number of people. In other words, national duty implies the broadest view, yet the most painstaking fidelity to the individual.

The American statesman of to-day may serve his country as efficiently, with as much lasting benefit, as the man of thirty years ago, of sixty years ago, or of a hundred years ago. But he can only do this through bed-rock grounding upon moral principles, unselfish devotion to the tasks before him, with the highest aim constantly in view, the popular welfare. At all times his own personal interests must resolutely be kept secondary. He can only serve himself by serving the people. When he seeks to use personal gifts, official opportunity, political power, partisan machinery, chiefly for the promotion of his own honor, he is sure to fall; he is sure to be found out; he is certain to stand in history as one who tried to reverse the natural and inexorable order of things. American history is full of these deplorable examples; and as it has been in the past, so it must be in the future. There may be temporary success, as men call it; there may be seeming triumph; the shouts of the multitude may be heard, applauding personal and partisan victories, but in the end there is failure, disappointment, lasting regret. The greatest men in American history have been those who, while easily equal to the tasks coming to them, have always been superior to the temptations which surrounded them; have exercised, through a wise self-control, a patriotic self-abnegation; have been ready, like Zachary Taylor, to take the Presidency, as a sacred trust; not to touch it as the reward of unworthy partisan service, as the result of selfish intrigue.

The early record of a great Commonwealth.

For three-quarters of a century, Pennsylvania proudly held its enviable place as the keystone of the federal arch. The honor of the Commonwealth was scrupulously maintained. There was unvarying loyalty to fundamental national ideas. Public places were filled by upright men, who, with honest hearts and clean hands,

faithfully discharged the solemn obligations assumed. The best citizens in every community were by common consent regarded as the only fit men for responsible positions of public trust, executive, legislative and judicial. The spirit of true patriotism prevailed at the fireside and throughout the social, industrial and political arenas. Men differed as to matters of public policy, as they always have and always will; but there was universal adherence to the highest principles. The right of suffrage was exercised with absolute freedom and honesty. The ballot was sacredly guarded. No one dared attempt to debauch the voter, however humble or needy, or to exercise undue pressure upon him, or public servants of any class. For many years, especially during the memorable decade preceding the civil war, questions of the times were most earnestly, intelligently and patriotically discussed. The lyceum, the people's forum, was everywhere the medium for the expression of the popular view. In local, state and national affairs, the noble Commonwealth founded by the illustrious ambassador of peace, justice, mercy and truth, was second to none in the Union. Its influence was unexcelled. Its history was a bright page in the national annals.

But, in an evil hour, there came a direful change. For fully fifty years Pennsylvania has been subject to blighting influences, the baleful effects of which two generations have but feebly realized and which will be felt for a long time to come. In the early days of the federal government, the Senate being regarded as the place where the highest legislative wisdom and most valuable experience should invariably be found, it was the custom of the States to select such men as would meet the exalted requirements of the office. The constitutional idea, as framed by the fathers, was that the Senate, as a sort of legislative court of last resort, should be composed of the best men in the nation. For half a century or more, a seat therein, even for a single term, was regarded as a fitting climax to the loftiest ambition. There were men in the Senate often much greater than those who occupied the Presidency. In fact, the average of statesmanship in the upper legislative body was higher than in the Executive office. Well would it have been for the country if this system had continued to prevail, if the high standard first set up had been zealously maintained.

“A strange, uncouth, uncanny figure.”

In the Senatorial contest at Harrisburg, in 1845, there suddenly came to the front a strange, uncouth, uncanny figure. It was that of a man of mature years, six and forty, who had shown his peculiar aptitude for business dealings, of a certain kind. He was thrifty but unscrupulous, ambitious and unprincipled. He had plainly indicated his course in the future, which was repeatedly characterized by utter contempt for the obligations supposed to govern honorable men in connection with public affairs. He believed that the end justified the means. He was apparently prepared to act with whatever political organization would best promote his personal interests. He was not a man of superior intelligence. He had received but a limited education, and throughout his life was rather proud of this fact than otherwise. He was not well informed upon great questions; in fact, he had no possible claim to the favorable consideration of his fellow-citizens for responsible office of any kind. Especially was he ill-fitted to take a place in the highest legislative body in the new world. There was something supremely grotesque in such a man aspiring to fill a place in the United States Senate. Perceiving the opportunity, however, to break party lines on the issue of protection, then beginning to occupy a large share of public attention, he secured his election, through a combination of votes; and twelve years later, having done nothing, meanwhile, to warrant another election to the Senate, the state was ineffaceably disgraced through his action in openly debauching three members of the legislature, thus securing another term.

Again it was abundantly and painfully shown in many ways that Pennsylvania was sadly misrepresented in the upper branch of the national legislature. The rising party of freedom and progress which was sweeping to the front, was being utilized in the greatest of the industrial States to build up a personal oligarchy, corrupt, odious and ruinous. Still, under the tremendous pressure and excitement of the time, this schemer was permitted to move on in the execution of his always selfish and demoralizing practices. At this time he had the audacity to aspire to the Presidency of the United States, and for a time held the Republican National Convention by the throat. It is enough to make patriotic men everywhere shudder to think what would have been the consequences to this Republic had such a preposterous ambition been

gratified, at Chicago, in 1860. It is more than likely that even such a candidate would have been elected, had he been nominated. The trend of events was too powerful to be resisted, and then the nation's destiny, for four perilous years, would have been in the hands of a man without the remotest claim to public respect and confidence; one who would have made the Executive office a hissing and a by-word; who would have selfishly controlled and used all the patronage of the national government and who, as the head of the Executive Department in the greatest crisis in the nation's history, would undoubtedly have conducted an administration discreditable from the start and a lamentable failure throughout.

A far-reaching influence for evil.

The country was spared this terrible danger, but it did not fully escape. The Lincoln administration, as the result of political chicanery theretofore unknown, was handicapped for some ten months, in 1861, through gross mismanagement of the War Department. It was inevitable that such an incongruous alliance could not continue. Mr. Lincoln was compelled to shake himself loose from such evil companionship, and for a little while the head of the house of Donegal left his country for his country's good. Yet, though absent in body, he was always mischievously present in spirit. The secret history of Pennsylvania politics during the War of the Rebellion doubtless will never be written, but there are still living men who could reveal many things which would profoundly impress the public mind. It may truthfully be said, that the harassed and worn, ever patient and always sublimely patriotic War President was called upon to endure more grievous and needless annoyance at the hands of the Donegal clan, their friends and their foes, the result of the continual factional warfare of the time, than was his unhappy lot in connection with the representatives of any other state. The heart of the people of the Commonwealth of Penn was sound to the core. Hundreds of thousands of their best sons promptly, cheerfully and bravely went forward to fight for the preservation of the Union, many of them to suffer and many to die on the field, or in the hospitals. In a half million homes there was the deepest sympathy with the national government, so heroically struggling for its life. There was a vacant chair at tens of thousands of sorrowing firesides.

When the enemy invaded the sacred soil of freedom, carrying his disloyal banner, there was a patriotic rush to meet him, from counting houses and shops, from schools and farms and the homes of the people.

But through all this terrible trial, the one thought in the minds of the professional politicians of the hour, who had become thoroughly saturated with Donegalism and all that it implied, was to secure and use political power for unworthy personal ends. There was built up the most perfectly organized and powerful political machine ever known in this or any other country. It embraced active workers, all filled with the same selfish spirit, in every voting precinct, in town and country, throughout the state. It was not content with arbitrarily controlling all appointments to federal and state offices, but every avenue to public preferment, even to the smallest local place, was effectually blocked, except to those who co-operated with the active agents of the autocratic head of the organization. During the past five and thirty years this odious political dynasty, directly or indirectly, has reigned almost uninterruptedly in the councils of the dominant party and has never been dislodged from its position by any of the various spasmodic movements which have arisen as the result of public impatience with such demoralizing methods. The best men in every county have been deterred from entering public life. Many who have bravely set out to battle with the entrenched foes of clean politics, honorable methods and good government, have fallen by the wayside, the victims of conspiracies conceived and executed by the all too willing creatures of the worst enemies of American institutions.

What it costs to fight the machine.

Journalists who have refused to bow the knee to Baal have been driven into exile. One of these, who rejected all the flattering counsels of smooth-tongued public pirates, who kept faith with the people of Pittsburg, in a contest for honest government, was deprived of his editorial chair, thus sacrificing brilliant prospects for life, in obedience to the tyrannical order: "That man Hart must be gotten rid of." Many other newspaper publishers and editors have likewise been compelled to make choice between submission to corrupt masters and financial ruin. Ministers of the Gospel have been hounded from their pulpits for fidelity to

conscience. Merchants have been robbed of patronage. Bankers have been bull-dozed and debauched. Young lawyers have been beguiled into crooked ways. Men in every walk of life have felt the iron hand of brutal political despotism. A host of young men have been corrupted and their careers blighted in the morning of life. Honest legislators have been put in the crucible and hundreds of members of both houses of Assembly have been dragged into the vile pit of debasement, where true manhood is lost, where honorable obligations are forgotten, where the chains of ruinous servitude are riveted. The American people cannot conceive the measure of iniquity thus recorded, from year to year, in shameless defiance of every patriotic instinct, with utter disregard of the interests of the state and of society. Now and then the public has been given a glimpse of the torture endured by those in whose breasts conscience has struggled for life. One notable instance will here suffice, and the heroic spirit referred to will be permitted to speak for himself; for though his work on earth is ended, his burning words of righteous protest and just indignation should never be forgotten by the people of his own state or of the country.

"This Way, Governor."

In the closing and critical hours of the Pennsylvania gubernatorial campaign, in the fall of 1882, an earnest editorial appeal was addressed to Governor Hoyt to come out from among the foes of the people, to strike a courageous blow for manly independence, the rights of citizenship and the true principles of the party with which he had all his life been honorably and usefully allied. At noon the following day this telegram was sent, in reply to the letter which accompanied a copy of the article referred to:

Harrisburg, November 3rd, 1882.

To Edwin K. Hart,
Philadelphia.

I will answer your kind letter by telegraph this afternoon, before you go to press.

(Signed) HENRY M. HOYT.

An hour later, another message was received, which said: "Hold your afternoon edition. You will get the response you wish."

This showed that the Governor had burned his bridges and was about to march forward, with the friends of honest politics and good government. He had been invited to address a meeting of Independent Republicans, to be held in Philadelphia, the same evening; but, in strict accord with the policy of dignified neutrality which he had theretofore maintained, he had made no reply, and did not propose to break silence at this late hour. But the crucial time had come. The editorial and personal appeal made to him was headed: "This Way, Governor." It fell into the hands of members of his family who, as he afterwards stated, with deep gratitude, used it for all it was worth. He sat down to write his answer, which was to become historic, sending for his friend, Professor Charles J. Little, of Dickinson College, who was State Librarian. In a short time the wires were hot with a message which electrified the citizens of a long suffering commonwealth. As a mere matter of formality, the communication was publicly addressed to the members of the committee who had asked him to speak, but the first they knew of it was when they read the burning sentences in the evening papers. Governor Hoyt, with heartfelt earnestness and absolute loyalty to the truth, said:

A courageous blow for freedom.

"When standing room is no longer allowed to the members of a political party with a margin for self-respect; when its lines become simply coterminous with the limits of some usurping dynasty; when in all the space between abject submission and rebellion no place is given for appeal, argument or protest, revolution is an appropriate remedy. All proud and generous minds will resist the imposition of serfdom and will leave to villains and retainers their badges of servitude to the intruding feudal system. There is an undeniable justification for your uprising. Its grounds are open and plain to the people, whether accepted or not. This the tens of thousands of the best instructed, most conscientious and spirited citizens who have joined in this method of uprooting palpable public wrongs attest; other tens of thousands of such citizens sympathize with you and only doubt whether your heroic surgery is the best treatment.

"I am fully advised of the methods of vengeance being contrived for those now considered in revolt. Some of these 'rebels,' nay, most of them, are among the most courageous spirits in the

state. They know the humiliation it costs proud men to have masters; their moral power crushed out in repeated calls to surrender to the gross demands of those who only see in party success the means of patronage-distribution, and that made in the interest of personal power. When I reflect upon the humiliation put upon myself as Chief Magistrate for resisting some of the purposes of the machine which puts politics above administrative propriety, and when I reflect upon the force of the insulting methods applied to myself by means of threats, intrigue and bad faith, I realize some of Cardinal Woolsey's regrets that he had not served his God with one-half the zeal he had his King.

A warning to the people.

"In the name of decency and in behalf of my successor, I wish to emphasize the curse of the whole business and sound a note of warning to the whole people. Self-respect compels me to this avowal. Nor will peace and reform ever come until the moral forces in politics you have organized prevail. If their courage be added to their conviction the masses of voters will promptly rally to your standards and aid you to an overflowing success; and such is the duty of the voters of Pennsylvania. The logic of the situation which confronts you and which confronts the electors of the state, demands a speedy decision and final result. With such a triumphant outcome the Republican voters at least will have rescued their party from present peril and from future outrages. Thus, no revenges will be left outstanding, for no revenges will be possible; brutal schemes of slaughter, now contemplated, will be abandoned, and the factional stiletto and the guillotine, now prepared for 'bolters' and 'rebels,' will not be put to their intended use.

"In the future the halls of the Lochiel House, at Harrisburg, will no longer resound with the tread of claquers hastily sent to summon self-respecting and honorable delegates of the people to a base submission to 'slated' tickets and prearranged programmes, threatened with ostracism in case of non-compliance, or sent home dishonored to face the angry constituents whom they have betrayed. With your ultimate success will have been made an exhibition of moral courage in our state and the reaping of beneficial results from peaceful methods which shall more grandly than ever demonstrate the capacity of the people for self-government. I am

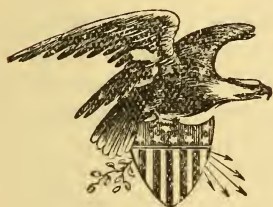
conscious that I utter thoughts and feelings which stir to their depths the minds and hearts of thousands in this great Commonwealth."

In a personal letter, addressed to the editor, which followed this ringing declaration of independence, Governor Hoyt said: "I thank you from the bottom of my heart."



II.

“Let us take a look at some of the familiar rulers of the time. Their sinister faces and leading characteristics will be recognized in every part of this country.”



THE preceding brief, but most suggestive historical review, is given, simply to show that to Pennsylvania belongs the most unenviable distinction of having brought forth a system of political management, a code of political immorality and degradation, the like of which was never dreamed of by the founders of the Republic; the demoralizing influence of which has extend-

ed far and wide. In more than half the states to-day, this method, in varying degrees of boldness, cunning and viciousness, is entrenched as the practice of characterless adventurers, mercenary political traders and unworthy aspirants for public place and power. The legitimate organization of great parties has been taken possession of by men without principle, and is brazenly used for selfish purposes, regardless of the public welfare.

In every great city the people have been called upon to submit to the most corrupt misgovernment. Almost every state has been the scene of disgraceful betrayal of public trust, of revelations that put to shame honest and self-respecting American citizenship. Special legislation has been a destroying evil vainly contended against, even by constitutional revision. The adoption of a new, foreign and complicated system of voting, intended to guard the sacredness of the freeman's ballot, is a stinging indictment of the whole nation. The citizen proposing such a reflection upon American honor and patriotism a generation ago, would have been outlawed as a slanderer of his race. Yet the most carefully framed statutes are made anew the means of fresh defiance of the popular will. The downward tendency is clearly evidenced on every hand, and the most depressing thing to note is the strange ignorance, or seeming indifference, of the average voter, in town

and country, and in all parts of the land, concerning the performances of what is so expressively termed the "machine."

Its vigilance is sleepless. Its energy is untiring.

Few persons not intimately acquainted with the ins and outs of political management, have anything like a correct idea of what constitutes this immense power in public affairs. It is generally known that there exist combinations of more or less influential professional politicians, with headquarters alternately at state and national capitals, which control and direct the practical operations of party organizations, naming candidates, conducting battles, and dividing spoils. The ramifications of these combinations, however, the number of trained and obedient servants and the methods of work are mysteries to most people. The controlling principle with those concerned, and that which makes their aggressive unity a tremendous power, is self-interest. It is a league of selfish men, actuated one and all by selfish motives. The machine cares nothing for public policy, party integrity or consistency; the one object of its promoters is to retain power indefinitely. In every battle, it fights for self-preservation and every member of the organization makes direct personal application of this fact to himself and acts accordingly. Its vigilance is sleepless. Its energy is untiring. It never takes unnecessary risks, and is never satisfied with anything less than absolute certainty of success. It sometimes quarrels with itself—but always to itself and not in the face of the enemy. Insubordination of that character is quickly and effectively stamped out, and the machine army marches on, with closed lines, as one man.

A vast army of place-men, or expectants, is thus subject to thorough discipline and control. No office is too great, or too small, to be neglected or overlooked. The chain is composed of many links and it is watched at every point. It is quite impossible for any one not vouched for by a trusted local "leader" to receive any recognition whatever at county, municipal, state or national headquarters. He will be frozen out instantly. No one can successfully aspire to a "regular" nomination for any place, however humble and unimportant, who has not faithfully and efficiently served in the ranks; who has not been tested in some sharp contest; whose "loyalty" can for one moment be questioned; who is not considered perfectly "safe." A hungry man cannot get a

day's work, at public employment, on the streets, or the rural highways, without the favor of some petty political tyrant who "runs" the town, the precinct, or the township. He cannot get a job to whitewash the school-house, or to carry coal into a public building, unless he is acceptable, in a political sense, to a reliable representative of the dominant "organization."

When a contest is on each man is expected to control the votes of from three to six active adherents, relatives and friends, personally interested in his retaining his place. Every one knows what is expected of him, and he does the work assigned with zeal and efficiency, and often without regard to the letter or the spirit of the law, taking his chances as to the consequences, confidently looking for protection to those whom he thus serves. He is ready to obey every order before it is given. He knows the politics and the political inclinations of every man in his neighborhood and constitutes himself a missionary to make votes. He begins early and works late. He takes off his coat in May or June, for instance, and does not put it on until the votes are counted and returned, for there is often work to do after the polls close; and if contests arise, the machine man knows what is expected of him, and does not hesitate to do it.

They push the button—the voters do the rest.

Let us take a look at some of these familiar rulers of our time. Their prototypes may be found in every community. Their sinister faces and leading characteristics will be recognized in every part of this country. The more's the pity. There comes "Carrots." He may once have had another name; he is supposed to be registered, on the assessor's list; but this will answer for every day use. A country roust-a-bout, working but little; a tavern loafer; acquainted with all the lower elements; always ready for shady work of any sort. He has intelligence enough to be of great service at times to the chief township worker, who regards him as one of his right-hand men. His suggestive motto is: "A little of the stuff goes a long ways down here." And it does.

Jerry Plug is sometimes a lightning-rod peddler; at others, an auctioneer, or justice of the peace, occasionally an indifferent village merchant. He knows every voter in the neighborhood and is regularly subsidized for machine work. He looks after assessors and election officers, circulates campaign literature and also

secretly the kind of slanderous and damaging tales frequently used to carry out the disreputable plans of his superiors. He will tell you, confidentially: "Leathery always leaves this township to me." The trust is seldom misplaced—provided there is no miscarriage in the timely dispensation of the customary "consideration."

"Slippery Bill-yus" is a characteristic specimen of the colored brother, in the rural districts, who has been taught that he can do better on election day than "hoein' taters or huskin' co'n." It is a most lamentable fact that in some sections the recently enfranchised voters, many of whom are below the average grade of intelligence, have been made the victims of demoralization, the effects of which must be felt for many years to come. A noted country politician, who had adopted what he was pleased to regard as practical methods, one day received in his mail the following significant epistle:

"Mistah Lossing:—

"My deah sir,

"I received your letter and was much pleased to hear from you. I'se heard much 'bout you. I'se read 'bout you in de papers and heard you speak, and I'se strongly 'sposed to give you my support, provided you comes to see me and complies wid de usual regulations among gemmen in politics.

"Spectably,

"S. BILL-YUS."

Of course, this communication meant but one thing, and it received prompt attention. Upon another occasion "Slippery Bill-yus" confidentially told one of his friends that he could not be for Mistah Bill this trip; he was goin' to be for Mistah Jim, and he added: "After de 'lection, I'se gwine to git half a pig." The other half no doubt was distributed where it would bring the result desired.

Jeems Leathery is an expert, experienced and skillful campaign manager, who knows how to "fry the fat." He can always "scare the business men." He gets in his "fine work" in every close contest and feathers his own nest through the use and abuse of the machinery of his party. His motto is: "The fat goose loves to be plucked."

"The only people fooled are the people."

Hon. Tompkins Broadaxe is an ambitious, crafty, unscrupulous, rural speculator, who gets rich through dubious efforts, spends his money with a lavish hand, amongst the worst classes of political workers, reaches Congress, where his ignorance and vanity make him discredibly conspicuous; he finally strikes bottom, financially, and faces gaping prison doors. He will tell you that he believes in "methods which produce results."

Hon. Jeremiah Bumbkin is a glib-tongued, shallow pated, conscienceless, shiftless, scheming country politician, who first gets into a petty county office, then into the legislature, becomes a bankrupt, a swindler and a fugitive from justice. Bumbkin is thoroughly trained in the ways of popular deception. He will go about amongst his neighbors, blandly assuring everybody that he will faithfully represent his people on all occasions, and vote "for the best man," for Senator. He will solemnly declare that he is "no man's man;" that there is no collar upon his neck; that no one has secretly arranged with him for his vote, and that he would consider it beneath his dignity to give any promise or pledge, as to the Senatorship or anything else. Then the inquiring voter turns away, stuffed to the chin with this kind of ready-made machine drivel, while Bumpkin will shake hands with himself that he has succeeded once more in fooling the people. He proudly declares, to his intimate friends, that "politics pays better than farming."

Judge Smugg is a free and easy member of the judiciary, who is ever ready to condone political crimes for the protection of his friends and supporters. He openly winks at corrupt and glaring violations of the law. Upon one occasion, when remonstrated with, for permitting the unlawful naturalization of great crowds of ignorant and unworthy foreigners, who had no just claims to citizenship, Judge Smugg coolly replied: "Oh, Jim (the Prothonotary) is only making a little money."

In town and country, the machine has its representative characters. One of these is "Bucky" Heeler, who boasts that he always carries his division, no matter by what methods, or at what risk, for he is "the man with a pull." He is a typical city rounder and promoter of fraudulent elections. He runs a low-down saloon, keeps tab on repeaters and does some of the most disrepu-

table work of political managers, who are powerful enough to protect him and his associates from the just consequences of their crimes against decent politics and honest government.

This is the man who must be "seen."

When Lije Crook appears upon the scene, you may always conclude that he is revolving in his degraded mind the one question the answer to which invariably controls his action, namely, "What's in it for me?" This personage of the time has no ostensible means of livelihood. He holds no official position and could not be elected to the lowest place by the votes of the people. Yet he assumes liberties in public offices not allowed to other men, lives like a rich man, runs the machine with arbitrary dictation, sets up and knocks down aspirants for public place and exercises a powerful influence in all departments of municipal life. He is secretly interested in local legislation with money in it, and in contracts. He is uneducated, but apes the airs and manners of a gentleman of means, leisure and taste, and often has free entrance to the inner councils of great corporations, who use him to accomplish their own selfish purposes.

Dan McSwiggin is a scheming, unscrupulous municipal jobber. He poses in the community as a real estate operator, or promoter of mysterious business enterprises, but really makes a fat living and much more, through his position as a member of Councils, serving without salary, and having a thrifty finger in every pie. He is the companion and confidant of men of his class, all the while making loud pretense of seeking to promote, with unselfish zeal, the public interests. His assurance is amazing. He is full of tricks for deceiving the people and moves along in his pathway with utter disregard of the ethics supposed to prevail amongst men of honorable repute and commendable purposes. McSwiggin, upon one occasion, asked a leading public man of great influence, to help him in a tight place, to come and speak a good word to his constituents. Knowing the audacious request to be in vain, the suggestion was made: "Let me publish your name for one of my meetings; then write me a letter regretting that you cannot come. That will do me a heap of good."

Hon. Easy Smiler goes about the business districts kindly obliging his pliable mercantile friends through making false returns, thus cheating the state, in return for favors received and expected

by himself and his political partners and chiefs. This well-dressed, smooth-mannered, sleek, mercantile appraiser, or tax-assessor, will enter the counting room with his all-the-year-round smile, and simply remark: "Ah—about the same as last year, I suppose?" The business of the firm may have doubled, but all concerned readily yield to the seductive influence of Mr. Smiler.

An interesting quartette of the time.

A representative "man of business" is Mr. DeWellington Highflyer, who forgets his obligations to the state, and secretly co-operates with its enemies to advance his own selfish interests. He will indignantly declare that merchants are being "taxed to death," but his public proclamation of virtuous indignation is not consistent with his practice in standing in with the machine and encouraging official wrong-doing. Mr. Highflyer sometimes goes into the reform business, but he is as transparent as window-glass, and always fails to command public respect and to secure an influential following.

A most interesting every-day character in American political life to-day, especially in all our great cities, is our peculiar friend, Ebenezer Pinhook. He is always in evidence in every reform movement; narrow, jealous, opinionated, penurious and a stumbling-block generally, though seemingly all the time unconscious of the latter fact. He insists upon every occasion: "We reformers should stick together." But there is no cohesive power in movements thus originated and conducted. Pinhook is familiarly referred to by the politicians, who repeatedly hoodwink him, as "Granny Gooseberry."

No man of the time cuts a larger swath than the ambitious millionaire in politics, the Hon. Oily Rocks. Vain and arrogant, he parades his alleged virtues and money-making abilities. He seeks to buy the support of the machine, flattering men whom he despises and overlooking offenses committed in his own interest, and those of his friends. He loftily declares that statesmanship "is a mere matter of business." And with him—it is.

Prof. Theophilus Beetle indignantly disclaims being a part of the machine, yet he serves its purposes quite as effectually as many others of different character. The Professor is a typical book-worm, absorbed in his studies and scientific investigations, whose rare appearance at the polls is a mystery to the workers. Upon

one occasion he was kindly asked if he could read; if he needed any assistance in preparing his ballot. The incident was highly suggestive. Professor Beetle is full of contempt for practical politicians and votes about once in twenty years; and then wonders why we have bad government.

The men who grease the ways.

At every state capitol Oliver Slick, Esq., is a most conspicuous and influential person. He is a legislative lobbyist, who thriftily combines two vocations. He is the well paid servant of a powerful corporation, whilst in his public capacity, as a member of the legislature, he is making pretense that he is the sworn foe of monopolies of every sort. He delights to pose as the champion of labor, yet uses his official opportunities and professional skill to prevent the enactment and enforcement of just laws in the interest of those who toil. When driven into a corner and compelled to explain his connection with unpopular measures, he will blandly reply that his services "were purely professional."

A fit companion of the lobbyist on the floor of the legislature is Simon Sneak, an ex-member, secretive and unscrupulous; the secret agent of corruption, a professional perjurer, whose influence for evil cannot be estimated. His brazen motto is: "Every man has his price," and he goes about his disreputable business with no compunction of conscience. He never had a conscience.

Major Dan Hornblower rises to declare, upon every suitable occasion: "the sacred calling of journalism appeals to my highest instincts." Here is a prince of Pharisees in the newspaper world, always posing as the valiant champion of reform, while secretly plotting with the worst enemies of the people. The Major is a graduate of the lowest school of political iniquity. He ostentatiously parades his assumed virtues, yet revels in midnight intrigue with the enemies of good government, giving his support to their nefarious plans. The machine has no more effective co-worker in its ranks anywhere than Major Hornblower.

Governor Brass represents an executive combination, all too familiar these days, of moral weakness, physical courage, vanity, ambition, subserviency, contrariness, demagogism and inconsistency. He is always looking to the White House, but is already higher than his merits and ability warrant. Governor Brass astonished a war artist, who had failed to appreciate his greatness in

making a picture for the state capitol, leaving him out of the scene graphically portrayed. Asked where he might be placed, his characteristic reply was: "Put me on that high stump."

The vote seller and the vote buyer.

There is no evil connected with the political system of this country more to be deplored than that which covers the mercenary practices of men without principles, but who use their opportunities simply to promote their own personal ends. There is not a state in the Union, and no large city, in which there may not be found a band of political Hessians, ever ready to serve in secret, and sometimes openly, the opponents of the political organizations to which they ostentatiously profess allegiance. The conditions of life in great cities are peculiarly favorable to such operations. The political "striker" can therein make himself useful to those who utilize his services and at the same time keep himself from public observation. Political managers are responsible for the existence of the Hessian and his presence in any campaign is a lasting discredit to all concerned. He is loud in his public declarations of party fealty. He is openly opposed to any affiliation with the "enemy." He demands earnest support for his party ticket. He then straightway sneaks between the lines, under cover, and makes his secret "deal." The motto of the Hessian is: "No cash, no vote."

Hon. Patsey Boliver raises his eyebrows to make the observation that "the only people fooled are the people," and he knows what he is talking about. He is the full fruitage of Donegalism, a product of the time that will be studied by future historians with curious interest. He holds high official position, although utterly unfitted therefor. He poses as a statesman, yet he is never able to intelligently and efficiently discuss public questions. He is an arrant fraud; a vicious enemy of decent politics, popular government and American institutions.

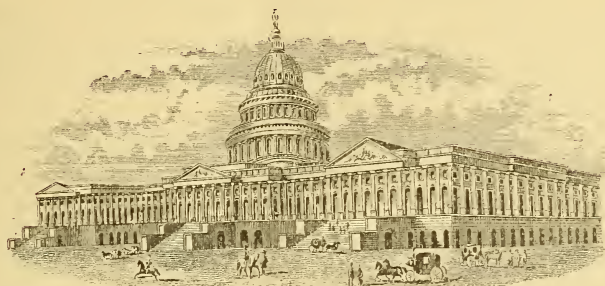
After all, the kind of service here merely touched upon as indicative of things present, and things to come, until there is a popular awakening, a stirring of the public conscience, a brave and successful revolt against machine methods and iniquity, a patriotic assertion of true Americanism, generally brings in the end a most unsatisfactory return. The whole land is afflicted with political wrecks, the misfortunes of whom sometimes appeal to the

sympathies of the generous minded and large hearted. At the beginning of every national administration the capital is filled with a despairing and disconsolate army of place seekers, a great proportion of these being men who formerly occupied comparatively high place in professional or public life. A year ago there were over eighty applicants for every place at executive disposal. The multiplied sorrows of those turned away empty makes an ocean of lasting misery. But there is one spot untouched by the feelings akin to ordinary humanity. "They have hearts of stone," was the plaintive wail of a faithful servant of the political machine, who had witnessed an illustration of the base ingratitude of men who care for nothing but the promotion of their own selfish interests.

Hearts of stone—Hands of steel.

Verily, this observation was more than justified; yet no experienced person is surprised at such instances of betrayal of confidence and trust. The machine has a heart of stone. It cannot be made to feel. It has no sympathy, either with honorable ambition, or the spirit of true patriotism. It cares nothing for the dignity of the commonwealth, the honor of the nation, or the interests of the people; much less is it concerned as to the fortune, or misfortune, of its creatures, no matter how faithfully they may have served it, who later may strike hard lines. In the arena of so-called practical politics the susceptible sentimentalist is sadly out of place. The professional politician who reaches that point where he can command the obsequious services of others is unmoved by the obligations which are supposed to govern the actions of other men. He is always looking to the main chance, and sheds no tears over those who stumble and fall by the wayside. Hearts of stone! A just characterization of selfish political managers, one which conveys a warning to those tempted to sacrifice their manhood. It is cold-blooded indifference alike to public and private interests which enables the leaders of mercenary combinations to traffic in votes and to make a mockery of the duties of honest citizenship.

III.



“Executive officers weakly surrender to influences hostile to good government.—‘I had to put some sugar on the spoon for the Senator.’”

The three great departments in American government are executive, legislative and judicial. The theory of the founders of the Republic was, that the chosen representatives of the people, in their collective wisdom, should make wise, just and beneficent laws, these to be intelligently and faithfully administered by men specially selected with regard to their peculiar fitness for the performance of executive duties. It was not intended, however, that such officers should be in any wise embarrassed through selfish demands for consideration on the part of political supporters, or other persons, whether connected with any branch of the government or not. No one could foresee what the misuse of executive power would amount to, many years later. To-day, appointments to office occupy a very large part of the time of executive officers, who should give close and faithful attention to other and more weighty matters.

A system has grown up which simply makes these public servants the harassed and more or less pliable creatures of circumstances, the willing or unwilling tools of those who insist upon having claims which must be satisfied through the distribution of public patronage. What is known as the political machine could never have come into existence, but for this complete perversion of official power. If executive officers were at all times wholly free from undue influence, they would exercise the power of appointment with much greater satisfaction to the people. In very many cases there is a weak surrender to influences hostile to good

government. All appointments made are not below the grade demanded by true regard for the public interests, but in very many instances men of high character and superior ability are set aside, in order that the unworthy claims of others may be satisfied; that political debts may be discharged through the misuse of official responsibility.

Civil service reform has made headway in the face of unrelenting opposition, and if its friends relax their vigilance and energy all that has been gained will be lost. The pressure for place increases from year to year and is not confined to the federal government. It extends throughout every state and is the bane of every municipality. One of the most suggestive and demoralizing results of present methods is the personal and official degradation of executive officers, who live in an atmosphere of insincerity, duplicity, ingratitude, intrigue and treachery. Illustrations of this are daily multiplied under the eyes of unprejudiced observers. Presidents, Cabinet officers, Governors, Mayors and heads of lesser departments are all affected by the prevailing vice of misguided ambition to serve in public place. They fall almost unconsciously into the most cowardly and despicable habits of deception. With uniform outward courtesy, every applicant is received and sent away hopeful, when seventy to ninety per cent. are doomed to bitter disappointment. Delegations of leading citizens travel long distances, only to be blandly assured that their urgent request will be "taken into the most careful consideration," when the office to be filled, at the demand of some political leader, has long been assigned to some one else, not yet publicly named.

Two incidents of to-day.

A national executive, upon one occasion, promised a personal caller, who had been highly indorsed for a responsible position, that the matter "would be taken up soon," thus leaving the impression, as clearly intended, that the way was still open to all comers. The moment the unsuspecting visitor turned his back, in high spirits, the accompanying Congressional sponsor was coolly informed that a selection for the office desired was made some time previous. And this kind of shameless double-dealing—for it is nothing else—is practiced, and often with peculiar aggravation, by officials who pretend to be guided in all things by the very highest moral code. It is these exhibitions of inexcusable Phari-

seeism that make men turn from such leaders with unspeakable contempt. Those responsible for the evil impressions thus made will have an awful account to meet.

A Cabinet officer, who carried with him into the federal service an ostentatious air of the most pronounced superiority to other men, surprised and pained his friends and delighted his secret foes—who despised him for his pitiable subserviency, his deplorable lack of manhood—through the most persistent advocacy of the unworthy “claims” of two notorious political crooks, and who were appointed to responsible positions at his personal request. When remonstrated with, this counterpart of Oily Rocks, sheepishly piped: “I had to put some sugar on the spoon for the Senator!” And this class of mercenary weaklings frequently pose as the valiant champions of “reform,” the determined opponents of the machine; the uncompromising advocates of pure politics and honest government; the courageous leaders who summon the people to heroic battle for their “emancipation;” the self-sacrificing patriots who are ready to engage in a new crusade for independence; to hold aloft anew the banner of ’76, and proclaim liberty to all inhabitants of the land. It is no wonder the political Philistines laugh and are merry when confronted with such ornamental paper soldiers of fortune, such weak and false hearted leaders, who only secure the confidence of the people to betray them into the hands of their enemies.

The things that have never been told.

Yielding to the wishes and audacious prowess of conscienceless political managers in the matter of appointments, executive officers next become an easy prey to the leeches that fatten at public expense. One evil step is quickly followed by others. Through legislative connivance, needless offices are multiplied, salaries undeservedly raised, sinecures increased, for the benefit of specially useful creatures of the machine. In almost every department thus placed at the mercy of public pirates, there are secret scandals never unearthed. There seems to be no such thing as personal conscience. Pennsylvania is to-day without a state capitol, through the neglect—or worse—of public officials and the scheming of a corrupt cabal, determined not to let pass any opportunity to reap dishonest millions. In one great state, an expensive capitol was scarcely finished before the lives of legislators therein were

endangered through a misconstrued imposing ceiling. In a score of others there have been similar conspiracies against the public treasury. It would seem, indeed, that no public building can be erected in these times in accordance with the plain principles and methods which prevail in the business world. In one great city over five million dollars have been deliberately stolen in the erection of an ugly pile of municipal buildings, a lasting monument to official extravagance and dishonesty, and the end is not yet, although a quarter of a century has passed since the work was commenced.

How a faithful Executive can serve the people.

The people do not realize how their interests are sacrificed through the weakness and negligence of executive officers. A vigilant, resolute and faithful Governor can save millions to the taxpayers of his state. He can check mischievous jobs without number. He can slay wriggling "snakes" by the score. He can hold up unscrupulous schemers and baffle the corrupt hirelings of law-defying corporations. He can make the pavements of the capital blister the feet of Oliver Slick and Simon Sneak and all their pestilent tribe of speculators in public franchises. He can banish the briber and compel the crooked legislator to walk a straight road, or fetch up behind the bars. He can enforce laws of the commonwealth against offenders who bask in the sunshine of official delinquency. He can thrust back the insolent traders in judicial and other important appointments, who thus seek to entrench themselves in power.

A model Executive can set a high example of personal and official honor and fidelity and exercise a mighty influence for good in a thousand ways. He can inspire good citizenship and greatly promote loyalty to fundamental American ideas. He is at liberty at all times, on public occasions, when the people assemble, and where he is always more than welcome, to speak with far-reaching effect upon the issues which affect the public welfare. It is his high privilege to be a leader as well as a commander of the people and to render service of inestimable value to present and future generations. To fill such an office is well worthy the ambition of any man. Alas, how few seem to comprehend its possibilities; how few measure up to its exalted requirements; how few render a full account of their high stewardship. Instead, there is often

seen a strange compound of physical courage and moral weakness, vain ambition, subserviency, contrariness, demagogueism and inconsistency. "Governor Brass" fills too large a space in American history.

Unhappily, the vice of selfish ambition, the desire to promote personal advancement, regardless of consistent fidelity to duty and the public welfare, is too frequently present in the executive office. There is a ruinous longing for another place of higher honor and everything is made subsevient to this end, although almost uniformly without success. It is an interesting and significant fact to note in this connection that only six men who have been Governors of states have been elected to the Presidency by popular vote; yet there is reason to believe that a large majority of these officials, during the past twenty-five years particularly, have at times dreamed more or less hopefully of being called up higher.

He was looking to '92. The right man for Governor.

A Governor-elect, who had served a term with popular satisfaction, upon being recalled by the people, immediately began to scheme, with his eye fixed upon the White House. A faithful friend asked him how he could so grievously dishearten his best advisors by taking into his official family men who did not possess the public confidence. His significant reply was: "I am looking to '92 and I must have the party organization and its managers with me." This was the dominant thought, but it was nurtured in vain; the dream vanished, like the morning mist before the sun. The idol was self-wrecked, cast down through fatal surrender, through the selfish schemes of men intent upon feathering their own nests, upon using public station to serve base purposes. The same disappointed aspirant for the Presidency, afterwards induced and virtually commanded, to run for a minor office, to help his political allies, returned to his home the night before election in high spirits. To an inquiring but doubtful friend he said, with great confidence: "It's all right. There is going to be a hurricane." There was; one which swept this unhappy slave of the machine into political oblivion.

When a Governor is chosen the people of the State should always take care to select a man of broad views, undoubted integrity, and inflexible purpose to meet the highest demands of such

a responsible position. He should not be selected merely as a figurehead for the commonwealth, or as the representative of a great party, or the exponent of some special political or economic principle. When he takes office, if he has a true conception of the duties before him, he leaves partisanship behind, and goes forward as the faithful steward of the whole people. It is his privilege and his duty to observe comprehensively and in detail all that affects the entire community, and in this connection he should watch legislation even more closely than those engaged in this special work.

The Governor represents no particular section, interest, or idea. He is sworn to obey the organic law and to uphold the vital principles contained therein. His routine duties, except while the legislature is in session, are such that he has ample time and opportunity to visit every part of the state, to inform himself as to the public needs, the operation of laws, existing evils which may be remedied, etc. A Governor who is content to sit within the Executive Chamber, except when called therefrom by some urgent public duty, fails to comprehend his true relation to the commonwealth. He is almost sure to lack information and public spirit and to become the creature of selfish interests antagonistic to those of the people.



IV.

"Heavy contributions are exacted and paid because they dare not be withheld. The treasury ring thus becomes a seductive and treacherous friend; a cruel and relentless foe."



THE collection, care and disbursement of public money is one of the gravest problems now before the people of the United States. Undreamed of growth of population, with consequent marvelous increase of taxable property and its value, has led to the receipt of vast revenues by cities and states. Even smaller communities and rural districts find this question one that is perplexing to deal with. It has

been made quite clear that the ordinary method of requiring heavy bonds for the faithful performance of duty does not meet the case. The principle evil to be contended with is not direct misappropriation of funds, although the aggregate of official defalcation during the past twenty-five years has been enormous. The average public treasurer will not deliberately take what does not belong to him; but he is constantly subject to temptation to speculate with the money intrusted to his keeping.

As a rule such an official can enter upon this course, to a limited extent, without detection, if nothing immediately goes wrong. With no guard upon him he can skillfully manipulate cash balances so as to reap some personal advantage. He no sooner has the keys of the chest than the speculative tempter appears before him. All sorts of inducements are offered. He is flattered, cajoled, and sometimes bullied by men who have a "pull;" political leaders, contractors, and others to whom he is under personal obligation. He begins by studying how he can cover his tracks and often ends his official career ruined in character, reputation and estate. Within a comparatively short period there were over

forty defalcations of this kind in a single western state. Frequently bank officers are discredibly mixed up in these affairs; sometimes, indeed, they are the inciting cause. Such fiscal agents have been known to unite to protect public defaulters, the obvious purpose being to prevent their own exposure. It is undeniable that vigilance and a strict regard for the public interest on the part of bank presidents, cashiers, and directors would block the way of the public treasurer disposed to betray his trust.

Where they revel in fat things.

It is when a well organized combination of daring adventurers hold possession of a municipal or a state treasury that the public funds are brazenly used to promote selfish personal and political interests. In one great state a conspiracy of this kind has existed for a full generation. The use and misuse of the public money has been the main financial resource of these enemies of honest government. With a cash balance throughout the year, nearly all in two or three favored banks, of from \$2,500,000 to \$6,000,000, this treasury ring has kept itself in power, controlling all the departments of the state government almost uninterruptedly. Every attempt to bring about reform has failed. The Commonwealth has lost millions in interest, while the members of this unlawful combination have had from \$250,000 to \$400,000 a year with which to line their own pockets and to use in debauching the ballot and in promoting corrupt schemes. This in itself is bad enough, but another feature of this business is the evil influence exerted far and wide. Banks vie with each other in the effort to get on the list of official depositories, and when the favor is granted they are bound to the ring by hooks of steel and thousands of business men are reached and controlled, against their will and the protest of their consciences, through their financial exigencies. Heavy contributions are exacted and paid because they dare not be withheld. The treasury ring thus becomes a seductive and treacherous friend; a cruel and relentless foe.

The people are systematically deceived. Periodical statements are published, purporting to show the disposition of the public money, but the real facts are skillfully concealed. Upon one occasion a mystified citizen asked a bank examiner how it was that a certain institution, supposed to be specially favored, only had on deposit, according to the published report, a comparatively small

sum of money. The reply was: "Why, don't you understand that? Just before the statement is made up the funds are scattered about, so as to make a proper showing. There is apparently no favoritism amongst some thirty banks. Everything seemingly is straight and above suspicion. Immediately thereafter the big chests are again filled, for the benefit of all concerned." It sometimes happens, purely by accident, that a treasurer with right ideas and a backbone is encountered and then there is a gnashing of teeth, for a season. When his term expires such a "crank," as he is contemptuously called, is marked for life. He is never again permitted to come to the front, and the people, to their discredit be it said, fail to note their duty in the premises. They act as though they rather enjoyed being plundered and give silent approval to the undeserved condemnation of a faithful public servant.

Who is responsible for misgovernment?

The evils of misgovernment in this country have reached a culminating stage where thoughtful citizens almost despair of relief. This is especially true of municipalities of larger growth. The opportunities for using the official machinery thereof for unlawful purposes are without number. Men in all the business and professional walks of life are too much absorbed with their own affairs to give constant and effective attention to public matters. They permit others, selfishly interested, to think for them and merely go through the motions, at stated periods, of exercising the highest rights of citizenship. They are the veriest slaves of unreasoning and self-blinded partisanship. They well know that political questions properly have no place in local government; yet they permit themselves to be coaxed or driven to the polls merely to confirm the decrees of such creatures as Lije Crook and his political partners, of whose mercenary character and designs they are well aware, but whom they serve with an abject helplessness that is a sad reflection upon American manhood. Through the development of this parasitical life the people are plundered of vast sums of money in various ways. In every populous community there are troops of outwardly respectable vagabonds, allied with co-workers of a still lower grade, who live and fatten at public expense.

Lije Crook assumes to direct the selections for all important local offices and he readily commands the efficient support of all-

powerful influences, chiefly of a corporate character, and he can get into line thousands of deluded citizens. He has a perfect system of enrollment and inspection. His agents know every man's politics. They also know who can be influenced—for a consideration. They can place the money used where it will do the most good—for the machine. "Buckey" Heeler and his kind take care of wards and divisions. Dan McSwiggin and his counterparts have no trouble in getting into and remaining in Councils, where they hold up everything until the toll is paid. Practically no contracts can be given out without some one on the inside getting the award. Almost every dollar expended for repair, improvement or extension upon any part of the public works represents a certain percentage of bare-faced but well concealed theft. There is not a great American city to-day which could not save a very large amount of money annually through turning over its affairs to some reliable and well conducted business concern. The most depressing thing about it all is the seeming paralysis which afflicts men of the highest character and reputation when they undertake the responsibilities of public place.

He made a big strike in the reform business.

One of these, upon taking charge of a great department, the employes of which were numbered by the thousand, was amazed and disgusted at what he saw upon his first tour of inspection. Useless men were standing around the gas houses in each other's way. "How many of these can you dispense with?" was the query put to the Bureau Chief. The names of two hundred and seventy-five alleged "workers" were promptly furnished. The Director carefully looked over the list, and especially scanned the names of the political "backers," mostly Councilmen, concerned. He then, with great dignity and impressiveness, ordered two dismissals, and almost immediately thereafter added three new men to the shamefully padded pay-roll, which he was required to formally approve every month before the money thus filched from the public treasury, at the rate of \$100,000 a year, could be secured. And so ended that chapter. This was the mighty achievement of a pronounced municipal "reformer"—when in office. A big fire destroyed the horses used in the same bureau. No others were secured; but a \$10,000 feed bill went right on, all the same, and hundreds of dollars also for "horse medicine," these audacious

bills meeting official approval all the while. Even the once highly honored office of school director, which should always be filled by men of the highest character and purest purposes, is now often used as a means of public robbery.

Municipal problems of the time.

The present agitation throughout the country in favor of temporary or permanent transfer of public franchises to private corporations, is a most significant result of the inexcusable neglect of the duties of citizenship. It is an indictment of the people of every town or city where such a step is made necessary by existing conditions. Why should not the needful work be done with efficiency, economy and satisfaction, under the direction of well-paid public servants? Why, indeed! Simply because the evils at hand have become intolerable. The people's necessity becomes the corporations' opportunity and it is speedily taken advantage of. Where is this thing to end? When will taxpayers awake to a realization of their bounden duties? When will they re-establish and enforce the wise principles laid down at the beginning of free government in the new world? It is no longer merely a matter of dollars and cents. The gravest municipal problem is one of life and death. Bad government means bad water, unclean streets, imperfect sewerage, an inefficient health department, dangers seen and unseen on every hand. Almost every great American city, owing to the density of the neighboring population and the consequent pollution of streams, must do something to purify and protect its water supply. This can readily and efficiently be done; but the work in very many instances will have to be placed in private hands, to insure decent compliance with the inexorable requirements of the time. Surely these things should cause an early and effective awakening in the public mind. Volumes could be written giving details of misgovernment, the causes and consequences thereof; but every intelligent citizen has but to look the situation squarely in the face to understand what is rightly demanded of him as the responsible unit of power in a republic. Let him highly resolve to do his part, with intelligence, true patriotism and steadfast courage.

The worst enemy of the Republic.

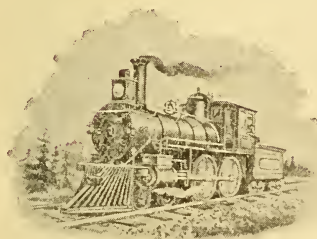
In a recent address on "The Duty of Political Independence," William Dudley Foulke, of Indianapolis, made this striking observation:

"There is an evil here at home more certain and more deadly than the evils of war, a destroyer whose prey is not merely the bravest and best of the children of the Republic, but the Republic itself. The foe is not upon the sea; nor at the strand; he is before our doors; he is within the gates of our city; he passes us in the street; he is perhaps the guest at our fireside. The most evident danger is not the most real danger. The cobra is more destructive than the tiger. Slipping unseen and unheard into the dwellings of men, he strikes with deadly fang while the victim arises from slumber. The cobra in this great American Commonwealth is the man, who, for personal or party profit, makes traffic of the public welfare. The citizen who in city, state or nation buys or sells; for any consideration or advantage, vote, office or influence, is more than the mere enemy of the Republic. He is a traitor, as much so as Benedict Arnold. He has sold his country for base gain. To meet the foreign foe, we need the armies, fleets and enginery of war; to meet the foe at home, true, honest hearts, clear heads, devotion, enthusiasm, fortitude, but more than all do we need the spirit of American independence, eager as of old to throw off the yoke, not now of King or Parliament, but of party domination, and ready to hold the man or the faction that defiles its hands with the gold of corruption, as an alien and an enemy forever."



V.

“The abuse of corporate power has done more to sow the seeds of discontent and to prepare the way for revolution than anything else.”



THE law-makers of a nation should always faithfully represent its highest intelligence and morality. This was the theory of the founders of the Republic and it was steadily adhered to, with few exceptions, until a generation ago. The demoralizing effects of the civil war have nowhere been more painfully illustrated than at the national and many of our state capitals. The legitimate compensation allowed members of General

Assemblies is no inducement to fit men to thus serve the public, nor was it ever intended to be. It would be a fatal mistake to adopt a different policy. The mercenary instinct would at once develop and there would be an indecent scramble amongst small, unworthy and incompetent men to secure the places where they would be assured a large financial return for a few months' service, and where also they would find many other opportunities to satisfy their greed for gain.

Nevertheless, the dominant thought in the minds of many—probably a large majority—in some populous states, who seek legislative nominations, is the eager desire to take advantage of supposed opportunities to get gain. Frankly asked how they expect to accomplish honorably this selfish end, these candidates will, of course, have nothing to say; indeed, they will indignantly disclaim any such purpose. But they have seen others marching up Capitol Hill empty handed and in a little while returning with evidences of substantial prosperity. Sometimes the legislature is merely used as a stepping stone to something better, in the way of public office, but there is always present a very active and influential contingent who simply act the highwayman from the be-

ginning to the end of the session, and often this class is virtually in control of one or both houses.

Bills are prepared with no intention of pressing them to final passage and no expectation that they will ever be seen upon the statute books. But the business interests thus threatened, it is confidently believed, will take the needful steps for self-protection. If some one tries to make a scandal, or exposure, he is speedily hustled out of the way and silenced. The minor offices are multiplied until the whole thing becomes a farce. All sorts of sham investigations are set up and bogus contests for seats likewise, the sole purpose being to open the way for raiding the treasury. A specially arranged committee makes pretense of going off somewhere, at great expense. The appropriation bill afterwards presented would shame the father of lies. Thousands of dollars are put down for alleged "car fare, sleeping berths, telegrams, etc.," when all hands traveled free and no one had any special telegraphic business, or extra expenses of any kind. Hotel rates are trebled. The lightning calculator could not equal the performance of the clerk in figuring up alleged expenses, while the sergeant-at-arms simply makes a stupendous grab for mythical services.

How the people's money goes.

Such bills—open and shameless stealing—are passed without a word of protest and approved by a pliable Governor, solemnly sworn to see that the laws are faithfully executed. Great sums of money also have been stolen through the mileage and stationery swindles. The public printer furnishes an ever-present medium for legislative jobbery of all sorts. He never objects to printing anything called for, and at outside prices. Extravagance and waste run riot. Special legislation in disguise of the most vicious character is put through. The veto record, within recent years, has shown the measure of legislative degradation. Formerly it was unnecessary to exercise this power except in rare instances. A dozen disapprovals for one session covered the field. Now the Executive who does not swing his axe fearlessly and at a lively rate simply allows the people to be plundered right and left.

One of the most inexplicable things in this connection is the manner in which men who have always been models of uprightness in their personal dealings, seem to take leave of their con-

sciences while in the public service. They will not only condone great crimes amongst their associates; they will actually take their share of the plunder and go their way, without a thought apparently of wrong-doing. They will accept considerable sums of money, for instance, for trifling committee service, well knowing that the law does not permit them to receive any compensation, for any legislative service rendered, in addition to a fixed sum, always appropriated at the end of the session. There can be no doubt that the moral undermining here noted is productive of disastrous results in many ways. It make the victims of such deplorable practices the easy prey of political free-booters ever afterward. Further, it often leads them into the forbidden paths of personal dishonesty and degradation. There are unwritten chapters of this kind which would startle the people of every community concerned.

Who are to blame?

And who are to blame for the continuance of this ruinous state of affairs? The self-condemnatory answer is, the people themselves, in great part, but not wholly. They allow Jeremiah Bumpkin, Lije Crook, Oliver Slick, Simon Sneak, Oily Rocks and all of their kind to use them for their own purposes. Bumpkin boastfully says that politics pay him better than farming. And this is true, until he becomes too reckless and defiant of decency, when he strikes bottom and disappears, often to be superseded by another misrepresentative of like odious character. Crook sends up a city delegation that is rank with rottenness. Slick serves his corporation masters with unscrupulous zeal and success. Sneak moves craftily about the lobby, acting as go-between and pay-master for the ambitious but unprincipled millionaire speculator and aspirant for high political honors. Rocks holds his head high, with an air of affected purity and dignity, the very essence of insincerity and duplicity, while in full sympathy with the worst political crooks, whom he secretly employs to make his corrupt "deals" with men whom he pretends to despise, in whose company he would not be seen in public, but who revel in luxuries provided by his check-book. All these blighting forces work together to vitiate the very atmosphere where honest statesmanship should meet the demands of the people.

With a bag of gold or a rod of iron.

The abuse of corporate power, in connection with legislation, has done more to sow the seeds of popular discontent and to prepare the way for violent revolution in the near future than anything else. A powerful lobby is maintained and weak men are swept from their feet and carried along in the maelstrom of iniquity. The few brave spirits who try to stand their ground are overborne. They speedily discover that continued opposition means certain political destruction, and if persisted in later, personal ruin. It is insolently assumed that the government belongs to the few, who are rich enough, daring enough and strong enough to rule, either with a bag of gold, or a rod of iron. It is boldly declared that nothing must be done to interfere with so-called "vested rights," by which is meant the right of millions to oppress the millions; the right to use official authority and power to promote schemes of personal profit. The voice of the trust dictator is omnipotent in the legislatures of America to-day, municipal, state and national. It will not always be so. There will be a day of reckoning and when it comes there will be a national convulsion, the like of which the world has never seen. In the coldest matter of fact way, those concerned with these things will regretfully declare that there are two sides to this question; that while it is too true undue influence is often exerted upon legislative bodies, this is a disagreeable necessity. That is to say, the people send such disreputable men to represent them in the halls of legislation, there is nothing to do but deal with such creatures on their own mercenary basis.

In this to excuse is to accuse. The temporary success of the Bumpkins, Crooks, Slicks and Rocks would be utterly impossible against a union of forces between the men of power in the commercial and financial world, and the men of brawn and brain in the shop, the field, the counting room and the study. It would be quite impossible for mercenary adventurers to get into public office, high or low, in town or country, if they were turned down at the start. It would be impossible for any corruptly inclined Senator, Congressman, legislator or councilman to succeed in any vicious scheme of public blackmail—for it is nothing less—if he knew that such an attempt would bring upon him instant exposure, relentless prosecution and just punishment. In a word, there

is no excuse for moneyed institutions being held up by political banditti. What is imperatively needed is an effective union of the moral, industrial and financial forces at all times against the public tyrants who afflict the land and who are building in the hearts and minds of the American people fires of patriotism and righteous indignation which can never be quenched until there is a thorough cleansing of the Augean stables of legislation.

When will the galling fetters be broken?

How much longer is this co-operation for clean politics, honest government and the maintenance of American manhood to be delayed? How much greater is to be the weight of woe piled upon a wronged and suffering people? How many more millions are to be wrung from weary toilers, the owners of small homes, which they have a hard time to hold these days, and struggling farmers, almost overcome with conditions against which they contend in vain? When is the limit to be set to needless taxation to sustain the operations of a vast army of public leeches, who use the machinery of government to live in semi-idleness and luxury? How much further is the defiance of decent public sentiment to go? How much longer is this fearful strain upon American institutions to be borne? As these pages go to press, the national capital is crowded with mercenary self-seekers, freely using members of all branches of the government to aid them in inflaming the public mind and securing fat contracts under the War and Navy Departments. Congressmen and Senators thus utilized will be effectively served in turn, when candidates for re-election, through extra contributions for alleged "campaign expenses" and the extension of personal favors in many ways. Is this not the most infamous kind of bribery?

Let it be frankly admitted, with sorrow and shame, that the people in great measure are sadly to blame; but let it also be fully remembered and acknowledged that they cannot free themselves from the political Phillistines whilst the latter are entrenched behind the impregnable bulwarks of corporate power, their leaders being controlled, directed and well paid. They cannot successfully contend with the vandals who are upon them while the chief maulauders are practically in the service of the ruling classes. They cannot restore true American principles in a one-sided contest with the political machine, while it is sustained by thousands

of millions of capital, guided by the clearest and strongest brains of the nation. This is the real situation, and it is high time the truth was plainly told and candidly admitted. What of the future? This question must be answered by the men who have permitted the ruinous Frankenstein in American politics to become such a mighty engine of evil and destruction. The issue must be met, and it must be met very soon. Men and brethren, stop and think. "Stop, look, listen."



VI.

“Political managers receive vast sums of money and with brazen faces carry out plans of public debauchery which sap the foundations of the Republic.”



THE use and abuse of money in politics is the consuming peril of the nation. The origin, the growth and effects of this gigantic evil will form a subject of absorbing and most impressive study to the future historian. From comparatively small beginnings there has been established an audacious and tyrannical autocracy which defies all restraint, which determinedly seeks to control every avenue to public place and power. The inspiring and directing motive is the advancement of selfish personal and pecuniary interests. There is cynical contempt for true patriotism, an utter disregard of the principles of citizenship. Men are dealt with as though there was no such thing as personal honor. Temptation is thrown in the way of the weak and the needy. There is open collection and secret disbursement of vast sums of money, without an accounting even to the subscribers of campaign funds. Political managers demand and receive hundreds of thousands, and in national campaigns millions of dollars, and with brazen faces carry out plans of public debauchery that sap the very foundations of the Republic. It is a suggestive fact that both the great political parties of the time are equally blameworthy in this respect. The history of the past twenty-five years shows this in vivid colors.

In the national contest of 1872, on one side, under the inspiration of senseless fears, there was considerable expenditure of money in several supposed to be doubtful states. But four years later there was a battle of the “bar’ls” the secret record of which no one concerned dare reveal. And the first public leader to challenge his foes, through this degrading kind of conflict, owed his high position to a reputation for sworn enmity to corruption of every sort. But with his glittering eye, already dimmed with the weight of advancing years and the accumulating cares of wealth, fixed upon the White House, this misguided candidate for the highest office within the gift of the people set a vicious example to

his associates and supporters and encouraged those nearest him to make subscriptions for campaign work larger than ever before thought of. On the other side, a daring and unscrupulous manager, himself also a millionaire, used every financial resource at his command. It was a most shameful and demoralizing spectacle, and the evil work continued for weeks following the election. The emissaries of one candidate bought electoral votes with promises of federal offices; those of the other, tried to steal them through the use of money direct. Every man concerned in this wretched business later justly felt the stinging lash of public condemnation. On account of it, a President, who seemed honestly desirous of doing his duty, walked through fires seven times heated, and went even to his tomb, a dozen years after his retirement, bending under the weight of lasting censure, while his unsuccessful rival sank into helpless senility, covered with the slime of degradation.

For sale to the highest bidder—the Presidency.

From that baleful period the blighting influences of the satanic tempters in American politics have been ever present, and in increasing power. The deliberate buying of a United States Senatorship, in 1857, forever disgraced a great state. The buying of the Presidency, in 1876-7, forever disgraced the nation. The one incident might have been forgotten; the other has been prolific of crimes against the ballot and political decency and honor without number, and often of startling magnitude and far-reaching effects. After the national election of 1880, the Vice-President-elect, at a public dinner, with the effrontery of a Belshazzar, boasted that a pivotal western state had been carried by "a liberal use of —soap!" The man who ordered the distribution thereof, as the responsible campaign manager, as it was afterwards revealed, had made his "bar'l"—of soap—plundering the government of the United States as a contractor, and, through the irony of fate, he was brought to exposure and banishment under the administration which he had thus corruptly created.

In another national campaign an immense sum of money was raised for untrustworthy managers, at the last hour, by reputable men, who did not dare ask what it was to be used for, and one of whom openly declared that he did not want to know. In another national contest, foreign gold played a controlling part in deciding the election, aided by the schemes of an ambitious young

western millionaire, who thus vainly sought to rise into high place. In the last national battle of the "bar'ls" the expenditure of money exceeded anything ever imagined in this or any other country. There were adroitly carried out schemes of public deception never before thought of. The people were led to believe that vast numbers of enthusiastic partisans were journeying to the home of a presidential candidate to voluntarily assure him of their fealty. As a matter of fact, the whole affair, aside from the few small expeditions, at the beginning, was a shrewdly arranged plan to offset in the public mind the effect of the other energetic candidate's extraordinary swing around the circle. The "spontaneous tribute" of over seven hundred thousand working men, farmers, and others was the result of skillful manipulation of unsuspecting voters, many of whom, in the employ of large corporations, were virtually impressed into service. Somebody "paid the freight." It was a free ride, without loss of wages, for tens of thousands; a new trick of the man with the "bar'l."

Every office has its price.

So from the highest to the lowest there is the steady and un-called-for use and misuse of money in connection with candidacies for every public office. In consequence of this the Congress of the United States has been transformed. There are districts, and many of them, in which no man would think of becoming a candidate, with hope of election, without the expenditure of an amount fully equal to the salary of his entire term. Legislative contests frequently cost candidates vastly more than they earn legitimately in the public service. A seat in the United States Senate is no longer within the reach of any man, no matter how able and worthy, who is either not possessed of great wealth, or the willing creature of great moneyed interests. Every kind of municipal and county office is ranged along the speculative line. The first thing a candidate must do, under the present system, is to subsidize his preliminary workers, and these increase in number and expensiveness as he travels along the political highway. Committees strike him at every turn and unless he submits to the demands upon him he is ruled out or turned down. There are from time to time many loose statements made as to sums of money raised for special purposes, and frequently the imagination is given

full sway in this particular; but the actual facts would often make a revelation simply appalling.

The pretence that any considerable portion of the money now used in political campaigns is for legitimate purposes, is a mockery of the truth. A large proportion of it is simply for purposes of debauchery outright; not always the direct purchase of votes, but the payment of conscienceless hirelings, who bring support to the candidate in all kinds of crooked ways. An adherence to honest principles would eliminate the political "heeler" and Hessian, would leave the people free to exercise their choice, without unpleasant personal dragooning, and without having their honest votes killed by the tainted ballots of the groundlings, who are getting entirely too numerous for the welfare of the country. The "floater," both white and black, is a most pernicious factor in American politics to-day, and "Slippery Billyus" and his kind will never disappear until candidates cease causing him to multiply by bidding against one another in the matter of campaign expenditures. Jeems Leathery has many times entertained his confidential friends telling how he has "plucked a fat goose." There is nothing he enjoys more keenly than getting a lot of money out of rich rivals for empty and fleeting political honors.

A chapter of unwritten history.

The details freely given by those who are responsible for this condition of affairs are most suggestive. A rich and pretentious candidate for the United States Senate vehemently declared himself opposed to every sort of bribery. Why, certainly; what else could be expected of him, with his high reputation and virtuous ways? And yet see the charming disengenousness of his manager—money for "legitimate expenses only." The latter volubly explained that when candidates for the Legislature came to him, his formula was: "Are you for Mr. ——? If you are, we will help you. But if you are not for him, then we won't give you a cent." Ah, how quickly the itching palm would be outstretched! Jerry Bumpkin would say, in astonishment: "For Mr. ——? Why, I never was for anyone else. Of course not." And he was sent away happy—with his "virtue" carefully wrapped up in a napkin, that men might not see it. "Next!" In this way several good-sized "bar'ls" were emptied.

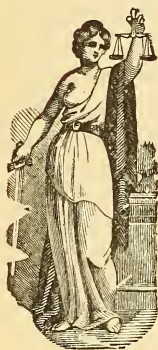
When the Legislature met the other candidate for the Senatorial

vacancy stepped forward, and through the methods frequently used in such cases, secured all the votes he needed, without discount and without ceremony. His disappointed rival was amazed and indignant. "Why!" he said, "I had their written pledges, a majority of the joint Assembly. Think of it!" So he had—to begin with, and the other candidate had the majority, at the end of the race. So ended that chapter. Mr. ——— told his friends that if he had only turned his back and seen nothing, and said nothing, his other "friends" would have seen him through. "But," he added, impressively, "I told them I might come home bare-headed and bare-footed, but I must come with clean hands." How strangely blind are those who will not see. The free use of money by a candidate for the United States Senate before a legislative election is reprehensible, as well as it is after the members are chosen and when they are about to enter the caucus for the purpose of selecting a party candidate. It is only a difference of degree. In either case a grave offense is committed against true national principles. What is justly demanded by the American people is the banishment of the "bar'l," the most debasing and dangerous factor in the political arena to-day.



VII.

“The same mighty power which controls and directs legislative and executive authority has an equally firm grasp upon the judiciary.”



AS a rule the American people have always shown the very highest respect for the judiciary. The members of the bench are not regarded as being hedged about with divinity, like a king, but when they are true to their high obligations there is the utmost deference paid to them. The unit of power in a republic is the individual citizen and in the establishment of courts of justice this fundamental idea has been steadily maintained. One man on the bench and twelve men in the box form the simple yet august tribunal before which causes are tried. It is here the issues of life and death, the rights of person and property, the authority of the state, the dignity of government, the protection of society are calmly considered. It is seldom that the dignity of the court is rudely intruded upon or disturbed.

The administration of justice is a sacred calling, and those impartially engaged therein should be intelligently and loyally supported by all classes of the people. The honor and dignity of the bench should be zealously guarded. The judicial system is one of the bulwarks of American liberty, and it cannot be trespassed upon or belittled in the public mind without opening the way to national degradation and ruin. All this is self-evident. Why is it, therefore, that in some parts of this country the people seem to be fast losing faith in the integrity and justice of the courts? Why should there be such general and severe criticism of the work of the bench? Why do men everywhere—and this significant expression is not confined to irresponsible agitators and embittered enemies of society—repeat the charge that there is one kind of justice for one class of defendants and litigants and another for a different class? This every-day indictment cannot be answered merely by denouncing it as untrue. The record in many places fully sustains it.

Upon which side is the court?

It has become an axiom amongst thoughtful observers that in a contest in the courts over civil rights between the weak and the strong the former nearly always go to the wall, unless, perchance, the case is so clear, the evidence so overwhelming, that there is no opportunity for using legal technicalities, whereby the jury may be confused, or the court enlisted in the scheme to defeat the ends of justice. And it has come to pass that no ordinary claimant for damages for wrongs inflicted to himself or others near to him can hope for a final adjudication in his case until he has fought his conscienceless and determined enemy all the way through the judicial labyrinths, to the court of last resort. Almost every verdict against a corporation, or a rich defendant, is appealed from and to meet this issue always means heavy expense, frequently beyond the means of the plaintiff, who is thus doubly wronged, without relief. The first step is to demand a new trial, during the argument the defendant frequently having the open sympathy and unfair assistance of the court.

Many flagrant instances of this kind are within the knowledge of every observant member of the bar, in our large cities particularly, where there is a concentration of the influences which are so hostile to the administration of even-handed justice. The purpose is to wear out, or break down, the helpless claimant, who is often without a dollar to pay his or her way, and thus exposed to the mercenary demands of Shylock attorneys, many of whom pile up big fortunes within a few years by means of outrageous contingent fees. And when the higher court is reached, the almost uniform tendency is to strain the law in favor of the resisting corporation. Every point which can be used in this way is quickly seized upon, the evident purpose being to discourage the unlettered and poverty-stricken masses from appealing to the courts for justice.

Upon one occasion a poor newsboy, after a hard fight, won a verdict of \$8,000 for the loss of a leg. The trial judge had ruled against him all he dared, and charged against him to the limit of his privilege, and he was plainly indignant at the refusal of the jury to be guided by his prejudiced advice. In the argument for a new trial, he treated counsel for the plaintiff with the utmost brusqueness and badgered the presiding judge, who was listless

and indifferent. Growing earnest in devotion to his client, the lawyer who, as he well said, had the laboring oar, defiantly declared: "May it please the court, I won this case on the plainest evidence, and if you send it to another jury, I will win it again," and he did, without thanks to the man who was fighting him so indecently from the bench. In another case, the judge called counsel for the defense to side bar and advised them, before he submitted the matter to the jury, to make a settlement with the other side, warning his special friends that they would get a blow, if they did not, as there was nothing for the twelve arbitrators to do but make a liberal award for damages, as claimed, for complete physical wreck. The suggestion was declined, and the verdict was given as indicated.

A typical cormorant of the period.

How often this sort of thing occurs in the civil courts to-day. It is undeniable that there is a systematic effort to protect powerful and wealthy defendants, this being the result of two things—first, the subsidizing of the ablest and shrewdest members of the bar, and the control over the creation and maintenance of the judiciary by the ruling classes. The ambitious lawyer plainly sees the hand-writing on the wall and governs himself accordingly. He seeks to attract the attention of rich and influential clients, and once in their employ serves them with zeal, unscrupulousness and oftentimes absolute heartlessness. He rides rough shod over everyone who comes in his way, bullies witnesses and uses all the arts of the professional trickster and knave in carrying his points and serving the interests of his employers. He will go the verge of dishonor in procuring evidence. He will distort facts and suppress the truth. His one object is success, steadily pursued, regardless of the triumph of justice, or the rights of others.

The American lawyer of the type of Oliver Slick is one of the products of the time, whose influence for evil cannot be estimated. He is an ever present obstacle to the restoration of harmonious relations between capital and labor. He is the incarnation of mercenary hostility to the working classes. His genius in the construction of statutes intended to promote the interests of the few against those of the many, is Machiavellian. He is the embodiment of selfishness, the outgrowth of industrial, commer-

cial and political conditions which fill the land with grievous suffering and perilous unrest. His alleged services are made the convenient cover for all sorts of crooked work in the manipulation of legislative bodies. "Oliver Slick, Esq., legal expenses," frequently means large sums expended in dark ways, the uncovering of which would bring lasting disgrace upon all concerned and often would make big work for grand juries and criminal courts. Unless the power for evil thus exercised is broken, courts in America, within the next twenty-five years, will become a byword and reproach, a cruel mockery of justice. All crows are not black. A white one—perhaps whitewashed—is occasionally seen, once in a century or so. So it may be with Slick et al., lawyers for revenue. They may not all be black crows. Counsel for the defense are at liberty to submit to the jury any evidence they may possess on this point, accompanied by proper affidavits; it being understood that the statutes against perjury are not barred.

Justice squints—Burglars on the inside.

In the criminal courts who will deny that a worse state of things exists? Justice sits with one eye thinly veiled, discriminating between the "man with a pull"—whether he is a presidential bank wrecker, who has "borrowed" millions, and been so "unfortunate" as to get caught on the wrong side of the market, or a type of low down political worker, like "Bucky" Heeler—and the ordinary malefactor who has committed some crime against society. "The man with a pull" works it for all it is worth. He can have the services of the ablest lawyers. He can fight off prosecution till the last moment. He can spirit away witnesses with impunity. He can play the physical disability dodge with repeated success. His alarming attacks of "nervous prostration" excite the manifest sympathy of the court. He can readily have the co-operation of the jury fixer. He can command the testimonials of distinguished citizens as to previous good character. The average defaulter is an angel of light—until found out. He is always the man who is "implicitly trusted," and that is what leads him to ruin. When the adversary wants to throw down a really good man, in a position of great trust, he gets all of his friends to turn their backs and give him a chance to wrestle alone with temptation. There is abiding faith amongst stock-holders and depos-

itors in patent locks, combination safes, electrical guards, steel chests, granite walls, etc., these days, but this plan is generally inefficient in making men honest. While there are so many chances of escape in the courts the risk is taken, as it would not otherwise be.

A bank official was proudly showing an editorial friend the institution's imposing looking "safe deposit vaults." It was the first time the visitor was ever behind iron bars, and he was greatly impressed. He remarked: "Surely this treasure house is burglar proof." "Ah!" was the quick reply, "the trouble in our time is—the burglars are on the inside!" Strange prophecy! That institution is to-day a hopeless wreck and many hapless depositors are in mourning over betrayed confidence. The burglar was on the inside, sure enough. He sat in an officer's chair, and took all there was within reach. He did not "steal" it. Of course not! He only "borrowed"—hundreds of thousands of dollars, without leave and in defiance of the law. If one of the clerks had tapped the till in the same way he would have been railroaded to the penitentiary for fifteen or twenty years. This is only one modern instance.

Truth in bonds—Legal banditti.

What is the duty of a lawyer? To serve his client honestly all the time and as efficiently as he can, with absolute fidelity to the letter and spirit of the law. An eminent Philadelphia practitioner defended a man who stole a watch, and got him off. A little later the grateful thief handed his successful attorney the booty as his fee. The implied reflection upon "professional honor" was a fine piece of retributive justice. "It must require severe study to handle your practice successfully," said a friend to a member of the bar, in full swing as a contingent fee collector of damages. "What I have to do, is to study what scientific questions not to ask," was the cunning reply. No fine spun theories there as to the duty of an officer of the court, above all things, to bring out all the facts, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and to secure the administration of simple justice. That old fashioned idea is what a notorious "statesman out of a job" would ironically term "an iridescent dream."

If there is anything needed in connection with the practice of law in this country to-day, it is a wholesome and permanent re-

vival of the high principles, without the manifestation of which and their steadfast maintenance no man, in former times, could hope to command the respect and confidence of the court, the jury and the people. The possession of superior talents for professional work involves great responsibility to the community. Every such public leader, no matter what his sphere of activity, should set a high example of sincerity, integrity and patriotic regard for the public welfare. But when men of this favored class unite their tremendous forces to promote schemes of private and public plunder; when they exhaust their knowledge of law and their ingenuity in interpreting statutes and in quoting judicial decisions and precedents, not for the purpose of securing equal and exact justice between man and man, but to accomplish selfish aims, inimical to the public welfare, they become public enemies, infinitely worse and more dangerous than common outlaws, whose hands are against everyone and against whom all other men are united for self-protection. The bar of America owes it to itself to think of these things and to clear its skirts of all complicity with the wrongful doings of professional vampires.

They think it is a good place to keep out of.

And what of the twelve men to whom are committed the issues of life and death, the protection of the rights of person and property, the decision of questions which go to the very root of the social fabric? Is it not true that juries, instead of advancing in average intelligence, dignity and ability, in keeping with the progress of the nation, are notably retrograding, and that the professional jurymen has become one of the discreditable features of the times, to be found hanging around every court-room? Citizens of superior intelligence and high character avoid jury duty as they do a pestilence. They will do anything to escape the performance of such work, and judges are prone to be too considerate in this matter, yielding to personal influence, which should have no place under such circumstances. The result of it all is that now and then a just judge is compelled to enter a ringing protest, one which refers to some specific case, but has a general application.

There have been so many melancholy failures of justice of late years, that in a recent case, which resulted in a verdict of acquittal, directly contrary to the facts and in violent disregard of law, the

presiding judge wrathfully broke out with a denunciation of the delinquent jurors, declaring with truthfulness and force, that the greatest encouragement was thus given to the commission of crime. It is time for a thorough facing about. The courts are the bulwarks of American institutions. If they become corrupt, negligent, indifferent, or incompetent, national wreck will surely follow. Society is vitally interested in this matter. It is something which is touching all classes. The rights of every citizen are at stake. The sword of Justice must not be broken.

Keepers of the Temple of Justice.

What is meant by the previous observation concerning the control over the creation and maintenance of the judiciary exercised by the ruling classes? Simply this: The avenues to judicial preferment are as effectually barred against any one who has not given satisfactory evidence that he is "straight" on the rising issue of millions against millions as though a wall of fire separated him from the object of his professional ambition. Let any young lawyer, even the most brilliant in his locality, in town or country, who doubts this fact try to climb up or break in some other way than that ordained by the ever vigilant guardians of great monied interests. Let him openly proclaim himself in uncompromising hostility to corporate aggression, political chicanery, personal tyranny, and everything that is arrayed against the interests of the defenseless masses. Let him defiantly refuse to bend his neck to the iron yoke of serfdom to the machine. Let him stand out bravely for a return to the principles of equality, which prevailed before men were required to take an oath of allegiance to corrupt and despotic masters. Let him firmly demand that a halt shall be called upon every un-American species of trust and selfish combination in restraint of trade. Let him declare for the inalienable rights of labor as against the aggressive warfare of dealers in flesh and blood, who grind out the lives of their victims under the ever present threat that there are more workers and would-be workers than there are places to be filled.

Let this defender of popular rights aspire to the bench, simply to administer even-handed justice, owing no man anything but good will. He will speedily find himself set down in the odious and cruel black-list, as one who is not "safe;" as one who might "make trouble;" as one who "cannot be trusted" to hold the scales

of justice as their makers now intend them to be held—for the protection and promotion of their interests, which they regard as paramount to those of all others, especially the restive, anxious, impatient, threatening multitude. The same mighty power which controls and directs legislative and executive authority in this land in the evening of the nineteenth century has an equally firm grasp upon the judiciary. Its mailed hand holds the throttle of the machinery of government at every vital point, and it means to hold it—whether the people will or no.



VIII.

“The existence of great trusts, having but one selfish and unlawful object, is a reflection upon the honor of the country, a menace to the prosperity and happiness of the people.”



THE people of the United States have had a most unhappy experience with the gigantic trusts of the time. Every demand for relief, based upon the highest principles of justice and fundamen-

tal American ideas, has been treated with contempt. Monopolies of one kind and another, but all alike in their common purpose, have steadfastly proceeded to plunder their helpless victims. Here and there some attempt has been made to deal with this most important matter by state legislatures, with indifferent success. The national government gave promise of doing something effective, through the now notorious anti-trust law of 1890. This enactment, it was confidently declared, would put an end to public robbery, to unlawful combinations in restraint of trade, and would prevent the carrying out of schemes of unjust profit on the part of trusts of any sort.

The sugar combination made a bold stand, however, and the whole country painfully witnessed the utter inefficiency of this law; and a little later the national Senate was scandalized by unprecedented developments showing the masterful presence of the slimy hand of corruption. It is not generally known that several of the strongest members of that body narrowly escaped complete ruin. One of these was for a time driven from his place, almost a physical wreck, through fear of exposure. Only the mistaken generosity of his associates covered his sins and saved him from political annihilation. The story of the sugar trust's evil influence in the highest legislative body of the nation is a deep and lasting reflection upon the whole country.

The manner in which the people's hopes were blasted, in connection with the course pursued by those whose duty it was to

enforce, in letter and spirit, the national law against trusts, also added to the injury inflicted. In one instance a federal judge, before whom a preliminary case was heard, went out of his way practically to argue in behalf of the trust; to try to make it appear that this most odious of monopolies—which plunders the people at the rate of \$20,000,000 a year—was not subject to the law of Congress, inasmuch as it was only a local manufacturing concern, it being strangely maintained that there was no satisfactory evidence to show that it was unlawfully engaged in interstate commerce. An Attorney-General of the United States instructed his subordinates to forward these cases through the lower courts as rapidly as possible, in order that the highest tribunal might conclude the matter, it being openly suggested that the law would certainly be declared unconstitutional, in accordance with the decision of another occupant of the federal bench, who meanwhile had been elevated to the Supreme Court. So it has been all the way through. The general government has done nothing to fulfill reasonable and just public expectation and demand.

An un-American and ruinous system.

It is this sort of manifest sympathy with the aims and purposes of these great financial combinations, on the part of executive officers and members of the judiciary, which excites the gravest suspicion and the just indignation of the American people. There seems to exist a comprehensive and determined conspiracy to over-turn national customs in trade and commerce; to crush out individualism and all competition; to run down and ruin small manufacturers and dealers everywhere. Whether it is a union of gigantic forces, backed by unlimited capital, in some branch of manufacture, controlling some article of daily necessity to the whole population; in making a speculative "corner" in bread-stuffs; in seizing millions of acres of the public domain; in buying up coal lands and raising the price of fuel; in grasping valuable municipal franchises, through a corrupt alliance with derelict public servants; in combining rival corporations engaged in semi-public business, such as the furnishing of light, heat, etc., such a system is un-American, hateful and ruinous, and the time is rapidly approaching when there will be a public revolt that will be effective though it may convulse the nation. The development of the trust idea in this country has been almost beyond

belief. The profits already realized, in various ways, largely through rascally speculation in the manipulation of worthless stocks and bonds, have exceeded the legitimate returns of commerce and manufactures by hundreds of millions of dollars. The whole business is based upon a deliberate purpose to extort unjust gain from the people, and this after they have loyally sustained, for a full generation, the economic policy thus selfishly perverted. American voters have upheld the banner of protection to American industry, only to find themselves at the mercy of men as soulless as the wooden idols of Hindustan. They have toiled these many years, dragging forward the mighty industrial jauggernaut, before which they are now falling exhausted, while it moves on, crushing out honorable aspiration, lingering hope and even life itself.

It makes starvation and desperation.

The trust seeks, first, to restrain production. This throws out of employment many thousands and causes suffering far and wide. It breaks up humble homes, makes tramps, paupers, orphans and criminals. But the trust promoter and manager is as heartless as the rock in the bottom of the sea. It next depresses the value and selling price of raw material. This again robs labor, in the fields and mines, ruins farmers and operators, and spreads desolation. But the trust has neither sense of justice, honor nor pity. It reduces the number of workers and cuts down the wages of those permitted to remain, under iron clad restrictions and regulations which stamp out manhood and make its victims little better than common serfs. This sort of "economy" makes starvation and desperation. It adds to the burdens of the charitable and breeds bitterness and rebellion against society and government. But the trust cares nothing for the trials of flesh and blood, the wrongs inflicted by its methods. It next raises the price of its limited finished product, and dictates those who shall sell its wares. This filches more millions from the pockets of helpless consumers, while it bankrupts merchants and brings misery to many who never knew want. But the trust revels in its wicked gains and gives the screws a fresh turn for another year's work. It defies all restraint and mocks the righteous protests of honest tradesmen.

How the people are plundered.

Under existing conditions the American people are paying, over and above a fair rate of profit on capital actually invested, unjust tribute amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars every year through the operations of the trust system. And through loss of employment, decreased wages and enforced reduction in the price of raw material they produce, they are losing many millions more. One great steel making concern at one time, with \$10,000,000 capital, had on hand upwards of \$10,000,000 in undivided profits, over the distribution of which there was a great wrangle in the Board of Directors. Men of honest instincts and training, who aforetime would have despised themselves for weakly surrendering to this destroying influence, are swept along in the current of combination conspiracy against the people and none are safe. Every branch of industry is in turn assailed. There are to-day about one hundred and twenty trusts in active operation, with a combined nominal capital of over three thousand millions of dollars, a sum in excess of the entire amount of the national debt at the close of the civil war, and the number is being constantly added to.

In the presence of this all-devouring commercial and financial American King Stork the executive arm of the law is paralyzed, courts shamefacedly acknowledge their impotency, Congress is controlled, legislatures sell out bodily. Individual manufacturers and traders are swallowed alive. In mercantile life there is no survival of the fittest, but an abnormal and ruinous growth of combination absoluteism. Profits high up in the millions, ranging from twenty to forty per cent. are taken by men whose ambition is without limit, whose resources are constantly swelling, whose income runs from \$500,000 to \$9,000,000 a year, whose daily triumphs mean the crushing out of every vestige of competition, of every opportunity to make an honest livelihood on the part of moderate dealers. The trust kings, like Monte Cristo, bestride the earth and the sea and defiantly declare that the world is theirs and all that therein is.

The time has come when this great question must be dealt with more efficiently by legislative bodies in general, state and national, and by those charged with the administration of the law. Infinite harm has been done the cause of republican government through

the defiance of trusts. A vicious example has been set which the lawless classes in general will not be slow to imitate. It must not be recorded that there is no relief for the people from combinations of a few men possessing unlimited financial power, while petty offenders against the laws alone are raided and punished according to the measure of their crimes. It is the duty of the government to protect itself and the people against all forms of injustice, wrong and oppression. There is abroad in the land an ugly and ominous spirit of revolt against the existing order of things in society and the state. The mutterings and threatenings of the anarchist are heard on every hand. During the past ten years the country has had some startling lessons, warning it of the existence of this deadly peril to American institutions. It is the rebellious spirit which is to-day the subject of grave anxiety in every thoughtful mind.

Defiance of law and justice.

What is the use of great railway combinations demanding the enforcement of the law for the protection of person and property, to whatever amount of bloodshed even may be necessary, the calling out of all the forces of the commonwealth against rioters and armed rebellion, while men who control vast interests can snap their fingers in the face of courts and the people, trample upon the rights of millions, and carry out their schemes of personal aggrandizement, regardless alike of the interests of the public, the welfare of society, the safety and perpetuity of republican government? If the law is not to be respected and obeyed in its integrity by those who, through their superior intelligence and great influence, are largely responsible for its creation, how long will it be possible to maintain respect for it, obedience to its mandates, peace and safety, against the desperate anarchistic spirit which already warns the country of a danger of the gravest kind?

It has come to this, that when a hundred men join in a strike which runs into lawlessness, the commission of crime, the shedding of blood, the power of the commonwealth must be speedily and effectively exerted for the maintenance of the public peace and public safety. But ten men can get around a big table, resolve to create a monopoly in some article of popular consumption, of absolute public necessity, and when courts declare the papers which they have signed illegal, they tear them up and

make others, which avoid the letter of the law, while being equally defiant of its spirit, and go right on, insolently inquiring of their millions of victims, "What do you propose to do about it?" These are sober truths, and they are being pondered to-day by thoughtful men as never before. It is passing strange that their force is not recognized by those most interested. The monopolist of to-day may sow to the wind; his successors will reap the whirlwind.

This great question will be solved, if the solution only comes in a manner from which all patriotic men cannot but shrink. The Republic can only live through respect for the law, devotion to its spirit, and recognition, above all things, of the rights of the people. The anarchistic spirit is as reprehensible, as foreign to every patriotic instinct, as hostile to every genuine American idea, as perilous to every cherished American institution, when exhibited by overgrown and conscienceless corporate power, as when shown in the blatant mouthings of the declared enemies of society and the state, or as manifested in the open rebellion of the bomb thrower and the torch fiend. Let us call things by their right names. Let us look at facts as they exist. Let every one, in high place or low, be held to a strict accountability before the law and in the higher court of public opinion. The existence of great trusts, having but one selfish and unlawful object, is in itself a reflection upon the honor of the country, a standing menace to the prosperity and happiness of the people. Such combinations must be brought under control, must be compelled to respect the law and the principles which govern the individual citizen. This is a duty which cannot be ignored without peril to the Republic itself.



IX.

“The liquor traffic is the mighty giant of destruction that is doing more harm to humanity than all other evil influences combined. When will American manhood grapple with this cruel monster?”



THERE is no greater power in the social, political and commercial life of this country to-day than the influence exercised by the liquor traffic and its allied interests. During half a century there has been going on, with varying stages of activity and effect, a battle between the friends of sobriety, purity and virtue and those who selfishly seek to thrive upon the weakness, the vanity and the waywardness of humanity. It has time and again been pointed out, with clearness and sincere devotion to the truth, that if there was consistency, courage and fidelity on the part of those who profess to be and call themselves Christians, in union with the other moral forces of the nation, the parasitical enemies of society, who so largely live upon youth and unprotected womanhood, would be driven into the darker places of open vice and in great measure deprived of their destructive strength.

But there never has been any such a union of forces. On the contrary, there is the widest and most disastrous division of counsel and effort. The enemy rallies in might and pushes forward, sweeping away vast numbers of the most promising young men and young women, and citizens of mature years, who fall into the ways of the tempter and seem to be unable to resist his powers of fascination, to escape the countless methods by which their undoing is steadfastly sought. Every movement distinctly along the lines of vigorous hostility to the drink habit has been fought with an unscrupulous daring that has almost paralyzed its devoted supporters. The latest and most successful effort of this kind is that comprised in the organization known as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Beginning with the heroic work

of a little band of noble minded wives and mothers, filled with loving anxiety for the welfare and happiness of those near and dear to them, this modern mission in the cause of social reform has extended far and wide and been productive of a vast amount of good.

With branches in every state in the Union, chiefly composed of women exceptionally endowed for such beneficent work, the Union has upheld the cause of the Home against the Saloon in the face of every discouragement. It has secured, after much effort, the enactment of beneficent legislation under which the rising generation is being largely educated as to the physiological effects, the ever-present danger, of using alcoholic liquor as a beverage. This is beginning in the right place. The seed thus wisely and carefully sown will bear good fruit in the years to come. The lessons taught will be the means of protecting a multitude of young men from the wiles of their worst enemy. The information imparted will add to the equipment for life needful to make the voyage with safety and happiness.

Look to the foundations.

It is to be noted, however, there have been sinister efforts to defeat the object of the friends of temperance. School directors have been tampered with and teachers influenced to neglect the duty incumbent upon them. Even the batteries of the press have at times been directed against this praiseworthy effort to enlighten and protect the boys of to-day, the men of to-morrow, and publishers have been used to prevent the purpose of the law being carried out. But this branch of popular study should be universally adopted, in public and private schools. Every good citizen should insist upon this and he should also see to it, both by example and precept, that his own children are taught the truth concerning this all-important question and trained in the ways of sobriety and usefulness.

The church should be one united and aggressive temperance society. It has no such powerful and dangerous enemy as the saloon. Men cannot be taught righteousness if their brains are not kept clear and their hearts pure. The pioneer women in this crusade wisely and rightfully assumed the privilege of calling their long-needed organization a Christian Union. As such it should be heartily welcomed and sustained as the hand-maiden of the

church. It should be fully utilized to advance the practical work of evangelization. It should command the most sincere and effective co-operation of the ministry. The whole country has been inestimably benefited through the devoted work of the noble army of white ribboners. May their number multiply and may they grow in wisdom, earnestness, grace, enthusiasm and power. God bless the Woman's Christian Temperance Union!

The elements of selfishness and cowardice are largely responsible for the injurious growth of the liquor traffic. Unquestionably the ruling classes are chiefly to blame. The average drinking man, who trains with exclusive social circles, curtly observes that he is not his brother's keeper; that he should not be deprived of a personal privilege in order to save some one else from the effects of weakness or foolishness. He refuses to acknowledge his duty to society in general and to other individuals and wholly forgets, with strange self-blindness, the suggestive fact that his own flesh and blood may suffer in consequence of his needless self-indulgence. The rich wine drinker fills his vaults and sows the seeds in his own family—and Satan reaps the harvest. It is well known that in fashionable circles to-day total abstinence is extremely unpopular, even among women. Almost everybody drinks something, and a great many, sooner or later, drink to excess. The outside world does not see what goes on behind the scenes in the gilded homes of those who are a law unto themselves with regard to all social customs.

Demoralizing example of the "smart set."

This class seldom patronize the saloon, only upon occasion, or when away from home. They would instantly lose caste were they to be seen loafing around ordinary bar-rooms. Hence the omnipresent side-board, the annex for "wet goods" in the smoking room, the drinking privileges of the club, the universal service at luncheon and dinner, at home and in the fashionable clubs and hotels. The thirst for liquor has become so intense that it is used more and more in the preparation of food. The latest fad—the chafing dish—is made the inseparable companion of the wine bottle. The hamper is taken to the fashionable out-door gatherings, the races, football games, horse shows, coaching-club turn-outs, etc., patronized by the "smart set," and wine flows openly. Young women daintily touch glasses with callow youths who

think they are making manly impressions, while they are simply upsetting their weak brains and knocking out their feeble moral underpinning. The elders calmly look on without disapproval, or join in the carnival, and all hands repair to their homes, to renew the dissipation, in more intensified form, at dinner and later in the ball room.

Where reform is not wanted.

Recently attention has been directed to the growing recklessness in the use of liquor—often the strongest drink—by college students. With what result? The reform “meddlers” have been sharply told to mind their own business. Rich and influential patrons, fast going alumni and subservient faculties, have promptly united to severely frown upon such “impertinent and uncalled-for paternalism;” such rude interference with “personal rights;” such stupid display of unselfish interest in those who, in a little while, must become to a great extent the rulers of the land. One set of University officials took special pains to “snub” the kindly women who only asked that there should be decent regard for propriety; that young men should not be needlessly exposed to great temptation. At notable public functions will frequently be seen leaders in the work of higher education, so called—for it is fast becoming a sad misnomer—amongst the most ardent patrons of the wine course.

At one alumni dinner, the distinguished head of a University was so far led astray by his surroundings and his evident desire to retain the confidence, esteem and profitable patronage of the ruling drinking element, that he uttered words of disparagement of earnest temperance reformers, discouraging their hard yet more than ever needful work, and giving encouragement to their scheming and rejoicing foes, that will do more harm, in a thousand ways, than the erring speaker can do good if he should live and labor many years. This uncalled-for, cowardly and treacherous fling at the believers in total abstinence has been echoed in thousands of saloons and worse places, and will be used with terrible effect to increase the power of the advocates of the unrestrained sale and use of liquor, in the presence of and by the young. Such fearful blunders by men in high places, in church and state, must cause angels to weep, as they certainly cause demons to rejoice.

The saloon and its allies. Startling facts.

In every town and city in the United States the saloon has a most effective ally in the social drinking club. It is here that habits are formed, one step at a time, which in countless cases lead rapidly down to earthly ruin and eternal darkness. It is here that young men, while yet in their teens, led on by older companions, acquire the taste first for beer, then wine, then the strongest drink. They smoke and drink and drink and smoke, and the law, in its fatal blindness, says the club is not a saloon. The arch enemy of the happiness of mankind never invented a more effective plea for the extension of his terrible kingdom. High license has decreased the open saloon; it has immeasurably increased the number of unlicensed places where drink is sold, and in connection with the vast number of clubs which have sprung up everywhere within the past ten years, has worked infinite harm in many communities. The evil wrought by these shut-in places of resort, the irresponsible club, is beyond belief. The very atmosphere is poison to soul and body. Evil gossip, debasing amusements, idleness, extravagance, wastefulness, intemperance, gambling, demoralizing interest in lawless and brutal exhibitions of physical strength, Sabbath desecration; these make up the vicious attractions that are furnished by the average young men's club which is not specifically organized for some higher and more useful purpose. Even political associations are often thus perverted, becoming the half-way house to resorts of the vilest character; the place where the spirit of evil is unloosed and permitted to roam at will, to the destruction of many of the brightest and best young men in every community.

Is it any wonder that the liquor traffic grows as nothing else? See! The consumption of alcoholic and malt liquor and wines in the United States for the year 1880 was 506,000,000 gallons. For the year 1896 it was 1,122,000,000 gallons, an increase of over 140 per cent., and 16 gallons for every man, woman and child. Is it any wonder that vice and crime, poverty and wretchedness increase so rapidly as to alarm all thoughtful observers? Over 48,000 homicides in one year, a very large proportion the work of the rum fiend. The United States stands, after Germany and Great Britain, third in the production of beer, and it will soon be first. There are over 200,000 retail liquor dealers; 12,000 retailers

of malt only; 4600 wholesalers. The money waste is appalling. With due allowance for medical uses, this is fully \$500,000,000 annually. The injury to society is irreparable. The burden of the state is crushing. No other industry thrives like this, in good times and bad. One seldom hears of a brewery failure, and the saloon keeper who fails is generally deficient in some other particular. The retail liquor dealer revels in the gains of a traffic that is an ever present menace to life, liberty and happiness, and the welfare of the nation. The working-man should remember one thing, namely, he can never strike against any enemy half so injurious to himself as the saloon. When will men awake and see the peril? When will American manhood grapple with this cruel and hideous monster? When will the cries of millions of victims call down the wrathful vengeance of heaven? Yet judgment will come, as sure as God reigns, for his prophetic servant has said: "Woe to them that call evil good; that put bitter for sweet and darkness for light."

Its influence in politics.

In politics the liquor traffic is a most powerful and pernicious factor. It has but one principle, the promotion of self-interest. Its immense forces line up all the time and everywhere to prevent possible effective legislation; to oppose every social movement for reform; to ridicule and to kill every effort to control public men in the interest even of effective restraint and regulation. No partisanship is known. Candidates are supported and elected solely with regard to their capacity to serve the saloon and its creators: the brewer and the distiller. From the 212,000 saloons and nearly 5000 wholesale dealers and manufacturers, a million dollars can be raised, on demand, to promote or defeat legislation; to elect or defeat candidates for public office. Every state, every county, every city is organized. The press, to its infinite discredit be it said, is either indifferent or is kept in subjection in various ways, and political leaders almost with one accord cringe and fawn and surrender at will.

At every state capitol, when the legislature is in session, there is a lobby, watchful, energetic and efficient. Slick and Sneak and Bumbkin and Brass join hands to serve their "friends." The people are betrayed and wronged. The machine, having been well subsidized, thoroughly greased, during the campaign, keeps its

contract and makes another alliance for future use. The traffic is heavily taxed, says some one. Every dollar it gives to the state it takes from the taxpayers, in their individual capacity, and it adds enormously to the cost of maintaining courts and public institutions. As an economic factor, the liquor traffic is the most stupendous fraud ever conceived. It is the mighty giant of destruction that is doing more harm to humanity than all other evil influences combined.

The saloon, and often the club, is the school of impurity and vice, the headquarters for the dissemination of evil in a thousand ways. It has an ally, the extent of the operations of which, is unknown to a great many of our people, who are in deplorable ignorance with relation thereto. The secret distribution of injurious literature has reached a stage which calls for a great popular awakening. A little while ago this sort of material, inspired in the infernal regions, could only be obtained surreptitiously, and scarcely at all by very young men. To-day it is brazenly on sale everywhere, and within the reach even of the youngest members of the community, who can freely purchase, without the knowledge of their seniors or caretakers, when at home or at school, that which will blight the soul for time and eternity.

Increasing peril to the young.

More than that; the diabolical agents of the evil one secure the names and addresses of tens of thousands of school children and youth and send them enticing circulars, without the knowledge of parents, teachers or guardians. And when some one engaged in this infamous business is tripped up by a zealous investigator, he is instantly denounced as a blackmailer! Thoughtless writers for the press join in this defensive crusade, thus shielding a work that is a blasting curse to the country. Let plain words be spoken, Let the people's eyes be opened. Let the skulking enemy be uncovered. Let him be driven out and his intended victims saved from his contaminating touch. Let the book-sellers of respectability be made to understand that they are under a moral responsibility and that to place before their unsuspecting customers, as is so often done, cheap literature which does not come under the ban of the law, but which inevitably leads to the downward path, corrupts the minds and hearts of idle women and impressionable young people, is an offense not to be condoned. Eternal vigilance

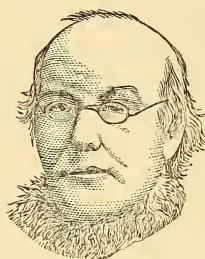
only can save the American people from an overwhelming wave of iniquity from the printing press.

One more word touching the younger members of the community. Fathers and mothers of America, where are your sons and daughters at night? Where are they on Sunday? What kind of associations surround them in the most perilous period of their lives? What are they reading? Where, how and with whom do they spend their leisure hours? What influences surround them during their vacations and when away from home? Pray, think of these things before it is forever too late. Satan's recruiting stations are open day and night, and his emissaries, often disguised as angels of light, are busy even while you sleep. He seeks your best beloved. He watches for his prey with stealthfulness and ceaseless determination. He means to keep up his supply of victims, and as far as possible from the best homes, at any cost. Not a day or an hour passes, the year round, that he does not snatch some dear one from the hearthstone. And you then rail in vain. He mocks your sorrows, despises your shame, rejoices in your agony. Be more vigilant. Be more consistent. Be more courageous. Be more devoted. Time and opportunity now lost may never be recovered. Take your stand with the friends of temperance, purity and righteousness, and maintain it at all times and under all circumstances. This is at once your high privilege and your bounden duty.



X

"Self-respecting journalism should stand as the exemplar of obedience to lawful authority and the spirit of justice in all things and at all times."



THE printing press in America has become, in a great measure, the most important factor in our national life. Its development has been beyond all conception of early thinkers and writers. It is the daily meat and drink of the million. It has the ear of the multitude at all times. It influences the lives and conduct of a vast number of those who do but little thinking on their own account and permit them-

selves to be led along by subtle and stronger minds. It can build up and it can tear down. It can immensely advance the cause of public righteousness, private morality and good government, and it can block the wheels of genuine progress and prove a mighty stumbling-block in the pathway of the nation. This is not because the editor is all-powerful in his discussion of public affairs. On the contrary, allowing him full credit for all that he counts for, the people frequently show contempt for their self-appointed advisers. They read argument and appeal, to a limited extent, but are not always convinced. It has, indeed, become a stimulating habit with many independent, free-thinking citizens to patronize journals with which they seldom agree. They enjoy daily rounds with the editorial thunderer. Like the bellicose individual who said that branch of the church suited him best which used the prayer-book, because he could "talk back" at the minister, they indulge their propensity for lively disputation by picking the editor's fine work to pieces. This affords them exhilarating mental exercise and considerable amusement, and sometimes entertains their friends, and not only does not hurt the feelings of

the public commentator, who knows nothing of it; it puts more shekels into his pocket—provided he is permitted to share the profit of the work of his busy brain.

But the public mind is often seriously affected, quite unconsciously, by what is presented for its consideration in the news columns of the daily visitor to the home, the shop, the office and the counting-room. The reader may resent the set advice and partisan appeal in the editorial column, while he will easily be led by the statement of alleged facts, presented in a thousand other ways. Shrewd political leaders understand this public weakness and often turn it to very profitable account. It is also utilized, at times, in the same way by the promoters of business schemes. The average reader would have a fit of indignation if he knew how often he is taken advantage of through skillfully prepared special announcements, for the information of the public—at one dollar and upwards per line. There is nothing to distinguish this always more or less interesting material from the current local chronicle of the day. The pill is swallowed with charming innocence, and sometimes the effect is electrical. Dangerously contrary public sentiment, running strongly against some special project, is suddenly arrested and the current mysteriously set the other way. The few virtuous souls who refuse to be convinced against their wills, wring their hands, impotently denouncing the “cowardice and corruption of the press;” but these voices crying in the wilderness are not heard by the great mass of the people. The town meeting, the unfailing refuge of those who are on the losing side in such contests, affords a vent for the safe escape of this individual wrath and then all is forgotten.

A question in business ethics.

To what extent is this special dealing with the business office responsible for the subsequent course of the papers in question, editorially, and in their legitimate news columns? That is a question which every publisher must answer for himself. The fact remains that a new and singular source of newspaper revenue and public deception has been opened up and it is being most industriously and successfully worked, in town and country. Perhaps the vein will be run out soon and some other method of creating and controlling public opinion will be invented. The point may be raised: Has the publisher, or publishing company, a moral

right to deliberately mislead newspaper readers, and also to take big money for doing so? Let the press wrestle with this problem in journalistic ethics. Let us hear from some of the learned doctors of the new and peculiar school of practical and very material philosophy upon this interesting subject. How would it do to open the doors to outside correspondents and allow the people themselves freely to express their plain opinion of the "gold brick" business as applied to the American journalism of these stirring times?

"A newspaper is a machine to make money," was the expressive epitome of an eastern publisher of twenty-five years' successful experience. Just so. But is that all? Does this terse and most significant observation comprehend the whole duty of journalism? Is the newspaper, rightly viewed, merely and solely "a machine for making money"? Is its conductor and controlling spirit, often as autocratic, in a business sense, as the pettiest despot the world ever saw, under no sort of moral obligation to serve the public as well as himself? Is he under no legitimate responsibility to his readers and the community? To be sure, he is granted no exclusive franchise, save that which he in many instances enforces, through association with others, in monopolizing news facilities. He is bound by no iron-clad regulations. He is, or can be, a law unto himself, being subject only to the statutes against mischievous falsehood intended to protect the citizen from injury in reputation or estate. Within this wide latitude, he can print what he pleases, and suppress what he pleases. He can advocate any public measure, or oppose the same. He can support any candidate, or oppose him. He can seek business through private arrangement with public men and those having influence in connection with public affairs.

Responsibilities of journalism.

But with the doors of the people wide open to him; with free access daily to the inner domestic circle; with the unfettered opportunity to reach and influence, for good or ill, youthful and impressionable minds and hearts for life; with the privilege of inquiring into the minutest details of personal and official delinquencies; with all the avenues of information open to him that are used by the servants of the law whose duty it is to run down and bring to punishment all sorts of offenders; does not the exercise of this

immense privilege impose upon the publisher the weight of personal responsibility? Is he morally free to spread the seeds of contagion and ruin broadcast, under the flimsy excuse that he is only keeping step with his eager contemporaries, printing the "news"?

What is news? Is it necessarily, or in any proper sense, in a well-ordered and wisely protected community, the elaborate record of all that is evil? Is it needful to chronicle the wicked ways and vile doings of the worst people in the community, and dismiss the countless good deeds of every hour with perfunctory formality and impatient brevity? Must the quiet evening hour in the family circle be polluted every day by the reading, almost without knowing it, of things, even a superficial knowledge of which blackens the heart, blunts the moral senses, deadens the conscience and irreparably undermines and injures the whole moral structure? Must the day begin and end with this sort of a feast of evil; this kind of a dance of demons before the opening eyes of childhood, in the presence of the growing years of youth, the purity of womanhood, the ripening character of honorable manhood? The picture is not overdrawn. It is the vivid but truthful reflection of modern journalism in the United States; and those responsible therefor, whether they realize it or not, are piling up an account before an All-Seeing Eye, the weight of which it is beyond the mind of man to measure.

A wrong to the public.

The newspaper is a "machine to make money," all that can honestly and honorably be made, without harm to the public, or injury to any private interest. But certain customs have grown up which often reflect upon the honor, injure the standing and impair the usefulness of editors and publishers, and indirectly work great wrong to the public. This is particularly true with relation to so-called official advertising. As a matter of fact, there is no public necessity for this kind of publication, unless perhaps to a very limited extent. Nine-tenths of it is utterly useless and a discreditable waste of the public money. For instance, at the close of a vigorous and exciting campaign, which has attracted the attention of every voter, the sheriff gravely appears upon the scene, with a barn door advertisement in the papers, giving a lot of superfluous information about the election, what offices are to be

filled, where the voting is to take place, etc. This publication costs the state many thousands of dollars, every penny of which is thrown away, through the maintenance of a practice long since out of date.

It is the same with all sorts of legal and official notices, including the extensive display of sheriff's wares every month. Every one interested in these sales can readily obtain all the information desired, and each county could save large sums of money if a different system was pursued. Of course, the statutes provide for these advertisements, but the lawmakers in continuing this practice simply give the political machine something to work with, through which to command the support of public journals. Otherwise the latter would not be subject to the temptation to surrender to odious masters and to cover the manifold sins of omission and commission of delinquent public servants. They would be free to serve the people much more independently and effectively. This system of using public patronage as a political make-weight sometimes even paralyzes the sense of duty of the occupants of the bench. Under the pressure of political and personal influence, wholly out of place under the circumstances, judges will order certain publications in papers of such limited circulation as to make a mockery of the law, in letter and spirit.

Undoubtedly the general public has come to look upon such official advertising as to a great extent the direct cause of the timidity and lack of independence shown by many newspapers when great battles are on. No amount of protest or argument will persuade the people that an undue influence is not thus exercised. Have the publishers of this country ever considered this important matter in the right light? Have they ever figured up the gain and the loss? Is it not true that the papers which uniformly reject this kind of compromising patronage, other things being equal, always stand exceptionally high in public respect and confidence? This is a manifestation at once of the people's disapproval of official favoritism, extravagance and waste, and hearty endorsement of the integrity, courage and worth of true journalism. Does it pay to appeal directly to the people? This question overwhelmingly answers itself in the career of more than one successful and influential American newspaper publisher.

An unhappy change. A fallen leader.

A most suggestive and always to be regretted change of the time is the passing of the old-fashioned country newspaper. The people of the rural districts will make a grievous and costly mistake if they do not rally to the rescue and hearty support of their home newspapers. The ubiquitous and all-pervading city daily now goes everywhere, but the field of usefulness so long and proudly occupied by the local press must ever remain, and it should never be abandoned, through lack of proper appreciation and substantial patronage. Throughout a most important period in the nation's history, these publications rendered a service to the country of inestimable value. They comprised the people's forum and main educator. They blazed the way for freedom's hosts in the mighty struggle for national preservation and the fulfillment of the long delayed promise of the immortal Declaration of the Revolutionary patriots. They set a high example of integrity and courageous patriotism and taught the rising generation the lesson of loyalty to national principles. All honor to the country press. May it again be returned to its place of power in the political, industrial and social life of the American people.

There is one page in the annals of American journalism darker than all the rest; this is that which records the cruel persecution, almost unto death, of one of its best, bravest, purest and ablest representatives. The events of that reckless time must ever be recalled with infinite regret. Political warfare is sometimes heartless and terrible in its results. It should always be conducted with remembrance of the fact that there are personal rights which cannot be violated without deep dishonor. Men to-day unite in doing reverence to the memory of one who wrought with almost superhuman zeal and effect in the great battle for human rights and national redemption. But the broken heart cannot respond to tokens of love and admiration. The weary head is forever at rest. The record of a courageous life of devotion to country and mankind is the rich heritage of the great Republic.

One bleak, chilly November night, more than a quarter of a century ago, the heartless wires flashed across the land a message of only four words, but one that startled and saddened the nation. It was hard, indeed, to realize that the grand old veteran, the glorious hero of a thousand conflicts, had fallen at last. That the

giant brain which for so many years had ceaselessly toiled, creating the mental ground-work upon which millions of earnest men and women took their stand and battled bravely for the right, had finally ceased its labors. That the great heart which always went out in sympathy with the poor, the unfortunate and the oppressed, lay cold and still. That the hand which for thirty years had directed the mightiest pen in all the land, was powerless thenceforth for all time. That the greatest light in the firmament of American journalism had suddenly gone out. That one of America's greatest and noblest sons had given his last words of counsel to the people he loved so well, and to the elevation of whom his life was so unselfishly devoted.

It was hard to realize that he had left us at last and gone up higher. But it was too true. The inevitable hour came and with it the messenger whose summons is always imperative. Happily, the struggle was brief. "It is done!" Ah, yes, and how true! It was not for this departing spirit to grieve "over a wasted life." No! he went home laden with sheaves. He had been sent into this world to accomplish a great work. He was in truth a man of destiny. How well he fulfilled his mission all the world knows. And when the task was finished, the life work ended, He that sent him gently closed the volume.

"So passed the strong, heroic soul away;
And when they buried him,"

the great heart of the nation stood still. May the memory of Horace Greeley ever burn brightly in the hearts and minds of the American people.

"The Editor in Politics."

At the banquet given to Ex-Mayor Edwin S. Stuart, at the Union League, Philadelphia, April 17, 1895, upon his retirement from office, Edwin K. Hart responded to the toast "The Editor in Politics," as follows:

The editor in politics may be and should be the right man in the right place. Politics in the editor may and often does turn out quite differently. The editor whose chief aim in life is to read his title clear—by the grace of some political master—to a mansion on Capitol Hill, has sadly mistaken his calling. Politics in our time is the science of government—by machine. The editor who

becomes the subservient creature of the machine forfeits the leadership which is his natural right. He has the ear of the public and in return he is under the very highest obligation. There is a reciprocal relationship which should never be lost sight of. All avenues of information are freely open to him, and it is his bounden duty to utilize this privilege, honestly and courageously. In journalism a half truth is often worse than a whole falsehood. Lasting injustice, as well as self-inflicted personal humiliation, may be the result of suppression as well as publication. The editor who tells only what suits a selfish, partisan or personal purpose and conceals the rest, is unworthy of public trust and confidence. He recklessly sows to the wind and as surely reaps the whirlwind. The rule of the courts should be the invariable guide with the press; the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Instead, we sometimes see falsehood by implication, slander by suggestion, public deception through perversion and down-right misrepresentation.

Organic and statutory law unite to invest the editor with a responsibility which he cannot evade. Self-respecting journalism should ask no favors of men or government, no special immunities. It should never appeal to the mercy of courts, nor fear to face an honest jury. It should stand as the exemplar of obedience to lawful authority and the spirit of justice in all things and at all times. Unhappily, the ideal is not always reached. The force of temptation is felt in journalism as elsewhere. Yet, as observed, the inexorable law of compensation prevails. The editor who runs with the political machine and is proud of it, is not always intoxicated with his own success. Looking upon the wine when it is red is as nothing in its demoralizing effects, with sitting up with the leaders and then—"getting left." The editor who to-day is a vociferous champion of reform and to-morrow is scuttling the ship, is not apt to be canonized by the people who are betrayed. Fiercely denouncing the lawless classes, yet sustaining trusts and combinations which plunder the people, corrupt legislatures and defy the courts is preparing the way for revolution. Sounding the praises of honest politics by day, and playing "green goods" politics by night, will not bring everlasting honor. Shouting for civil service reform publicly, while seizing everything within sight, for friends and relatives, will not bring the political millennium. The alleged funny-man long since used up the moth-

er-in-law in journalism—peace to her troubled remains. But the voracious brother-in-law—like Nebuchadnezzar—would live forever. The editor who does not provide for his uncles, and his cousins, and his maiden aunts, too, is not “in it” these days, according to the doctrine of the political scribes and pharisees. The editor with a “pull” is a mighty man, for a time, but when the straps suddenly break he is a sorry wreck. Journalism in some parts of this favored land is carrying a load big enough to break the back bone of the Rocky mountains.

Let it be everywhere recognized that in no calling does character count for more than in journalism; also that the absence of it is a fatal defect. Grapes can no more be gathered from thorns nor figs from thistles than they could two thousand years ago. The men who conduct the newspapers of America should be above suspicion and beyond the reach of the tempter. Their personal honor should be maintained at the highest standard. Their conscientiousness should be commensurate with their tremendous responsibility. They should be the very salt of the earth. Their light cannot be hidden. They influence, through their work, more lives than any other class. The daily newspaper is the only mental food of vast masses of the people, increasing every hour. They read nothing else. They live upon it. They are controlled by it, for good or evil. They will move forward and upward toward the highest plane of national life, or they will sink to destruction, as those who daily and hourly reach and influence them are true or false to their exalted mission, and realize or disregard their duty to themselves, to mankind, to good government, and to the Infinite Source of all wisdom and majesty and power and might.



XI.



“There is nothing sadder in all history than the startling change which a few years have wrought in the farming life of America. Let us cultivate more earnestly love of the old homestead.”

What is the matter with the American farmer? That he is seriously discontented with his lot and growing more restive all the time, is apparent to every observer. For two hundred years the tillers of the soil in the new world were the proudest kings of the earth. They laid the foundation of the mighty empire of the west. They cleared the trackless forests, broke up the wonderful prairies, peopled the wilderness and brought forth generation after generation of the hardiest, clearest-brained and purest-hearted people ever known. They pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by the restless longings of other classes, especially those who hung about more populous centres of industrial activity. They were compelled to get along with only the most limited means of education. They had no colleges, nor even high schools. Their sons and their daughters, however, were faithfully and efficiently taught all that was needful, both from an educational and from a moral standpoint, to guide them safely, prosperously and happily through life.

As the years went by the wave of immigration took possession of the domain beyond the Alleghenies, reaching to the foot of the Rockies. Throughout this vast region was built up the very heart of the Republic, and it throbbed with life and joyousness, with

intense loyalty to everything that stood for America and the bed-rock ideas of free government. The early pioneers experienced many hardships, but they were uncomplaining and their children were proud of the heritage bequeathed them. Up from the virgin soil sprang a race of strong men and pure women and homes multiplied in which the spirit of peace and comfort was wont to abide. There is nothing more inspiring in all history than the wonderful development of the farming industry in the American colonies and in the states of the Union. There is nothing sadder in all history than the strange and startling change which a comparatively few troublous years have wrought.

A mountain of debt and its cause.

There is still on every hand many outward evidences of abounding prosperity. Wealth has been accumulated in the country as well as in the town and the city. An immense amount of money has been expended in material improvement, in the building of great barns and granaries, handsome residences and in bringing the surroundings up to the supposed demands of the time. Nothing is easier, however, than to go into debt, and the present generation of American farmers have bitterly realized this economic fact. While in the full tide of prosperity, the tempter came and with glowing accounts of progress everywhere and brilliant prophecies as to the future, he readily persuaded his intended victims to launch out beyond their necessities, to lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes, to expend large sums in useless elaboration and in ways that have since proven a crushing burden. The extravagant habits which developed amongst the wealthier classes of the people of this country as one of the results of the civil war extended to the plainer people of the rural regions and worked infinite mischief. The farmer who had been brought up in the old and healthful way suddenly conceived the idea, like the average mechanic of to-day, in his zeal for the welfare of his offspring, that his children must have greater advantages than he was permitted to enjoy; that their happiness in the future chiefly depended upon the attainment of certain objects. The village school was left behind, the boys and girls, with fashionable wardrobes, sent off to the academy, the college and the seminary.

When they returned it was with perverted minds, a thorough dislike of the quiet and frugal home life which they had before

known. Personal expenditures also must be kept up. Every young man whose father was a landed proprietor, to the extent of one hundred acres or more, must have his own fine horse and handsome turnout. He must wear fine raiment and periodically visit his friends at a distance. He grew quite ashamed of his big red hands and sunbrowned face, and concluded that life would have no charms for him, unless he could change his surroundings and live in a different social atmosphere. It was rare that any such young man possessed the professional or mercantile instinct. But filled with high hopes and vain ambitions, he turned his back upon the home of his childhood, to become in a little while a weary drudge, wearing good clothes, but with no prospects of success in life. A vast number of such young men, within the past twenty-five years, have crowded into the already overburdened towns and cities of the United States, and many of them have fallen by the wayside, physical, social and moral wrecks. Meanwhile, their fathers have toiled on, trying to pay off the indebtedness incurred, but they have been engaged in a hopeless struggle.

In a little while the sequel will be realized, and many sad-hearted hewers of wood and drawers of water, in the great mercantile establishments of the cities, will drop out of their places, to be succeeded by others, pushing on in the same dreary way, while thousands more of young men will continue, with blind infatuation, to leave the glorious freedom, the pure surroundings, the inspiring independence, the blessed domestic peace and happiness of country homes, to take their chances in the mad whirl of city life. In many agricultural sections scarcely any of the young men who would be most useful and most successful as farmers are to be seen after they reach their majority. During the busy season help is scarce, and much of it is most unsatisfactory. This unfortunate state of things is not confined to any one state, or any particular part of the country. New England, for so many years the centre of the farming industry, presents in some parts almost a desolate appearance. And throughout the middle states the average farmer sits by his fireside bemoaning his fate. There are, of course, very many worthy exceptions. The salt has not entirely lost its savor. And for this the country should be profoundly thankful.

A costly and lamentable mistake.

Unless there is a change in the tide before many years shall roll around, and active rural life shall again become more attractive and profitable in every way, the consequences will be deplorable. Every branch of manual industry in the cities is overcrowded. There are always more workers than there are places, which keeps down wages and multiplies dependents, paupers and criminals. Involuntary idleness breeds manifold evils, and helpless poverty leads to hopeless loss of self-respect and ends in countless cases in woful despair. A great need of the times is a return on the part of agriculturists of enthusiastic devotion to their calling, the brightening of their lives through closer relations with one another in pleasant circles, the object of which is intellectual entertainment and elevation and the advancement of the happiness of communities and individuals. The lyceum of forty years ago was the life of rural communities, but it has fallen into decay, and the stirring and virile country newspaper, the weekly visitation of which was an event looked forward to with so much pleasure, seems to have lost its mission and in great measure merely exists, in a formal way, with its patent insides and boiler-plate outsides, without purpose, without vigor and in strange forgetfulness of its high privilege and duty. Even the religious life of rural communities has undergone a direful change.

Another earnest word, the result of close observation for many years, with reference to the young people. Farmers of America, as you value their happiness here and their eternal welfare, keep your boys and girls at home. Train them from their earliest years in the love of nature and all that is good and beautiful and true. Teach them the grand mysteries of creation. Bring them into close daily communion with the wondrous living kingdom around and about them. Let their own lives be interwoven with the very existence of birds and plants, flowers and trees, grains and fruits. Let them realize the joyous and strengthening companionship of the noblest members of the animal world. Put them under a sense of responsibility as co-workers with nature in her marvelous development of hidden forces. Open to them this greatest of all revelations to the unfolding mind of youth. In your own lives and by precept as well as example illustrate the nobility, the lofty independence, the inestimable privileges of your chosen calling. Rise above the drudgery of a laborious existence

and live in an atmosphere of cheerfulness, gratitude and manly strength.

Rally around the old homestead.

Keep the boys and girls at home! They will be infinitely better off in the years to come. Think of the countless perils they must encounter in yonder great city. The most intelligent and experienced amongst you have not the remotest idea of the pit-falls in their pathway; the insidious ways, the covered traps, the wicked devices, the many schemes of the ever-present tempter. Remember that the horrible dens of iniquity are daily and hourly recruited from amongst the fairest daughters and most promising sons of the farmers of the land. Did you ever think of this? And if those whom you love so dearly escape as by fire, as an almost unvarying rule they must become over weary laborers in stifling industrial hives, poorly paid, with not one chance in ten of breaking away from the treadmill. One hour of uplifting and purifying freedom in the pure air of the old homestead, no matter how hard the work, no matter how humble the surroundings, is worth more to any young man or young woman than the fleeting and unsatisfactory reward of a year's toil in the hard service of the commercial life of our time, where the pressure on mind and body is almost intolerable, and where it increases all the while. Let us cultivate more earnestly and more effectively love of the old homestead. Around its inspiring fireside gathers the grandest memories of American life. Let it ever be enthroned in the hearts and minds of the American people.

Let each one remember the force of personal example and influence in all things affecting the common welfare. Society is made up of units and each one in some degree affects the conduct, the prosperity and happiness of the other. There was never a time when those who occupied positions of household, commercial and neighborhood influence and responsibility needed to be more watchful and faithful in the discharge of daily duties. At a social gathering, where the company included many leading citizens, a young man, present upon such a brilliant occasion for the first time, was politely asked, when the wine was passed around, what he would take. Hesitating and embarrassed, the suggestive reply was given: "I'll take what father takes." The significant words were overheard. The full force of their mean-

ing, for time and eternity, was impressed upon the mind of the indulgent parent, who was a man of the world, not given to extreme self-restraint under ordinary circumstances. But he quickly realized what must be done and firmly said: "I'll take water." A father and son were passing along near a dangerous precipice, on a dark and stormy night. The boy suddenly called out: "Be careful. I am walking in your footsteps." Swiftly the thought came into the mind of the older man, as to his need of circumspection in all the ways of life. Yes, how true it is; they are walking in our footsteps, though we may realize it not.

When Thaddeus Stevens, the great Pennsylvania statesman, lay dying, he was asked about his spiritual condition and faith. He answered: "I never had religion, as that term is ordinarily understood, but I always believed in my good old mother." Ah, the influence of one noble and consecrated life! It is measured not by the flight of time. It extends throughout the life of the soul. The eccentric John Randolph, of Roanoke, once said: "Whenever I am tempted to become an infidel, I always think of my mother and seem to feel her hand upon my head, and to hear her voice, as she taught me at her knee, to say: 'Our Father which art in heaven.' " From his earliest years, throughout a life reaching beyond four score, John Quincy Adams never closed his eyes in sleep without first reverently repeating the simple little lines, which he had learned in childhood: "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., and when the end came, suddenly, in the midst of public duties, the old Christian patriot could well say: "This is the last of earth. I am content." Throughout life we may find danger and temptation at every turn, but there is a sure anchorage for all, for young and old, for nations as well as individuals, one that will not loosen, though the storms beat and the elements rage and the earth itself rocks with the convulsions of nature.

A just cause of complaint. The way out.

It is sometimes quite justly complained that there has been a most unhappy change even in the religious life of the rural regions. It is said, and with much truth, that the great councils of the Church seem to be chiefly occupied with the affairs of the big congregations, which worship in gorgeous temples, amidst surroundings which would dazzle the heavenly choir itself. It is, most unfortunately, the custom to leave the country churches to

struggle along, and the result is often seen in poor attendance and widespread spiritual starvation. The appearance of a flaming herald of righteousness, like the fearless and wonderfully endowed pioneer preachers of long ago, would make the astonished residents of the rural regions thus visited think that the end of the world was at hand. It is in very many places the story of the valley of dry bones, and there is no sign or sound of an awakening. Yet, it is not needful that men should be shaken as with a mighty wind out of a deep sleep of moral unconsciousness. "The still small voice" may do the work with regenerating effectiveness, if there is the proper spirit and a genuine cultivation of opportunities at hand.

It is plain that the country folk must work out their own salvation, and they are abundantly able to do this if they but realize the measure of their own inherent strength. They cannot depend upon the sympathetic co-operation of the fashionable Christians of the great cities, who will at any time more readily make large contributions for the heathen in Africa than for the rescue of submerged churches in their own land, in town or country, for home missions in fields ripe for the harvest, but in which the laborers are all too few and all too weak. The un-American class separation of the time is nowhere more impressively visible than in this connection. The favored few revel in spiritual enlightenment. The masses, beyond the reach of the big church bells, must often be content with scattered crumbs. There is still, however, one spot in rural America that possesses all the sweet attractions, the marvelous inspiration to a higher life that has characterized it for two centuries.

Beneficent influence of a peculiar people.

With sublime calmness and faith, the fading remnant of a religious society that should never be permitted to disappear is still led by the "kindly light" that guided their fathers through dark days and deep waters; there is nurtured the same vital spark of a living, strengthening and even joyous Christianity. There is the same reliance upon divine power; the same calm, immovable faith; the same patient and confident waiting upon the spirit; and when it moves upon the troubled waters of the soul, there is an outward manifestation of inward things that deeply touches and profoundly affects even the careless beholder. Man is a strange bundle of

contradictions. True religion should teach him above all things to comprehend the wonderful principles of the true philosophy of rest; yet as a rule he cannot worship without outward demonstration that more or less taxes the powers of mind and body. His whole being must be moved in sympathy with the purpose of the preacher or teacher by whom he is addressed. He must take some part in public service. To sit still and be silent he regards a penalty not to be endured. There must be audible prayer. There must be earnest speech, with which to arouse all the faculties. There must be music and plenty of it, or what passes for the same. The auditor must see, hear and take part. He must try to sing, if he can do nothing else; and while this reveals his social qualities, and makes him for the time being more companionable, it is a blessed thing that he does not realize the peculiar quality of his own remarkable performances.

Let the people sing! yea, let all the people sing—who want to, or think they can sing. It brings them out of themselves. It lifts them up. It makes them forget the cares and worries, the sins and sorrows, the trials and dangers of everyday life. The echo of the song in the sanctuary will often abide with the participant. It follows him to his home and cheers him in many a dark hour. It surrounds him when he toils. It helps him in his work. It gives him a fresh start over many hard places. And the same may be said of prayer, as it is commonly understood. There is nothing in any language more beautiful, more inspiring, or more helpful, than the remarkable productions of devout minds which chiefly comprise the prayer portions of the service used by the liturgical churches. Some of the ancient collects, recited by generation after generation, are models of simplicity and heartfelt petitions. They cover like a mantle human frailty. They speak volumes as to human experience, and they never can be repeated, in humble sincerity and true faith without lasting benefit. So, too, the responsive service, which makes the worshipper use the prayer book, or the psalter, as is now the custom in many denominations, brings pulpit and pew into close relationship, and intensely adds to the measure of spiritual enjoyment and profit shared by all.

The stranger in a new world.

Yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of pure-minded, cultivated, and most industrious people who can resort to meeting-houses utterly devoid of all adornment, with no attractions for the worldly eye or ear, with nothing upon which to fix the attention except the calm faces of the elders, as they sit so serenely, an example to young and old, ready either to speak or to listen, to openly testify, or to let the countenance alone reveal the working of the mind and heart. There is an utter absence of novelty. There is no looking forward, at stated intervals, for a new preacher. There is nothing approaching excitement. There is no train of expectation. There is no division of sentiment apparent; full houses one time and the strange absence of many members of the society at another. The very atmosphere seems to be under a peculiar spell. The visitor feels that he, too, no matter how difficult the task, must conform to the quiet and self-contained ways of those about him. The spirit of content settles down upon him unconsciously. He becomes amazed at his own receptiveness. He expected to soon get weary. He thought that he would be bored to death. He never could stand it. He should want to cry out, or run away. He was sure he would make an exhibition of himself. He would commit some act of indiscretion, or at least impoliteness. He would smile at such queer worship, if he did nothing more.

But as the moments glide by imperceptibly, and the stranger looks into the sweet faces beneath the capacious bonnets on one side, and beholds the evidences of self-control and perfect peace which also mark the features of those about him on the men's side, he begins to relax, to forget himself, to be absorbed, to be thoroughly bereft of all desire to criticise or to scoff. Every fibre of his being, physical, mental and spiritual, is undergoing a new and delightful experience. He never before knew what it was to rest as in the very hollow of the Almighty hand. His soul is stirred within him. He is in full communion with the spirits around him. He would readily shake hands with the worst enemy he has on earth. He cannot but realize that showers of blessings are descending into waiting hearts like the gentle dews of Heaven. A glistening eye here and there, the gentle, noiseless moving of the handkerchief, tells its own story.

Now the stillness is broken for a few moments. The words of Holy Writ sound upon waiting ears. The text may or may not be a familiar quotation. It is only the beginning. The speaker is only reciting the song of the soul, as it has been wandering through green pastures and by still waters. A strange sort of sermon, indeed. It passes like a dream, so full of gentleness, of the spirit of peace and good will. Not one unkind reflection; not even a suggestion of harshness; but the powerful drawing of a noble life, appealing sympathetically to men and women, all having a common desire, all seeking strength at the same fountain of eternal mercy and goodness and truth. Presently, on the other side, a bonnet is removed, as its wearer softly drops upon her knees in supplication, while all others reverently rise and stand in silence. There is the outpouring of a heart full of love to God and man; an earnest, touching appeal for Divine aid, for light, for help, for guidance, for safety, for salvation. Such a prayer must be carried on angel wings beyond the battlements of heaven, to the land where there is no night, and where the book of remembrance is kept for those who do the will of Him, "Who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"In my Father's House are many mansions."

Then, perhaps, there may be another brief word of testimony and exhortation, and all is still again. There arises, on the women's side, one whose gentle voice tremulously says: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may come also." And this is all! The surpassing pathos of it is in the fact that this is a bereaved mother, one who never before spoke in meeting, whose little one was suddenly taken a fortnight since. This is her testimony of the comfort which she has found in this time of darkness and grief. There is the faintest rustle on the back benches. An invalid has fainted. The old village doctor, sitting just across the aisle, tiptoes around noiselessly. Timely relief through the assistance of one of the women is rendered, and in a few moments the afflicted one has recovered her composure. Meanwhile, there has not been the remotest sign of disturbance in any other seat. What superb self-

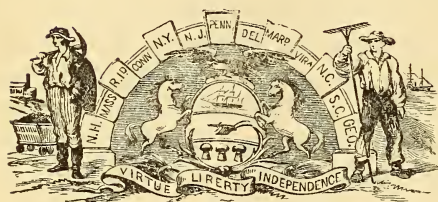
control! What immeasurable advantage is the training given such people every hour of their quiet lives. In their homes, in their meetings, in the social arena, in business circles, everywhere it is the same.

The Quakers dying out? May it never be so! Such a brake in society, especially in these restless days, cannot be dispensed with. Their influence is felt far beyond the immediate borders of every society. What infinite benefit it would be to every man, woman and child, not related in any way to Friends, to go to Quaker meeting once in a while. Let the overburdened, over-wearied, brain-racked business man think of this. Let him turn aside, some fourth or fifth day morning, and step into the old meeting-house and just get quiet, for even a half hour. He will come forth almost a new man. Let him go to Quaker meeting first day regularly, once a month, and he will live longer and know a great deal more of solid happiness, no matter whether he has religious views of any kind or not. Let the excited, worn-out society woman go sit amongst the gentle creatures in the Quaker meeting. She will think she is in Heaven. Let the wearied mother in the humble homes of the community go and be rested. Let the workman, whose every muscle is under tension go and be refreshed. Weary humanity everywhere is crying out for rest, rest! Yet there is no rest, not even one day in the week, for great numbers in this land to-day. The Friends not only respect the Sabbath, but in their mode of worship they teach all mankind how to unbuckle the straps; how to relieve the strain; how to rest. If they taught no other lesson, if they accomplished no other task, their continued existence would be a benediction in this world of care and strife and toil.



XII.

"A union of the forces of honest toil, in field and factory, would sweep away the combined enemies of the people, and nothing else will. The mortgage never shrinks."



THE unhappy change in the social life and surroundings of so many American farmers has been accompanied by still more grievous ones in other respects. When men have toiled for twenty, thirty and forty years and suddenly realize that their

slowly and laboriously acquired savings have been almost entirely and mysteriously swept away, they are more than justified in eagerly demanding the economic or other cause for such a disastrous outcome of national evolution, or industrial revolution, or whatever it may rightfully be called. That the complaint of "lost or stolen" herein implied is not based upon the imagination, is abundantly proven by the cold facts, the unanswerable figures given by the official investigators of the federal government. Let us take a brief look at the record.

In 1890 the mortgage indebtedness of practical farmers in the United States, numbering 886,000 families, this including about 5,000,000 persons all told, was \$1,085,000,000 (one billion eighty-five million dollars), on which the annual interest charge was \$76,000,000. The estimated value of the land and buildings thus encumbered was \$3,054,000,000 (three billion fifty-four million dollars). Over 800,000 families held homes in towns and cities valued at \$2,632,000,000 (two billion six hundred and thirty-two million dollars), upon which the mortgage debt was \$1,046,000,000 (one billion forty-six million dollars). By far the larger part of these farms and homes were valued at less than \$4000. The whole represents an industrial population of fully 10,000,000, or one-

seventh of that of the country, and composed almost entirely of persons of moderate means. Upwards of ninety-five per cent. of these mortgages on farm property and town and city homes were for amounts less than \$5000 and over eighty per cent. were for less than \$2500.

The shrinkage in the market value of the farms concerned during the past seven years, it is reliably estimated—federal official figures not being obtainable until the next census is taken—has varied from twenty to fifty per cent. according to location and special causes, the aggregate being not less than \$800,000,000. The New York Bureau of Statistics places the shrinkage at from fifty to seventy-five per cent. To this crushing loss must be added a decrease in the value of farm animals, since 1890, according to the report of the Department of Agriculture, for 1896, of over \$700,000,000. Many millions more have been lost in other shrinkages. Prices of products in general have been steadily downward, except spasmodic and temporary advances, largely the result of speculation. In a word, the farmers of the United States to-day apparently are poorer by nearly, if not quite, \$1,600,000,000 (one billion six hundred million dollars) than they were eight years ago. And the same relative loss has been borne by a very large proportion of the owners of small homes, above alluded to, in the cities and towns. As a rule, there has been no appreciation in value in their properties, while immense gains have been the good fortune of the owners of other property, differently situated, and of persons of large means who have been able, many of them joining with syndicates, for this purpose, to buy sacrificed homes and other real estate. It has been the old story; surplus millions, piled up ready for instant use, have made many more millions, while the hard-earned savings of hundreds of thousands have been blotted out forever.

Crushing burdens bravely borne.

Is it cause for wonder, therefore, that the American farmer is "kicking like a steer"? Is it cause for wonder that American working men are filled with bitter complaint in consequence of what they have suffered? Have they not all a just right to demand an explanation from somebody? And when, in sheer desperation, these classes determined so largely to try to fight their way out under the banner of free silver, they were bitterly de-

nounced, by irresponsible newspaper writers and cheap hirelings on the stump, as "repudiators," "knaves," "no better than thieves," "ignoramuses," "fools," "anarchists," etc. They pointed to the most suggestive fact that everything had shrunk almost out of sight—except mortgages. But their creditors, of course, were relentless. The latter, with the total amount of indebtedness paid, could buy twice as much land, in many parts of the country, as when the mortgages were created, taking the chances of a rise in value and great profit. While the helpless debtors had lost, apparently forever, thousands of millions of dollars, their creditors had lost absolutely nothing, and many of them were likely to make large and most unjust gains through foreclosure and subsequent sales and reinvestment of the money at great advantage.

Let us look at this matter with a true regard for the principles of equity; for a little while, if you please, according to the golden rule. The struggling farmer borrowed \$2000 on land and buildings estimated to be worth fully \$5000, and generally a little more. The rule runs between thirty and forty per cent. He expended much of the money obtained in improving the property and kept it up to a high state of cultivation. He paid the interest promptly, working hard, but could not save the principal. The debt is due, the market value of the farm now being only \$2500 or \$3000, and at a forced sale it would not much more than bring the amount of the mortgage. But the creditor is not content to share one dollar of the unfortunate shrinkage which has taken place. No, indeed! That would be an unheard-of proceeding. He never could consider such an "absurd and dishonest" suggestion. It would be "unbusinesslike." Such a thing would "ruin" every money lender in the world. No! He must have the letter of the bond, to the last penny. He must have the pound of flesh, if it does take with it the life blood of the debtor and his family, driving them homeless into the highway.

No, the mortgage never shrinks! Snugly stowed away, in its owner's strong box, in the safe deposit vault of a big trust company, it brings its return as regularly and as surely as the rising and setting of the sun. It does not require its owner to be out at all seasons, at break of day, laboring with all his strength to keep it from shrinking out of sight. No, he can travel abroad luxuriously and spend his days in idleness, while it simply lays there, quite content, perfectly safe, guarded by day and by night,

secured by the whole power of local, state and national government, the embodiment of ease, independence, security and systematic gain. The owner is entitled to his possession, however. Let him not be disturbed; no one wishes to rob him, to dispossess him or to do him any injury; and, least of all, the men who represent the bone and sinew, the best morality, the steadfast industry, the inflexible integrity, the truest patriotism of the American people. He will get his due, no matter what it costs. But let him remember, that millions of the best men this or any other land ever produced, honest and faithful tillers of the soil, laborers in field and factory, artisans and honest tradesmen, working women and helpless orphans, scattered throughout this broad land, have, through no fault of their own, been the victims of a greater financial loss, during the past seven years, than was ever sadly experienced and heroically endured since the world began. And the end is not yet.

The union of forces that is needed.

The prolonged agitation throughout the West, twenty years ago, the object of which was to secure legislation which would protect farmers and promote their interests, did not produce the results so earnestly desired. Certain laws were enacted and a federal department to regulate transportation between the states was established. But it has been conclusively demonstrated that while producers and consumers must pay unjust tribute, in consequence of over-capitalization to the extent of two thousand million dollars, both freight and passenger rates will be kept up beyond the necessities of normal and healthful financial and commercial conditions. Further, while it is within the power of grasping and unscrupulous speculators, singly or in syndicates, to "corner" the necessities of life and to temporarily inflate or depress prices for selfish purposes, the people will be at the mercy of conditions hateful and ruinous. Honest, wise and patriotic legislation, state and national, could do very much to bring about the change in the condition of affairs so sadly needed. But the fearful pressure of partisanship blocks the way. The creatures of the political machine continue to deceive and mislead voters.

Broadaxe, Bumpkin and Plug and their counterparts in the rural regions, and Crook, Rocks, Heeler, McSwiggin, Slick and Sneak and their subsidized and obedient hirelings in the towns

and cities, and at the seats of legislation, hoodwink their followers and prey upon helpless communities. The farmer maintains an unequal contest and the working man is the victim of hopes deferred through secret treachery and open hostility of the most powerful and selfish character. Just demands are refused and laws unenforced. When will the great right arm of the nation, intelligent and self-respecting labor, realize and assert its mighty power? A union of the forces of honest toil would sweep away the combined enemies of the people, would work a revolution in the social, industrial, political and commercial arenas, and nothing else will. Why does this fact not impress itself upon the minds of all concerned? Numerically, the farmers, artisans, small traders and other honest toilers of the country exceed the drones, parasites, leeches and miscellaneous servants of tyrannical and corrupt political leaders, ten to one. The trial of strength will come soon, and with it the annihilation of the enemies of true American principles, clean politics and honest government.

How unrestricted immigration has injured all.

There is one thought upon which every student of existing industrial conditions in the United States, and every citizen should deeply ponder. Nothing has so greatly contributed to bring about "hard times" on this side of the Atlantic Ocean as unrestricted immigration. The plain facts are conclusive. Within the past twenty years nearly 8,000,000 foreigners have been landed on our shores. Upwards of 500,000 of these came as farmers and nearly all journeyed westward, adding to the agricultural production the surplus grain, etc., the necessary sending abroad of which has fixed the prices at home. Here is where the American farmer has been hit by immigration quite as hard, though in a different way, as the unprotected American working man. Here is a nut to crack at every Western fireside. Look into it carefully, ye men of the field and the granary.

Up to about 1877 general industry in this country fairly kept pace with the increase in the working population. The widespread labor troubles of that fateful year, an ominous epoch in our national history, were immediately followed by the preparation and adoption and subsequent carrying out, of a far-reaching plan which had for its object nothing less than the complete and permanent subjugation of American labor. Theretofore, immi-

gration had taken its own course and had not only done no harm, but had been productive of vast material good to the nation. The hardy, honest, industrious, and for the greater part, intelligent, strangers coming hither were law-abiding and honorably ambitious home-seekers. They came almost entirely from amongst the very best classes in Great Britain and Northern Europe. They quickly and loyally became part of our teeming and prosperous national life. Not one man in twenty had the remotest thought of merely staying a little while, like mercenary adventurers, with the purpose of living like cattle, saving every penny possible, sending money back home by every steamer, and then going themselves, leaving a trail of foulness, disaster, robbery and distress.

Such destructive birds of passage, unclean human vultures, were unknown in our fair land until a few years ago. They came in response to the cold-blooded demand of the conspirators against self-respecting American laborers. They were caught up in the lowest and filthiest highways and byways and out of the prisons and workhouses of Eastern and Southern Europe, brought like herds of dumb beasts and dumped down, by fifties and hundreds and thousands, at the mouths of mines, at the doors of glass furnaces and iron mills, at the headquarters of city street contractors and along the line of new railways. The foreign steamship agent, the villainous padrone and the heartless American capitalist have united in a despicable work that has wrought infinite suffering in a multitude of humble homes, made a great army of dependents, paupers, tramps and criminals, imperiled society, broken up industrial peace and prosperity, burdened the state and brought lasting dishonor upon the whole nation.

More millions for millionaires.

But this selfish system of modern money-kings has put hundreds of millions of dollars into the already bulging safe deposit coffers of the conscienceless employers of cheap and degrading labor. It has multiplied millionaires, who like mushrooms, have come up almost in a night. One iron master, in the city of Pittsburgh, for every working day in one year, drew \$5000 as his share of the profits from a single mill, a net income, from this source alone, of \$1,500,000. Yet, a little later, this same grasping tyrant, quarreled with his three thousand men over a matter of a few cents

wages a day, and precipitated the bloodiest and most disgraceful conflict known in the industrial history of the new world. The taxpayers of the state were compelled to bear a burden in consequence thereof of over \$300,000. This iron king next built for himself a gilded monument of ostentatious beneficence, every stone and brick of which is marked by the cruel stains of unrequited toil. He well knew that the people would never thus honor him. Indeed, there was just public protest against official recognition on the part of the municipality of this vain parade of virtues never possessed. The declaration of working men on this subject was impressive.

It has cost the taxpayers of Pennsylvania over \$6,000,000 during the past twenty years to maintain a military force that has only been needed to put down riots caused by the greed of the employers of cheap foreign labor, most of these troubles being caused in great measure by this treacherous element itself. Other industrial states have likewise been afflicted and burdened on the same account. The spirit and the letter of the so-called anti-contract immigration law has been defiantly set at naught. Tens of thousands of cheap laborers have been brought in all the same, going straight way to the points desired, undoubtedly by pre-arrangement with secret agents. The personal investigation of a patriotic member of the present Congress revealed the fact of systematic violation of the law in many essential particulars. A great part of the time the federal bureau of inspection has been nothing but a rope of sand.

How protection has been perverted.

When the people demand that this business shall stop, the concentrated power of the immigration lobby is brought to bear upon Congress and the Executive, and, asking bread, they are given a stone; asking fish, they are given a scorpion. They have upheld, almost uninterruptedly, the economic policy of protection to American industry, only to see that this does not mean protection for all laborers, but increased profits for favored employers. A national executive, posing all his life as the special champion of American labor, having achieved the object of his ambition, when asked to say one good, strong and timely word for those who so loyally supported him and sustained the cause he was supposed to represent, coldly turned his back. Instead of using at once and

effectively all the power of his great office to shut the open gates through which has poured the flood which has overwhelmed his struggling countrymen, he is silent. One more instance of personal ingratitude and official betrayal of the cause of patriotism, humanity and national prosperity and happiness. The picture presented at the mines of Pennsylvania and many other places where the gigantic and ruinous evil here referred to has planted itself, is a reproduction of an industrial inferno.

Let some figures tell their own story. The number of immigrants from 1878 to 1897, inclusive, was 7,974,000. A very large proportion of this number came from Russia and southern Europe and hundreds of thousands have swung back and forth, carrying their underserved gains with them. By their presence decent and law-abiding American labor has lost, through unjust competition and enforced idleness, many millions of dollars, and scores of millions more have been taken out of the country. In 1896 one-half as many steerage passengers traveled east as came west. Soon as there is the sign of industrial revival these degrading creatures come again in swarms, and they will continue to come to still further sink American labor until there is a rising of the people which will admonish those responsible that there must be a restoration of national methods, a recognition of the inalienable rights of the American workman.



XIII.

"The so-called law of supply and demand is the most inhuman device ever invented for the destruction of humanity—It means the hungriest man gets the job."



THE late Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of national and international fame in his profession, and as an observer and student of and participant in public affairs, one day suggestively remarked to the writer: "Labor is a blind giant, which thrashes itself in its vain effort to secure justice and promote its own interests in conflict

with those who seek to control it unjustly and use it for their own selfish purposes." The thought thus expressed aptly summed up the situation which was presented by passing events. Judge Black also, at the same time, called attention to his address at the celebration of the Centenary of Grattan's Declaration of Irish Independence, under the auspices of the National Land League of Maryland, in Baltimore, April 18, 1882, in which he forcibly said:

"In all countries and in every age some persons have sought not only to live, but to flourish and fatten on the industries of others. Various methods of effecting their object have been introduced, by force or fraud, and carried on under legal regulations. In feudal times the plan of those who held power consisted merely in extorting rents from the cultivators of the soil, and taxes from those who worked at the mechanic arts. In modern days other inventions for the same purpose have been sought after and found out. Land and labor are the sources of all wealth, now as much as ever, and the legalized schemes are innumerable for draining it away from those who create it. Some of these devices have been brought to as much perfection in this country as in any other. Here, as elsewhere, unjust legislation and cunning arrangements

of business grind the working man to swell the colossal fortune of the upstart adventurer. Here, as elsewhere, the hastening evil is upon us of a community 'where wealth accumulates and men decay.' "

A vivid picture of existing conditions and a startling prophesy concerning the future of the great Republic, which was founded to establish and maintain the principle of manly equality, to afford every good citizen of industrious habits an opportunity to make his own way, to care for those dependent upon him, and to build, modestly or otherwise, according to the measure of his ability, a structure of independence and abiding comfort. Half a century ago a gigantic national struggle was precipitated over the wrongs and sufferings of four million people held in bondage in the southern states. Yet it was stoutly maintained that a very large proportion of these bondmen and bond-women and bond-children were very much better off than they would be under other circumstances. They all had comfortable homes, even the lowliest of them. They were well provided for as to food, and shelter, and clothing. They were closely looked after in case of illness, not through humanitarian sympathy, but as the result of selfish interest, much more effective in all such cases, to the discredit of those concerned be it said. The southern slave in his cabin and in the field, knew nothing of want; he knew nothing of care; he was never starved; he was never compelled to beg, nor to hear his children cry for bread.

The new American Slavery.

Human slavery was without doubt a monstrous sin and evil. Yet there is a slavery which extends far and wide throughout this highly favored land to-day, far worse in every essential respect, more degrading and more terrible, than that which was known before the civil war. In every great centre of population, in every town, in almost every village, and even throughout a considerable number of rural districts, may be found a greater or lesser number of the pitiful victims of the most abject poverty, men, women and children, young and old, sick and well, the lame, the halt and the blind, who know not to-day where the crust of to-morrow is to come from. In every great city every night in the year there are thousands who have no place in which to rest their

weary heads. At one time, a little while ago, there were five thousand children living in the streets of New York.

The outward and visible signs of wretchedness and distress are only indicative of how much is suffered of which the general public knows absolutely nothing. A London journal recently gave a vivid and heart-sickening description of the fearful condition of a single class, the sewing women of that city, saying: "Never before in the history of the world has the condition of these poor people been so appalling; never before has their patient heroism been so triumphant." And the same words, intensified, may be used with absolute truthfulness, concerning life in every American city at this time with a large number of the most deserving members of the community. There is no open cry of distress. The heavy burden is borne in silence. Those who suffer the most say the least. It is one long continued and horrible struggle merely for existence; a desperate battle with conditions which should never have been known in America. At this hour the sympathies of the nation are justly aroused in behalf of the suffering victims of barbaric warfare in a neighboring isle. Yet it is a self-condemnatory fact that in every American city may be found thousands of our own people, worthy of assistance in every way; who are literally starving, dying by inches, through lack of proper and sufficient food. Even unborn children—the vital statistics of every health board pitifully show it—are starved before they begin the weary journey of life. What a horrible reflection upon our boasted civilization! Will the nation itself not be punished for permitting such a state of things to exist?

The black list and its victims.

The number of those swept into this fearful whirlpool of poverty and desperation increases every hour. Every labor contest adds its quota of victims of the infamous black list, which courts, in their blind subserviency, have sustained as lawful. Helpless wives, innocent children, aged parents, invalid brothers and sisters are all called upon to pass through deep waters, because, forsooth, the head of the humble home, driven almost to despair, has joined his fellows in a useless struggle against iron-hearted masters, whose guiding principle is the steadfast application of the so-called "law" of supply and demand; the most inhuman device ever invented for the destruction of humanity, the burden-

ing of the state and the obliteration of all noble instincts in the hearts and minds of men. Plainly translated, so that all may understand it, this rule simply means, that the hungriest man gets the job. It regulates the scale of wages not by what men are worth to their employers; not by the measure of profit which fairly accrues from their faithful toil, but from the number of idle men, hungry, eager, perhaps starving at the gate, and the greater number of those looking to them for bread.

So long as there is an over-supply of labor, the workman is at the mercy of his employer. And during the past twenty years every field of industrial activity in this country has been kept more than full, the result being continuous effort to draw the rope tighter and tighter; to control the situation with a firmer hand; to reap larger profits; to prevent, by every means possible, the complete organization of American labor and compliance with its just demands. Instead of there being peace and universal prosperity, there has been almost continuous warfare, with disastrous consequences to great numbers of our people, and increasing burdens to every community thus affected. A public journal recently observed: "The harvest is past, the summer nearly ended, yet the crop of labor troubles continues to be gathered."

How it was in former days.

Let us for a little while take a look backward—behold the peaceful scenes of an earlier and better time, which were so familiar to a former generation. Manufacturing industry, as well as many other lines of industrial activity in the United States, is the result of a development running back three-quarters of a century. Out along the many streams that feed the great rivers, emptying into the upper portion of the Atlantic ocean, throughout the New England and Middle states, there are to be found typical cotton, woolen and iron mills. Many of these were erected between 1825 and 1840. Many of the villages clustered about these pioneer factories still bear the characteristic marks of their broad-minded and large-hearted founders, though in many respects depressing changes may be noted. Many of the early operatives in these mills entered them fresh from the immigrant ships, after wearisome voyages from the old world.

These were the days of small numbers of workmen, closely superintended by a manager, who knew all about every person sub-

ject to his direction, and who was also a practical mill worker of experience. It was his special duty, as the representative of the owner, who generally resided in the nearest city, looking after the purchase of raw material and the sale of his products, to observe the condition of things in the mill and the homes of the operatives. There was a community of interest that rendered it quite impossible for any serious dispute to take place, for any labor difficulty of the least importance to arise. If an operative became dissatisfied and thought he could better himself, he quietly went his way and took his family with him.

These were the days, too, of long hours. Up to within a short time before the war, the mills began operations, six months in the year, at or before daylight, and continued until long after dark. But complaint was seldom heard. Wages were low, compared with those of a later period, but there were many privileges not now granted and many comforts now unknown. If illness or other trouble overtook a family, the mill manager's wife was always ready with sympathetic aid. During the summer her spring house was freely open to all deserving persons who needed special nourishment. The village church was the religious home of everybody. They all met upon the same level. The mill manager frequently devoted a large part of his spare time and of his slender means—for he, too, received only meagre compensation—to the care of the circuit preacher and the promotion of his work. Tender memories of the writer's own boyhood, in a Pennsylvania village.

Striking and painful contrasts.

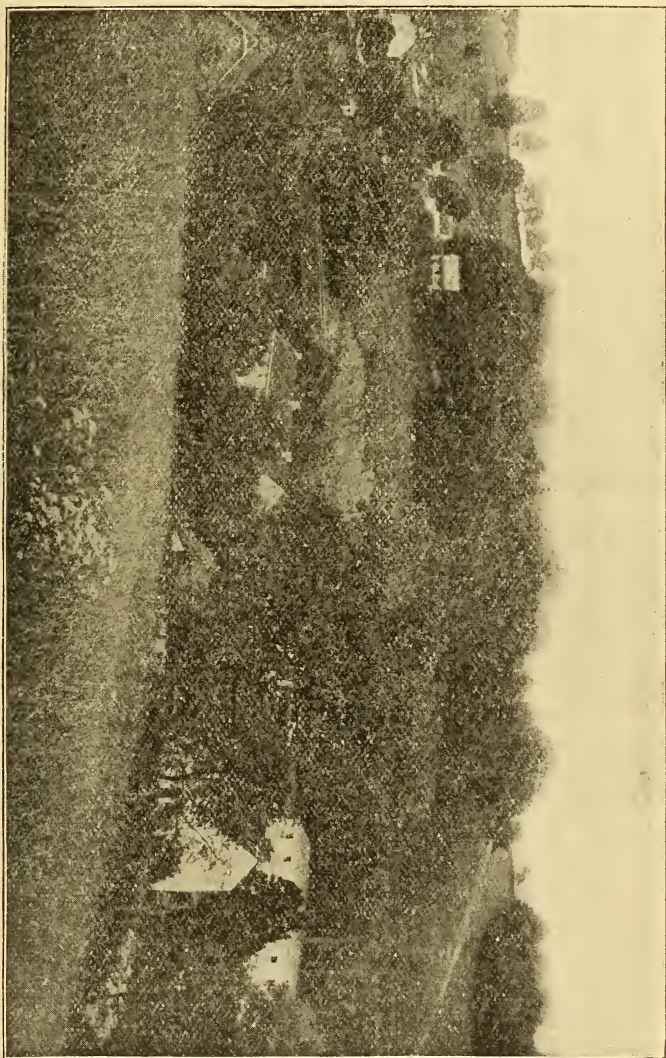
In some of these same villages all this has been changed, sadly changed. The old fashioned manager has gone forever. In his place is found a smart, selfish, tyrannical boss, whose big house on the hill is guarded by savage dogs. He spends his Sunday driving fast horses, careless of the spiritual welfare of his neighbors, and having no conscience of his own to trouble him. The old spring house is in ruins. It is hard to forgive him! The mill operatives are driven about under whip and spur, all the while growing more embittered against their employers. Their personal condition has deteriorated most sadly. In very many branches of industry one period of depression has succeeded another, with reduction of wages, strikes, lock-outs, and quarrels

The little Church.

CHANDLERVILLE (now LANDENBERG) CHESTER CO., PA.

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills."

Boyhood home. The old mill.



innumerable, many of them costly and some of them attended with most deplorable consequences, employer and employee drifting farther and farther apart. They have ceased to know each other. The former only regards his various kinds of "help" as belonging to two distinct classes, animate and inanimate. All are machines together, to be run at the highest tension, securing the greatest possible profit.

Small factories and shops are rapidly disappearing. Consolidation, combination, with millions instead of thousands as capital, is the order of the day. How can a man who employs five thousand workmen, know anything about them? How can he subdivide his sympathies, so as to have any personal relationship with them? Living wholly apart from them, never looking into their homes, knowing nothing and caring nothing as to their personal wants, needs or temptations, disdaining even to worship together the Creator of both, his heart becomes cold, callous, utterly indifferent. By and bye he tries to make it all right through partial restitution, by flinging a few bags of money here and there, for alleged "charitable" or religious purposes. He builds a church, establishes a reading-room, endows a hospital bed and thinks he has acquitted himself before men and angels. But he cares nothing for his people. The breaking of a wheel means expense for repairs. The wearing out of a man or a woman merely means the substitution of another, perhaps at lower wages.

The pauperism of honest labor.

To-day all New England, interested in the textile industry, is in the throes of a manufacturing revolution. A critical hour is at hand. The cotton manufacturers are face to face with the situation which they have long feared and tried to avoid. Perceiving certain chances of great gain in another field, capitalists have erected in the south, beside the cotton fields, with newly discovered fuel beds at hand and an abundance of the cheapest kind of labor, anxious for work, extensive plants and boldly declare that they mean to be the new kings of the realm. They care nothing for the industrial desolation which must result elsewhere. They are not concerned with the equities of the case. They do not stop to consider whether the laborer is worthy of his hire, whether the mill operative should receive living wages, or not. They simply know that it is within their power to command the services

of poverty-stricken communities, through the employment of women and children in the mills, at wages never before dreamed of in this country, and they propose to go ahead.

The tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of poor New Englanders who have been working these many years for a meagre living only, can go jump into the sea, for all the southern manufacturer, the northern capitalist transplanted, cares. A Philadelphia owner of a southern cotton mill recently stated that he could continue operations, even with the protective tariff wiped out, it being entirely within his ability to secure all the labor needed, at rates quite as low as those in free trade England. Some of his ragged and barefooted "help," however, he said he had been compelled to assist, in a "charitable" way, because they could not live at all on the pittance paid. Such an abuse of the privileges of an employer is a blistering disgrace to modern civilization. Here is a passing item from the Phoenix, Alabama, News:

"Men in our cotton mills are working for 50 cents a day and boys are receiving but 15 cents. Not satisfied with getting work done on these terms, the factory owners lengthened the cut five yards where piece work is done without lengthening the pay, and in this way have taken from the poor fellows over \$5,000 in the past year."

Millions against the millions.

The manufacturers of America have made an enormous amount of money as the result of exceptional opportunities, largely through the political support of their employees. On every hand may be seen the evidences of this acquired wealth. There are great mansions, in town and country, at seaside and in the mountains. Immense establishments have been erected and surplus earnings have been invested in ways which have added many more millions to the aggregate possessed. There has been no possible excuse—the glaring facts before the eyes of every intelligent observer abundantly prove it—for the oppression of labor which has so sadly marked many branches of industry. The God of nations, in his all-wise wisdom and wonderful beneficence, placed within the bowels of the earth untold wealth for the American laborers who should bring it forth. They have a just right to an equitable share in the profits which may legitimately arise from the development of such an industry.

Yet there is no place on earth to-day, in the old world or the new, presenting a more dismal, distressful, hopeless picture of crushed humanity than the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania. A miserable pittance is paid the men in the mine, while consumers of coal are held up by a band of highwaymen, who compel them to pay extortionate toll as the result of transportation over lines of railway which have been manipulated by syndicates and speculators. The users of anthracite coal are robbed of \$20,000,000 every year. There is gigantic robbery at both ends of the line, and the wonder is there has not been a terrific convulsion in consequence of the open plundering to which the people have been subjected. There has been almost equal oppression in other sections of the country where coal-miners are employed, while iron workers have been engaged in one continuous battle to prevent their being pushed to the wall. Throughout the country there have been desperate conflicts between labor and capital and the daily press has teemed with distressing accounts, in no wise exaggerated, of the sufferings endured by the victims of strikes, lock-outs and trust combinations which have thrown thousands out of employment and left them a burden upon the community.

Human flesh and blood never were so cheap as to-day. The thoughtless multitude, attracted by the flaring announcement of big sales of manufactured goods at ruinous prices, rush in and buy never thinking what it all means. Women with tender hearts, but who know nothing of what they are doing, thus help to grind out the lives of their sisters and intensify the struggle for existence. Chemical science has invented a plan of detecting the work of the forger. When the searching fluid is applied, the crime is fully revealed. In that last great day, when the judgment books are opened and all things made known, the blood spots will vividly stand forth, showing how some of the cheap garments which the women of our times wear were made. The pitiful song of the shirt is echoed every day and every night in thousands of tenements and lonely, cheerless rooms, as well as in the great factories, where the human frame is taxed beyond its strength, is overwrought to satisfy the insatiate greed of men of to-day who, all the while, hold their heads high, pose as the disciples of the loftiest code of morals, make loud pretense of unselfish interest in the spiritual welfare of mankind. By and bye there will be a reckoning, and some of those who now boast of their riches and

their power will cry out for the rocks to fall upon them and hide them from the just wrath of men, the vengeance of Him who knows the sufferings of all and who will administer justice to all. "He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy and shall break in pieces the oppressor."

Excuses that do not answer.

Superficial writers have sought to show that the humbler working classes in this country were never so well off as they are to-day. The savings bank deposits are used as a stock argument, with characteristic indifference to the real facts of the situation, as revealed thereby. The number of depositors, last year, was 5,201,000; the amount of deposits a little short of \$2,000,000,000, an average of about \$375 each. That is to say, if these savings were equally divided—an absurd suggestion—and this was all the owners possessed, the five million depositors would have only a year of frugal living, and much less than that if ill and needing attendance, ahead of starvation, or the poor-house. The fact is, however, a large proportion of this money in the savings banks represents the holdings of persons who are not poor, but who prefer these institutions to other means of deposit. They have always been favored by the widows of old fashioned merchants, well to do spinsters, guardians and many other persons of considerable means.

Every bank failure shows that the average deposit of the poorer classes does not reach \$100, and often it is not one-third of that amount. These savings bank deposits should have been five times the amount shown; and they would have been, if a different economic system had prevailed; if the wages paid were nearer within the range of a just return for faithful and efficient service rendered. It has been shown a thousand times within the past ten years, when strikes, lock-outs, failures and enforced suspensions of work on account of trust combinations have occurred, that the industrial workers of the United States at this time, as a class, are not Sixty days ahead of starvation, unless sustained by the small traders with whom they deal—and who thus have a heavy and unjust burden to carry, the only alternative being relief through so-called "charity."

Some impressive facts.

Here is a fact not generally known, one which reflects the deepest discredit upon those responsible for such a state of things: The Labor Bureau statistics of different states show that the average income of manual workers is not over \$9.50 a week, the year round, and that of the female workers scarcely reaches half this beggarly sum. This is not the widely heralded "rate of wages," which is a very different thing. Under existing conditions, constant turmoil in the labor world, the worker loses a great deal of time through causes beyond his or her control, and every hour is deducted when pay-day comes. The result is a net income that makes life a desperate battle for bare existence. This is the secret of the unhappy condition which prevails in such an immense number of American homes to-day. The head of the family, no matter how industrious and frugal—and this applies to an enormous number of the employees in mercantile life—is unable to make a comfortable living for the household, the younger members being compelled to quit school and go to work at a very tender age. The law forbids the employment of children in mines and factories, but thousands are compelled to begin the struggle almost before they have entered their teens, in offices and stores, where they earn only a trifle and sacrifice the most precious educational years of their lives. It is inhuman to require such over-wearied little toilers, when night comes, to pour over their books to try to make up what they are otherwise losing. Not one in ten is physically capable of bearing such a strain upon an unformed body and brain.

The rate of wages now paid to the cheaper class—and this is by far the large majority—of mercantile and counting house helpers, averages scarcely more than one dollar and a half a day. Multitudes of these boys and young men find themselves, a little later, from lack of knowledge and proper training and adaptation to their surroundings, miserable hewers of wood and drawers of water, doomed to lives of bitter disappointment. They are without capacity to make a decent living for themselves; much less can they hope to assume the duties and responsibilities of mature manhood. Marriage and a comfortable home of their own is something not even to be dreamed of. What a pitiable and perilous social condition in the near future is thus indicated! In many mercantile houses it is the custom to have five young men do the

work of three, and the same rule applies to the other sex. This keeps down the rate of wages and prevents insubordination. Nobody can save anything and become independent. Besides, each one knows that on the roll of those waiting is to be found the names of hundreds for every vacancy that occurs. It is another application of the iron-hearted "law" of supply and demand.

The number of unemployed.

An employer of this class roughly asked a young man who came to him, hoping for some little consideration, as a return for faithful service: "Why, do you know, I can fill this store with bright young men who would be glad to come here and work for nothing?" Just so. The more's the pity! It is the crowd outside, idle and despairing, that makes virtual slaves of the over-worked crowd inside. None have any rights that the employing class is bound to respect. They must take what is given them and be thankful for it, too. And they have no surety whatever of their places from one week to another. Any department which runs behind, or does not come up to expectations, is immediately readjusted, and the first thing done is to reduce the labor cost, either by cutting down wages, or dismissing some of the "help." And the pressure on the part of the unemployed increases every hour. These unpleasant but stubborn facts should convey an impressive warning to young men and women in the country who long to share the excitement and supposed advantages of city life. As you value your future peace of mind and welfare, remain in the old homestead. The head of one large concern recently stated that they had five thousand applications a month for employment. What a terrible picture is here presented, as the result of existing social and industrial conditions.

It is frequently said, by way of defense of the present industrial system, that thousands of American workmen "own their own homes." It should rather be said that they did—"own their own homes;" that is, they thought they had homes, but the blighting and blistering process of the recent past has wiped out these real estate holdings in a multitude of cases. The ever-living and ever-grasping mortgage never shrank and in the end it swallowed the little house and all the purchase money disappeared also. "But look at their comfortable furniture and nice clothing," say these apologists for shoddy millionairism. Yes, and see the kind of

stuff they must now be content to buy and wear, regardless of comfort or health. "All wool" that would scare a sheep into fits; cheap and wretchedly made clothing that is shabby and worthless almost before the creases are out of it. There is any quantity of this "cheap" material for the working man and his family, and it is the dearest and the meanest that honest people were ever compelled to put up with.

This whole business is a gigantic swindle and wrong, from beginning to end. Let us hear no more such silly excuses for a system that leaves the American workman holding a bag full of holes. He earns his wages—much more than he gets—and they are quickly expended in a desperate struggle for existence. Think of it. The tendency is all one way. The mills of the golden gods are grinding all the time. The number of the dependent classes, victims of helpless poverty, increases every hour, and no small farmer and no American workman, no matter what the measure of his industry, frugality and anxious care of his own flesh and blood, has or can have the least assurance that his children, who are dearer to him than life itself, will not be numbered amongst the pitiful paupers of the next generation. Such a prospect, even such a possibility, is enough to make men mad, enough to make them rise in blind fury, after the manner suggested by Judge Black, and tear down the pillars of the industrial and social temple, burying in its ruins the heartless society that is responsible for such injustice, for such a mountain of heartaches, for such extremity of bitterness, for such lasting misery, for such hideous mockery of the true spirit of American institutions.



XIV.

"A problem of momentous character. Help these people! Save them, for their own sake, for the sake of the nation, for the sake of mankind."



INTELLIGENCE, patriotism and virtue are the safeguards of freedom. But there has been grave neglect of national and personal duties. As previously noted, unrestricted immigration has brought to our shores, especially within recent years, a most forbidding and dangerous element, not in sympathy

with our national life and which never can and never will be profitably assimilated therewith. This, too, has intensified the struggle for existence throughout many centres of population, and the influence of such a demoralizing invasion of ignorance and spiritual as well as mental degradation and physical uncleanness has extended far and wide. This is the land of free schools and theoretically of universal education; yet, to-day, vast numbers of children and youth are growing up in a condition which must make them, in a little while, a burden to themselves, to society and the state. When laws are passed providing at least a partial remedy for this deplorable condition of affairs, they are largely ignored. Parental ignorance, indifference and sad necessity in countless cases, combined with cruel avarice, official neglect, political demagogueism and general public thoughtlessness, makes them a dead-letter upon the statute books.

Meanwhile, the evil grows apace. The danger to the Republic increases. The wrong to posterity becomes more and more apparent. Changing conditions have brought about a state of affairs in all our great cities particularly which no thoughtful observer can contemplate without the profoundest apprehension. There are not merely centres but extended areas of extreme pov-

erty, vice and crime, which affect whole communities. A missionary tour of observation through some portions of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, or any other American city, reveals a condition of affairs that may well appall the friend of humanity and the patriotic citizen pondering upon what must be seen in the coming century. It is a stupendous question and should receive more consideration than it does from the responsible citizenship of the time, from the leaders in society, in the business world, in the church and state.

Threatened relapse into barbarism.

The facts presented to every inquiring mind are sadly suggestive. There is a steady and relative increase in the number of the dependent and the vicious classes. Prison doors swing both ways every day in the year, and reformatory institutions are overcrowded, while there is enough wayward material to demand the existence of three times as many as the state is now compelled to support. We have a permanent criminal population, behind the bars, of about one hundred thousand, and are annually raising an increasing crop of these human tares. And it must be remembered that there is a very much larger number of evil doers and viciously disposed persons at large all the time than there is under lawful restraint. During the past generation the proportion of criminals to the whole population in the United States, has shown an increase of nearly five hundred per cent. This, too, in spite of the enormous multiplication of Churches and Christian and educational efforts of every kind, with philanthropic agencies more active than ever, and the lavish expenditure of money for charitable purposes.

A notable student of these problems, Prof. Boies, in his earnest-minded review of the question, says: "Such a disproportion cannot continue indefinitely without a relapse into barbarism and social ruin, the number of inmates of prisons and reformatories having during the last decade increased nearly twice as fast as the general population. It is more startling because such a state of things does not exist in other civilized nations, as the public records show." The administration of justice goes steadily on, but unhappily, all does not end with the grinding of the mills of the gods. The fearful grist remains and how to dispose of it is a problem which surpasses the wisdom, burdens the heart, overtaxes

the mind and exhausts the energy of the philanthropist. The state does not fully meet its duty when it merely, in a cold and heartless way, inflicts punishment upon the wrongdoer, or provides food and shelter for the pauper. This great problem should be met under the full realization of the wisdom of the proverb that prevention is better than cure. In self defense society must awake and exert itself for protection and the rescue and uplifting of imperiled humanity.

Organized charity was never more active. Thousands of societies are at work extending relief to the distressed and doing what they can, in a commendable way; yet what is done altogether but little more than touches the shore of the great ocean of misery in which struggle a multitude of those who have stumbled and fallen in the hard battle of life. The "submerged tenth," as so suggestively referred to by the students of social science, constantly appeals for sympathy and help. And all the while, the evil genius which preys upon mankind's weakness and necessity, the liquor traffic, is busily at work with relentless cruelty, adding to the number of unfortunates, dragging down fresh victims and rejoicing with the spirit of a fiend over the wreck and ruin spread before the eyes of mankind.

The work of rescue and reformation.

The church in general, it must candidly be said, has not seemed to realize the solemn obligation under which it rests with regard to this important matter. Here and there exceptions to this rule may be found, but most of the work that is done is the voluntary and often unrequited labor, so far as this world is concerned, of special mission societies, and bands of noble and self-sacrificing men and women, who go down into these fearful depths, carrying with them the message of love and sympathy and administering practical aid to the body as well as the soul, illustrating in their lives the spirit of the Man of Gallilee. Pitiful, indeed, are the stories told by these humble laborers in a field that is most pressing, yet ever widening and deepening and into which only very few have the courage to enter. It is soon discovered that there are countless families which were not always the victims of such sore trial. There are evidences of better days and the heart quickly opens, the tongue is unloosed and the tale of sickness, hardship



THE QUIET EVENING HOUR.

SCENE IN A COTTAGE HOME, HOUSE OF REFUGE, GLEN MILLS, PENNA.

and rapid descent into the "slums"—cruel word and bitter reflection upon American civilization—is unfolded.

The one thought most pressing in the minds of stranded parents, often utterly hopeless as to their future, concerns the welfare of their little ones, and of older boys and girls, held fast by the iron hand of fate, amidst surroundings and temptations which can scarcely be conceived, much less described. The work of rescue itself brings added trials, causes new heartaches, and increases the loneliness and desolation consequent upon helpless poverty. Every year thousands of unfortunate children are removed to pleasant and healthful surroundings and the change which nearly always follows is marvelous. Let us go for a little while to the green hills amid which are located a model institution for the reformation of wayward youth. Look into the faces of these seven hundred boys, from eight to sixteen years of age, and remember that every one of them is for the time virtually a prisoner of the state. Your heart will be deeply touched and you will be unable to understand how so many bright-faced, honest-looking, earnest minded and cheery lads could have been declared by a calm judicial tribunal, "incorrigible." Your sympathies will be intensely aroused and you will hotly resent such a charge. You instinctively feel—and you are right every time—that those before you have not had a fair chance in the earlier struggle of life; that in many cases they surely have been more sinned against than sinning; that they have been the victims of unjust and often harsh environment, and that the same is doubtless true of the girls, detained in their department of the House of Refuge, in the great city not far away.

The true spirit of Christian helpfulness.

The more carefully you look into this matter, the more you are convinced that there is something radically wrong and that society is under a tremendous responsibility in this connection; that it must be up and doing, for the rescue of those in peril; that it must extend a helping hand more promptly, more intelligently, more generously, more effectively. Investigation will disclose many touching things. You learn that these boys came here in distressful and rebellious condition. You now see them under the complete control of gentle women and noble-hearted men. You observe their daily life. You talk with those who have them in charge, and marvel at the manifestation of close and kindly re-

lationship. You see them in their cottage homes, amidst beautiful and inspiring surroundings, trained in the ways of sobriety and true religion. You watch them at their evening devotions. You cannot comprehend such an extraordinary transformation. They recite you a Psalm in concert and sing you a good-night song. They seek to press your hand and look earnestly for some special manifestation of your sympathetic interest. You turn away with moistened eyes and new revelations of the height, depth, length and breadth of the spirit of true Christianity; with new conceptions of its wonderful power in controlling the human heart and mind, the destinies of humanity, for time and eternity.

Later you look into the working of relief societies. You discover how immense is the field, how urgent the call, how great the suffering, how comparatively few the laborers. You see a new world and long to do your part in lifting the burdens that press so heavily upon shoulders unable to bear them. Rural residents in the neighborhood of some of our cities every summer witness the wonderful benefit derived from the weekly outings of the children of the poor, transferred for a few brief hours from the alley, the garret, and the dismal home, to the atmosphere of what is to them for the time being an earthly paradise. They breathe pure air, look upon green fields, beautiful flowers, and the happy surroundings which make up the measure of existence of those so differently situated. How such a contrast must impress even these infantile minds.

Upon one occasion my own little two-year-old, seated upon the arm of the big easy chair, discovered what he thought were some flowers in my necktie. Patting them gently and reaching forward, with the keenest interest, he expressed his delight in his childish way. "Flowers! flowers!" he said. To him it was all a happy reality. He loves nothing so much as flowers. When he came home from the sea-side, after many weeks absence, he ran around plucking here and there the remnants from the rose bushes which had withstood the long drought. He was heartily welcome to all the faded relics, for we had taken him away desperately ill, holding him, as it were, between earth and heaven, not knowing which way he would go, and were only too glad that the little feet could thus run about once more with renewed strength. The thought of the thousands of little ones who know nothing of such pleasures came forcibly to mind. There are, indeed, many who

never see such beautiful and inspiring things, who never breathe healthful atmosphere, whose whole young lives are spent in dark and noisome surroundings. Yet think not that there is not latent within them the love of nature and the uplifting desire to enjoy the bounty of heaven. A little Arab was given a lily by a street missionary. Fondling it, he suggestively observed, in his quaint yet touching language, as he sat beneath the piano in the society's rooms: "The music in that flower tickles my nose."

"Go thou and do likewise."

You must see this nether side of life to understand how a good portion of humanity, even in this enlightened age and throughout our Christian land, live. In their humble homes, in the prison house, in the reformatory and the poor house, it has been my privilege and my duty to meet them, to study their ways, to talk with them and to ask them to unite in humble prayer for mutual forgiveness, mercy and strength. And the answer which comes even from behind barred doors, where none can be seen, but where all can hear, would touch a heart of stone. All is not lost. The spark of spiritual life remains. All that is needed to fan it into a flame is the reflection of the spirit embodied in the wonderful words first heard by the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem: "On earth peace; good will towards men." The chastened spirit is ever present amongst those whom we are disposed to call the vicious classes, when the hand of the law has been laid upon them.

And these unfortunates seldom retain any vindictive feelings even towards those whose official duty it has been to execute the mandate of the commonwealth. Judges are frequently called upon by men fresh from prison, whom they sentenced, to ask advice and a little help over a hard place. And everywhere throughout this dark arena of extreme poverty and neglect, and even amidst many whose companions are deeply stained with wrongdoing, there prevails the supreme desire for better things. It is their misfortune nearly always, and seldom their censurable fault, that they are where they are and subject to the influences which surround them. Many pitiful scenes are to be noticed and many incidents occur which reveal the depth of suffering endured and mightily show society's dereliction and the heavy burdens which should be laid upon the consciences of all who can do something in the work of rescue and salvation.

A fresh-air excursion was about to leave the wharf in New York, when a poor, sorrowful-looking woman, bearing in her arms a child, apparently sick unto death, appeared. A physician standing by, taking a professional glance at the babe, said to the mother that it was beyond the reach of human aid, and advised her to return home with her dying burden. The woman protested and pitiously begged that she might be allowed to go on the boat. Her request was granted. In a little while the stricken child revived, and with wonderful quickness, secured a new lease upon life, being snatched, as it were, from the very jaws of death. Referring to this touching incident, a newspaper of the time indulged in a curious speculation as to whether it really was a fortunate thing for the "child of the slums" that its life was saved; whether it would not have been better, in the end, if it had not been called back from the portals of Eternity. It further remarked:

What will posterity think of this?

"The prospects of the poor are not pleasing to either men or women. Supposing the child was a boy, we cannot resist the conclusion that youth will find him corrupted, young manhood a criminal, later years a convict. The very poor are becoming more numerous, their conditions and surroundings grow more and more loathsome; immorality, depravity and crime are the inevitable consequences. If it was a girl, her outlook upon approaching womanhood is even darker. She may go the natural course of abandonment and shame to an early death; or, scarcely less happy, she may struggle along through a virtuous but horrible existence, finding no reward for her purity, no response to her noble principles, no incentive to continue the difficult fight. In any case, our little pilgrim has probably started on a woeful journey."

This extraordinary utterance, from the editorial columns of a conservative journal, which, in all things pertaining to public affairs and social questions, speaks for an intelligent, wealthy and Christian community! Surely the historian of the time, when he comes across such comment as this, will deeply ponder upon the state of civilization and society which existed in the most populous centres of the new Republic, at the close of the nineteenth century. Taken separately and analyzed, the cold-blooded comments of our contemporary upon this incident of every-day life in American cities to-day surely presents most startling thoughts

to every citizen. Who can answer these questions hopefully, so far as a very large proportion of the class referred to is concerned? It is a dark and terrible picture, but it is the very truth itself, and it is high time the people of this country were squarely facing it. It presents a problem of momentous character, one fraught with consequences of infinite importance to society, the nation and mankind. We cannot, we must not, go on in this horrible way. There must be a halt. This question must be taken up and the grave duties growing out of it assumed with courage, intelligence and fidelity, by those who have it in their power to ameliorate the conditions of these helpless people, and to prevent the demoralizing outflow that is now spreading itself throughout our great cities and over the land.

It is cause for profound gratitude and the heartiest commendation that here and there noble-minded men are giving this subject practical attention, and the manner in which all such projects for the relief of these dark places is received by the public ought to stir up many more to quick and effective action in the same direction. There should be a united movement to rescue from poverty, wretchedness, ignorance and crime a multitude of boys and girls who have the highest claim, that of helpless humanity, struggling amidst environments where, without aid, very many of them must fall by the wayside. Let the good work go on. Let our men of great wealth, so numerous and abundantly able to meet this obligation, realize their opportunity and their duty. Help these people! Reach out the hand and save them, for their own sake, for the sake of the nation, for the sake of mankind. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."



XV.

“The Sunday question is in many respects the greatest question before the American people—Millions of workmen and workwomen have no Sunday to call their own.”



THE social unrest of the time is nowhere so strikingly manifest as amongst what are termed the working classes—a misnomer in this land, where every man and woman, with sound mind and body, should be enrolled with those who labor, with head or hand. Remarkable changes have occurred within a comparatively short period, and he is a poor observer who cannot perceive to a great extent the cause as well as the ominous effects. A little while ago the humblest homes in every community were almost uniformly the abode of honest poverty and reasonable content. Many comforts were unknown, but there was little disposition to quarrel with fate, and scarcely any murmuring against those who had been more highly favored. In ordinary times there was work for all willing hands, in town or country. None need go hungry or shelterless.

Above all, there was one day in seven which was never trespassed upon. This was sacredly set apart for rest, for man and beast. Spindles remained silent and but few car wheels turned. There was a solemn hush throughout the land, which was the greatest blessing that could be vouchsafed to mankind. Such a thing as Sunday work, or Sunday play, excursions, picnic parties and general interchange of social hospitality, was almost unknown. In any American city one could stand at the corners of the leading streets, and as far as the eye could reach would scarcely see any person engaged in ordinary week-day toil. The church bells rang out their songs of welcome and worshippers thronged the sanctuary twice a day, whilst those who did not thus make public acknowledgement of divine mercies, united in paying the most profound respect to the laws of God and the laws of the state.

The benefit accruing from this periodical respite from the cares, the worries, and the burdens of daily life can never be estimated. Many serious diseases of our time were unknown. The medical

fraternity did not have to rack their brains inventing alleged cure-alls for the peculiar maladies which to-day afflict humanity. Such a thing as "nervous prostration" was almost unknown, except among weaklings and the reckless victims of vicious bodily habits. The drug-store counter, around the soda-water fountain, was not crowded with all kinds of quack inventions for stimulating over-wearied brains, wornout stomachs, crushed hearts, and broken-down limbs. Men, and women, too, worked when work was to be done earnestly, but with self-control. Labor was a duty and a pleasure as well as profit. Sleep came naturally and refreshingly. It was not needful to administer heroic doses of strong and perilous drugs to kill the senses and bring lasting injury to the wretched victim of insomnia.

The rights of all were recognized.

Society did not turn day into night, and night into day. At a reasonable hour the streets were deserted, and in one important respect town life and country life bore a striking resemblance. A light was not to be seen in every house, to enable timid persons to sleep in safety. All was darkness and silence, within as well as without. There was no place so strangely lonesome as a city at 11 o'clock at night, one hour after respectable bed time. The intense strain of our modern life was unknown. The fierce avariciousness which to-day takes no account of flesh and blood, which is only intent upon one thing, and that the accumulation of gain, regardless of consequences to humanity, had not yet been experienced.

Men and women of all classes had inalienable rights which those of every other class readily and fully recognized and respected. When the hour of rest came it was not intruded upon. Men might work as hard as they pleased six days in the week, but when Saturday night came, the straps were unbuckled, the garments of toil laid aside, and there was peace and rest, of mind and body, for a period of thirty-six hours at least. Even the corner-grocery man was regarded as a human creature, with human needs and limitations. He was not compelled to keep his place of business open until midnight on Saturday, and anyone who would have suggested that in addition he should serve a selfish public and compel his employees to do the same, half of Sunday, would have been looked upon as an enemy of the human race. Bakers and con-

fectioners also were allowed their rights without question. The man who could not eat cold bread on Sunday morning could go hungry, and there was no imperative demand for sweet-meats, ice cream, "soft" drinks, etc., all day Sunday.

In every possible way, and in accordance with the letter and spirit of the simple and just enactments of the founders of the state, general respect was paid to the day of rest and its beneficent purposes. There was no such thing as a Sunday question in any enlightened portion of this great country. Even during the civil war, when the life of the nation was at stake, a special order was issued by President Lincoln, enjoining respect for the Sabbath, and commanding officers in the field to require the least possible activity on the part of those under their charge, while all operations in the rear, such as making roads, building forts, etc., were suspended; an example which our rulers of to-day would do well to remember and follow.

A question of self-preservation.

To day the Sunday question is, in many essential respects, the greatest question before the American people, and it is high time this fact was fully realized by thoughtful and patriotic men everywhere and this entirely aside from any religious views, or respect for the day of rest as a divine institution. The problem is one simply of self-preservation, and in that light it confronts over-burdened, over-strained, over-wearied humanity. Not only in all populous communities, but in towns of moderate size, in villages, and throughout many rural sections, there has been a change of national habit of a most portentous character. Millions of American workmen and workwomen now have no Sunday to call their own. Very many are compelled to labor more or less nearly every Sunday in the year, while with others the brief respite during a few months is more than made up for by the severe pressure of the recreation season, when they must perform double duty, often day and night.

The latest startling innovation of this character has occurred in the great Iron City of this country. With all-consuming selfishness and ruinous greed for gain, which ignores the rights of humanity, tramples upon the law of the state and despises the law of God and the physical needs of mankind, a number of the iron masters of Pittsburg, controlling many of the largest mills, have

recently determined upon Sunday work and ordered their helpless employes to report for duty on that day as on all others. This is the fatal step which has been feared by close observers. It is the last and worst blow at American labor which has been struck and the effect cannot but be deplorable upon all concerned. In all our great cities a vast number of people are deprived of the liberty to rest on Sunday, of the control of their own time, while their selfish masters take their ease. For this great army of Sunday workers there is no "day of rest and gladness; day of light and joy." It is a weary round of burdensome toil, crushing its victims, shortening their lives and bringing unhappiness to a multitude of humble homes.

In some sections this revolutionary change has made the most alarming headway. In the leading Western cities nearly all lines of mercantile trade are in operation during part or all of Sunday. In Chicago 5000 store clerks vainly appealed to city councils for a special law guaranteeing them their Sunday after 10 A. M. But even this request was denied. The ordinance was passed, but vetoed by the executive, in obedience to the selfish demands of political supporters, who desired to make themselves solid with a class able and willing in return to furnish large campaign contributions. Places of amusement, in-doors and out, are conducted seven days in the week, despite the most earnest protests of players, who are thus compelled to burn the candle at both ends and to wear themselves out prematurely. They are driven along helplessly, compelled to yield to the demands of employers, who, in turn, plausibly claim that they are only complying with a selfish but imperious public demand. The movement lately inaugurated by the journeyman bakers is highly significant. Workingmen should realize that no matter what the measure of their complaint against the Church and its alleged exclusiveness and forgetfulness, they must rally to the defense of their right to lay down their instruments of toil one day in the week, and that in such an effort they must have the support of those who have learned to regard the rights of humanity.

As men and nations sow they surely reap

It is from this standpoint that the Sunday question is to-day being so earnestly considered. The general demoralizing effects of an imitation of Continental methods of reckless and exhausting

pleasure seeking on the day of rest are everywhere observable, and in many communities public sentiment is being awakened on this subject. It is not a crusade for the revival of the exaggerated severities of the Puritan Sunday, in which earnest-minded men and women are becoming enlisted, but a movement to preserve to every man and every woman and every child, required to work, the right to needful bodily rest and refreshment. Good citizens everywhere should unite to prevent the breaking down of the barriers which protect labor from trespass upon its inalienable rights. They should likewise recognize the danger of permitting statutes to be trampled upon at the instance of those who care nothing for others. The Republic rests upon the recognition and maintenance of equal rights, supreme respect for the law and justice to humanity. The Sunday question, therefore, now comes as a personal matter for every citizen to deal with in the light of his own conscience and according to his duty to his fellow-men. Moreover, he has an abiding interest in those who are to come after him. His children and his children's children are factors to be remembered. He cannot dismiss all consideration for them without forfeiting all claim to the respect of mankind and ignoring his own self-respect as well.

One thing the writer has observed from his youth, namely, that God never looks with patience or tolerance upon the needless and defiant violation of the sanctity of His day. He only asks one in seven. If we do not give Him that He deals with us according to our sin and according to our folly. Sunday business does not pay, either an individual, a community or a nation. Sunday lawlessness will bring punishment, sooner or later, and the time will come when this tremendous fact will burn its way into the stubborn minds of those who now refuse to recognize it. Throughout this great land the spirit of evil is reigning as never before. The nation will soon forget its God after it has forgotten His Sabbath. The intelligent and patriotic citizen should tremble for his country when he thinks of these things. And at this critical hour, when divine guidance, protection and help should be desired and implored above all things; when this great nation should as one man be upon its knees, asking deliverance from peril, there is open disregard of the sanctity of the Lord's Day even by those in highest authority, who thus set a most demoralizing personal example to the people, and who also keep thousands of men at work

preparing the engines of destruction and death. This needless trespass upon the day of rest and worship, this impious defiance of the God of nations, will surely bring its own personal and national punishment.

“Business enterprises and the Sabbath.”

By special invitation, Edwin K. Hart addressed the National Reform Convention, at Baltimore, December 12, 1895, upon “Business Enterprises and the Sabbath.” He said:

Within the past few years there has arisen before the American people a question of the first magnitude. It is simply: Shall the Christian Sabbath be maintained; or shall it be virtually abolished? It is time the startling and painful facts were fully recognized and soberly considered. The pendulum is swinging with tremendous force, increasing from year to year and carrying with it multitudes of helpless victims who have thus been deprived of their day of rest. The sophistry of the times has blinded the minds of a vast number of our most worthy, intelligent and patriotic people. Even among Christians there is lack of discernment, mistaken views, weakness, vacillation and fatal error to an alarming degree. The ministry, to a great extent, is seemingly paralyzed. Many watchmen on the walls of Zion have unconsciously betrayed their high trust. They, too, are drifting with the tide, dull of vision, timid, and if not indifferent, at least inefficient. In private conversation this class of public leaders—and they are always looked upon in that responsible light by those under their charge, whether they wish to be so considered or not—earnestly deplore the greatest evil of the time, Sabbath secularization and desecration; publicly, their lamentable and ruinous silence is a confession of apostasy such as the world has never before seen. A large proportion of this distinguished assemblage is composed of those holding the divine commission. How many within the past year have faithfully proclaimed the truth concerning this pressing matter, from their pulpits and in the homes of their people? And if, perchance, this goodly company, individually and collectively, have performed their whole duty, how has it been within the larger ministerial circle throughout the country? In my own city of Brotherly Love a personal appeal was made by the Ministerial Union, for special sermons upon this subject. Out of over four hundred pastors thus addressed not more than fifty responded; only ten

per cent. Where were the remaining ninety? It was urged that timely and effective literature, intended to waken the public mind, be widely distributed. This suggestion was responded to in the same unsatisfactory and significant manner.

The reign of lawlessness.

It seems to be a reflection upon the intelligence of well-informed men to speak in detail of the situation as it is to-day over a large part of our beloved land, so highly favored, so richly blessed, once the scene everywhere of Sabbath peace, quiet and reverence, and always resting under such a weight of responsibility. On every hand we see men openly trampling upon God's law, scorning his commands and defying his judgments, and setting at naught also the statutes of the commonwealth. Almost everywhere, in town and country, throughout more than half the states in the Union the Christian Sabbath is trespassed upon with an increasing recklessness which should make thoughtful citizens tremble for the future, when they remember that God is not mocked; that He is just; that His judgments are true and righteous altogether, and as unerring as the rising and setting of the sun. Until our time reputable and ordinarily law-abiding American citizens did not presume to set business enterprise and worldly pleasure seeking over against the Sabbath and the civil statutes intended to guard it from unhallowed trespass. The public conscience has been blunted by the love of gain and the love of pleasure.

This twin evil is responsible for the present demoralizing state of affairs. Secular business is conducted seven days in the week for the sole purpose of making more money than can be made in six. Sunday saloons, theatres, concert halls, baseball games, horse races, excursions, newspapers and many other kinds of attractions are patronized by the thoughtless multitude, intent upon promoting their own worldly pleasure, regardless of the effect upon those who are thus forced to surrender their God-given and state-guaranteed day of rest. It is the essence of short-sighted selfishness, even from the standpoint of those who have no regard for the divine law and no respect for the command of the state. Fully nine-tenths of those participating in this violation of the Sabbath are liable, directly or indirectly, sooner or later, to suffer from the breaking down of the barriers which protect honest labor from cruel serfdom. In the near future countless thousands of

young women, compelled to work on the Sabbath, will sadly reflect upon the amazing folly of their parents, who are now helping to forge the chains which will embitter the lives of their children: The sins of the fathers and of the mothers will surely be visited upon their helpless offspring.

Let us rejoice that intelligent work people are beginning to see the impending danger and to vigorously cry out against it. More strength to their effort to escape being overwhelmed in this destructive flood! God help them all to see the truth and to strike hard and fast and effectively for the preservation of their industrial freedom. Their united effort in self-defense is my greatest hope. Let us have an organized protest against needless Sunday labor that will arouse the nation to a sense of its duty; that will awaken a lethargic church; that will appeal mightily and convincingly to every conscienceless employer; that will save the already over-worked men and women of to-day; that will insure to those who come after them the greatest boon weary and struggling humanity has ever known, one day in every week when the stern summons to secular toil is never heard; when mind and body may find peaceful rest and renewed strength for the battle of life.

Sweeping away the foundations.

Let us not be lulled into false security through the cunning wiles of the enemy. The evil grows with each passing hour. A little while ago it was chiefly confined to public highways of transportation and sundry unimportant lines of trade. Look around you and see the advancing tide. In some western cities there has been almost complete surrender to the "Continental Sunday," with its baleful influences and surroundings. In Philadelphia thousands of business places are now needlessly open all or part of the Sabbath. It is the same in New York, Brooklyn, Boston and almost every northern city. The rural regions are not free from the demoralizing change. And everywhere the ruling classes are to blame. It is men who conduct many of our great enterprises, who control affairs in the commercial, political, professional, social and even religious world who either look on indifferently or directly profit pecuniarily through this disregard of the Sabbath and its just claims upon mankind.

The press, which should be the bulwark of American institutions, is also responsible to a most grievous and discreditable ex-

tent, through its misguided alliance with Sunday newspapers. These journals, read by the teeming millions, are setting a terrible example of lawlessness. They are sowing to the wind and their misled readers will reap the whirlwind. These publications could all be issued on Saturday night, their contents being made measurably fit for popular reading on Sabbath afternoon. They are flung out like snowflakes that cover the face of the earth, in defiance of the laws of God and man. And so-called Christians sustain, apologize for and defend them. Is it any wonder the spirit of revivalism is almost unknown? The Church in many places is beating the air, vainly over and over again counting its inconsistent and cold-hearted members, mumbling its shibboleth and going through a dumb show in temples of blue and gold, while the youth of the land are being led astray, while the masses refuse to listen, and while wandering millions are going the broad road to everlasting destruction.

National unity for national safety.

It is a happy omen that we meet on the lines that once marked the distressful and almost fatal division of the two great sections of our common country. The fact must frankly and fully be recognized that in the Southern States there is more general respect for the Lord's day than anywhere else. That anchor, let us be profoundly thankful, still holds, and may it never be loosened. A little while ago all was strife, darkness and tribulation. The light has come again and peace reigns. There is prosperity where there was desolation. There is reconciliation, union and fraternity where there was enmity and bitterness. Thirty and one years ago, as a mere lad, it was my lot to march three times through the streets of this beautiful and enterprising city. The only starry flag visible at all times was on Fort Federal Hill. There were no huzzas of welcome. No friendly greeting was extended. All day, one sultry July Sabbath, we lay under the frowning guns of the fort, hungry and weary, without so much as a cup of cold water being offered to us. At night we wended our way wearily to the neighboring woodland and slept beneath the stars, with none to offer shelter or comfort. Ah, we were then, indeed, aliens and enemies! We rejoice that it is not so to-day. The dark clouds have passed forever. The inspiration of true patriotism has warmed our spirits in a reunion of hearts and of heads and of

hands none can sever. We exult in a common prosperity and a common destiny.

Let us have a genuine revival of true Puritanism. From this influential assemblage there should go forth a thrilling call to Christians, patriots and friends of humanity everywhere, to rally to the defense of the most beneficent institution the nation has to maintain—a Christian Sabbath. The rich heritage of the fathers must be preserved. Their lofty example must be followed. Let us acquit ourselves like true sons of freedom. Let us humbly but earnestly seek divine guidance and help in rescuing and maintaining the Sabbath. Its preservation as a day of rest is the one guarantee to the American working-man of freedom; its preservation as a day of worship is the one guarantee of the Church and is essential to the progress and maintenance of Christianity. When the Christian Sabbath goes, everything goes. You cannot break it in two without breaking it altogether. It is at once the cornerstone, the keystone and the capstone in the temple of American liberty and self-government.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the Holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words:

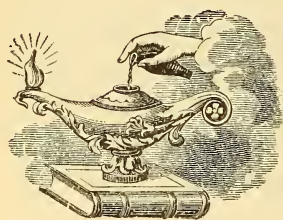
"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"The Sabbath was made for man."



XVI.

“The highest and best aspirations of our young people are centered in their loyalty to Christian truth”—“Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.”



IF there is one dominant characteristic of young America at the close of the nineteenth century it is over self-confidence. The educational methods and social practices of the time are in great measure responsible for the abnormal development of this national trait. The plant is set very early and it is forced all the way along the first stage of life. Parents vie with each

other in showing the smartness of their children, and teachers, alike in public and private schools, have come to believe that upon the measure of their success in pushing the pupil depends their own material welfare. The cramming process, therefore, begins before the mind is fairly formed, while the brain is only half developed. In the end, there is frequently disappointment. When the serious work of life is undertaken it is seen that the foundations must largely be relaid. Many things have been attempted; nothing fully accomplished. Graduation only marks the beginning of real tasks. It would be far better in each case to take more time, to build more slowly but surely. Yet the mere matter of going through the text books is, after all, but entering the gateway of knowledge. Beyond lies the great world of investigation and thought, the arena in which the opening and ripening mind may revel and grow strong; or wherein it may turn aside and be forever undone, through listening to the siren song of the patronesses of weak and vicious literature.

If young people knew how many traps are set for them and could realize how insidiously their ruin is sought, they surely would exercise more watchfulness and more moral courage at the most critical period of their lives. Ordinarily, it is quite as easy

to acquire a taste for intellectual recreation which improves and strengthens, purifies and elevates, as the reverse. It is almost entirely a matter of habit. Let the mind once give way to the temptation to spend leisure hours in evil, or even doubtful company, whether of books or men and women, and each association will carry its victim farther from the safe ground. The insatiate novel reader is unfitted for enjoying anything else, and the lingering effect of such impressions is often most injurious. Through imbibing false views of life and its duties the mind is irreparably injured. It requires more effort to concentrate thought upon other and better things. Study hours and working hours are involuntarily intruded upon by visions of maudlin heroes and heroines. The youthful sympathies are wrought upon and the whole mental and moral nature is demoralized. The legitimate pleasures and privileges of social life are trespassed upon and in great measure sacrificed. Many precious hours are spent alone, with feverish head and throbbing heart, when healthful companionship would produce far different results.

The danger of bad books and bad company.

The amount and variety of the kind of reading here referred to thrown in the way of our unsuspecting boys and girls and young men and maidens surpasses belief. Nine-tenths of the so-called romances of the hour are the veriest trash; the wretched product of immature or perverted minds. To read them is to compel the brain to entertain guests that bring an atmosphere of contagion that darkens the life and taints the soul. Bad books are everywhere and mischievous company for the young awaits their coming at every turn. "Buy the truth and sell it not." It is passing strange that there is so much parental neglect concerning this matter of supreme importance to the young and to society. It becomes the duty, therefore, of the young people to exercise vigilance on their own behalf. Let them avoid association at all times with those of careless ways, in speech or act. Let them resolve to keep the enemies of their moral welfare at a safe distance. Countless are the disguises in which they will be approached, by day and by night, while at school and when at work. Into their ears will be dropped seemingly harmless suggestions, but which, if followed out, mean their destruction.

Nothing more rapidly contributes to increase the number of

wayward youth, of both sexes, than chance acquaintances, the result of accidental meeting, often with fascinating persons, on the streets, in public conveyances, when on vacations, excursions to the country or seaside, etc. The only safe way is to keep every stranger at arm's length, until he or she proves good character and honorable purposes. This is a matter which some young people most unwisely regard as of little account. Therein they make a serious and often fatal mistake. The scheming agents of evil resorts are always looking for easy prey. Thousands of bright and pure young women have thus been led into the ways of iniquity, never to recall their erring footsteps, and multitudes of young men have likewise been carried captive by smooth-tongued villains in faultless attire through cunning methods. The cohorts of sin make use of their privilege of absolute freedom every day and every hour. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

The only pathway of safety.

With regard to public amusements, in a few and pointed words, let this be said: No play which contains one line, or one word, which cannot be repeated, or one scene which cannot be described, in the purest home circle, is fit for youthful entertainment, and should no more be patronized by right-minded persons of mature age. Apply this rule of exclusion to the average theatre of to-day and behold the result. Playwrights, the press and theatrical managers are jointly to blame in great part for this current indictment of the modern drama. United they could bring about reform, which was never more greatly needed than at this time. Self-respecting actors and actresses should set their faces against the prevailing low tone of theatrical productions. This is their high privilege and their bounden duty. The public weakly submits to a flood of half-concealed vileness. It would not be so if the leaders of what calls itself "society" would do their duty, would realize their obligations to the young, as well as themselves. The toleration of impure suggestion upon the stage is a burning disgrace to the boasted enlightenment and refinement of our times.

Purity of thought is the only safeguard against evil speech and debasing actions. Why do so many otherwise genteel and right-spirited young men permit themselves to fall into habits of conversation with each other which they would not dare pursue in the presence of their mothers, sisters and young lady friends?

Yes, this is a close question, but it is high time it was pressed home. Every young man of the period knows how widespread is the unmanly, obnoxious and corrupting practice here referred to. It has become an almost universal habit; the more's the pity, the more's the shame. It inevitably leads to coarseness and vulgarity and opens the way to easy familiarity with vice. Avoid it, as you would contamination of the basest kind. Keep your lips clean if you would keep your heart right. Defile not the temple of true manliness. Let your speech be free from even a suggestion of evil doing. Make it a rule, steadfastly adhered to, never to say anything, nor listen to anything, that cannot be repeated in your own home, in the presence of the best friend you have on earth—your mother. Do not sneer, young man. Do not talk flippantly about apron strings. When you are too reckless and hardened to confide in your mother you are on the high road to ruin. This has been the sad experience of a vast number who have made shipwreck of life. Have a care. Stop and think, whether these are not the words of truth and soberness; of true wisdom and sincere friendship. "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

A clear head, clean lips, and honest heart.

Surely no one will contend that the free use of intoxicating drinks is a privilege in which any young man—much less any young woman—should indulge. Why not be on the safe side? There is only one rule to guide you clear of the peril which so many have encountered to their everlasting sorrow. The drink habit is easily formed; it is the hardest chain to break that the arch enemy of human happiness ever forged. Do not listen to the sophistries of the tempter. Be your own judge. You know that you not only do not need any such so-called and always deceptive stimulant; in your own short life you have many times, within the circle of your own acquaintance, seen its terrible effects. Many of you have suffered in consequence of the weakness of your own flesh and blood. You have bitter memories of sad hours and lasting family disgrace. Why take the chances in your own case? Why not resolutely say: "I will not touch it"?

If this is your unfaltering habit, you can turn aside the tempter with ease. Even drinking men will more highly respect you.

They will not urge you to break such a wise resolution. On the contrary, they will often frankly commend you and pitifully declare that if they had taken that course it would have been well for them. "How old is he?" tremulously asked a poor victim of the alcoholic habit, referring to another who was being labored with. Upon being answered, himself only forty, the tottering wreck exclaimed, in despair: "He may stop. He may escape! As for me—there is no hope!" Think of it! The way to stop is never to begin. Keep a clear head, clean lips, an honest and courageous heart and push on and all will be well.

One more word, as to destroying personal habits. The young man who, as he often exclaims, is "dying for a smoke," because he has been deprived of his cigarette or pipe for an hour or two, is dying, indeed, though he may not know it. Look at his pallid face, his thin lips; see his shaking hands; observe his restlessness. He knows nothing of ease. He is tormented every day of his life as the result of acquiring a habit which is fast working his physical ruin. Tobacco in any form is almost as inimical to the physical welfare of young men as liquor, and especially in its terrible effects upon the over-wrought nerves of growing youth. What is to be the fate of these silly creatures? Millions of them already confirmed smokers before they are half way through their teens. Before they reach the age of thirty—and many will never see twenty-five—they will be utter wrecks. This is not mere supposition, or the idle theory of one who knows nothing of what he speaks. It is the sober conclusion of medical science the world over, borne out by overwhelming testimony. And the family physician who does not issue his most impressive warning wherever he goes upon this subject, is derelict with regard to one of the most important duties of his profession. The boy who resolves not to smoke at least until he is thirty years of age is reasonably safe. He will then not want to smoke. Let the coming generation of young men learn wisdom and self-control from the monumental folly of that which is passing.

Some sober facts to consider.

Remember, too, that the one debasing and disgraceful habit is almost inseparable from the other. Over seven hundred boys in a State Reformatory were asked to show, by holding up their hands, how many had used tobacco before their rescue from evil

surroundings. Nearly every hand went up, as if by common impulse. They were also asked to show, in the same way, how many had used liquor of any kind. To the amazement even of the officers of this model institution, from whom the facts had largely been concealed, through childish evasion and fear, as well as the spectators, five-sixths of the hands went up. And the average age of these victims of the twin habit of smoking and drinking, as opportunity offered, was about thirteen. Think of it! Avoid the one and you are fairly safe from the other. Indulge either one, and the chances are as ten to one, you will find yourself in a little while the slave of both. The insane asylums, the reformatories and penal institutions of this country will not be big enough to hold half the victims of physical, mental and moral ruin, caused by the present alarming extent of smoking and drinking amongst boys and young men and young women. The facts prove this; the frightful increase in nervous disorders, in vice and crime. As Professor Boies, before referred to, so forcibly puts it, the American nation of the future is threatened with a relapse into barbarism.

In the world of business and industrial and professional activity young men find fields for the exercise of all their powers. The intense mental strain of the time calls for clear heads and thorough devotion to duty. Those who succeed discover no royal road to lead them on. Those who fall by the wayside belong to the class that refuses to be guided by the light of experience, declining to receive friendly counsel. They do not realize how their way is blocked by careless habits and lack of attention to the duties assigned. They fail to note how keen-eyed employers, always selfishly looking out for their own interests, decline to trust the young man who has no grip upon himself. They demand the utmost sobriety and closely watch the personal ways of those who serve them. The enormous increase and the immeasurable responsibilities of the transportation interests of the country have united to impress railway managers with the wisdom and the necessity of adopting and enforcing regulations which practically enlist their immense forces in behalf of the home against the saloon. Young men cannot secure positions where they hold in their hands the lives of many people, without giving assurance that they are not addicted to the drink habit, while many older employes have found it needful to place themselves under the same

charter of safety. Many other great corporations and business institutions, for purely selfish and material reasons, are likewise requiring those in their employ to lead sober as well as industrious lives. This is a phase of temperance reform which must have the most far-reaching and beneficent results.

Finally, do young men, especially those who must make their own way in life, ever give a thought to the extent to which they rob themselves through these habits of needless self-indulgence? If the smokers and drinkers under thirty-five years of age make way with only one-third of the total consumption of liquor and tobacco in the United States, they expend in this way every year two hundred and fifty million dollars. In ten years this amounts to two thousand five hundred million dollars, only two hundred million less than the national debt at the close of the civil war. What criminal waste of resources. What inexcusable folly. And to this must be added the enormous loss consequent upon the sacrifice of good positions, loss of business, the physical wreck and the unending misery which surely follow the victims of strong drink.

The rulers of the future.

A noted politician, who for a season masquerades as a statesman, in the arena once chiefly occupied by the nation's strongest and best leaders, has been giving some advice to young men concerning their civic duties. Like Patsey Bolivar, when he wishes some special help over a rough place along the public highway, this machine manager wants young men to take more interest in politics. It might be observed that there would be more room for young men in politics if some of the older men would get out and stay out, and, above all, take their peculiar "business methods" out with them. It is declared that young men are the main reliance of the country. Just so; and in proportion to their maintaining an attitude of personal independence of professional political leaders and manipulators of machine politics, will they meet the requirements of their high destiny. The country greatly needs their services. There never was a time, indeed, when they were more urgently demanded; never a time, however, when they should be more intelligently exercised. There is a great field for young men in politics, but what they should do is not to take lessons from the professional politician of to-day, nor become the

blind slaves of partisanship. They should study all public questions as citizens, not as partisans. Then they should exercise the right of citizenship in the way which, according to their best judgment, will promote the highest public good. This will not always be along one political line. The salvation of this Republic from the perils which beset it can only be wrought out by the independent voter who is thoroughly honest, intelligent and courageous.



An anchor that holds in every storm.

The highest and best aspirations of our young people are centred in their loyalty to Christian truth. That anchor holds when everything else fails. What would the church do without them? The extraordinary movement of the past few years has put new life and vigor into Zion. It is, indeed, the hope of the church. There has been no conflict, no divided interests, working injury to the older religious organizations. On the contrary, these young people's societies have elevated the standard of life amongst millions of the men and women of the future, those upon whose shoulders will rest in a little while the responsibilities of church work. The atmosphere which surrounds this movement is one of purity, safety and strength. There is an inspiration in numbers and in association which young people always feel. The touching of elbows nerves the soldiers in battle, and the same spirit pervades this great army of the church, moving onward and upward beneath the white standard of King Emanuel.

The former methods of revival in many churches have given way to ideas which seem to appeal more powerfully to those who listen to the Gospel message in our day, and along this line the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, the King's Daughters, the Young People's Union, the St. Andrew's Brotherhood, and all other similar organizations may work harmoniously and effectively. In all our big cities particularly there is a vast field for labor, and the church may wisely utilize this new movement in the interest of all mankind. The spirit of skepticism, materialism and selfish

disregard of the dictates of humanity, never was more rampant in our own land than at this time. The church may do much to counteract this and to promote its own prosperity through encouraging and sustaining the zealous young workers who have united themselves in the bonds of Christian love, earnestly desiring to play a worthy part in promoting the cause of Christianity.

“Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.”

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.”

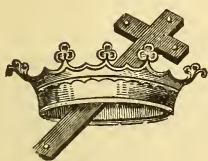
“Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

“For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.”



XVII.

“Throughout the country there is a trumpet call for the work of practical Christianity.” “Not by power, nor by might, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”



IN a populous Pennsylvania mining town, a little while ago, there was dedicated what was proudly termed “the handsomest church in Methodism.” It is a very beautiful temple of worship, from an artistic standpoint. It has all the modern conveniences, including some nicely furnished guest-chambers, for distinguished wayfarers, who may prefer its cathedral-like solitude to the best rooms in the millionaire’s palaces close by. This may be, as stated, “the handsomest church in Methodism;” but will it be the most useful and successful in promoting the cause it is said to represent? Will it be a beacon light, sending forth rays into dark places? Will it brighten many lives that have grown dreary and desolate? Will it send forth an influence superior to any other, even in its own great denomination, for the redemption, regeneration and uplifting of mankind? Will those who worship therein go forth imbued with the noblest spirit of self-sacrificing determination to carry out the motto of its Epworth League? While they “look up” will they also look down and try to “lift up” those who have fallen? What will the harvest be? A quarter of a million dollars, or more, have been spent in the erection and adornment of this fine structure. What will be the rate of spiritual profit returned to the investors and the community? What account will this rich temple give of itself, from year to year, from month to month, from day to day? Will its records of good deeds done exceed that of any other, less grandly equipped for service to mankind and its Creator? Will it rescue those in peril, strengthen the hands of the weak, inspire earnest workers, and altogether prove itself to be, indeed, in the highest and best sense, “the handsomest church in Methodism?”

Is it passing by on the other side?

Unhappily, it is not this kind of churches that fulfill the idea embodied in the lofty motto of the founder of Methodism. The world was his parish, but as a rule these days, throughout the world of religious activity in general, the finer the church, the costlier its decorations, the higher the rental of its pews, the narrower its field of operation, the more exclusive its field of work, the colder its atmosphere, the more distant from the people its normal condition. It is vanity of vanities, if not all vanity. There are of course some exceptions. There are churches of this kind which seem to be filled with the spirit of Him in whose honor they have been erected, and who is worshipped therein humbly, sincerely and truthfully. But the question still forces itself to the front: To what extent does the erection of costly churches promote the cause of Christianity in our land? If the church finds its greatest pleasure in clothing itself with costly apparel; in adorning itself with expensive jewelry; if it gathers its dainty garments about it and, like the Levite, passes by on the other side, woe be unto it.

An English archbishop addressed a kindly letter to the minister in charge of a rural parish, suggesting the holding of what he called a "quiet day." The answer was somewhat startling, and certainly unlooked for. It was observed by the thoughtful rector that there had been too many quiet days already, and he added: "What we need is an earthquake." Aye, verily! Throughout Christendom to-day what is needed is a spiritual earthquake, to arouse all concerned to the ever-present peril, to the bounden duty, to the great opportunity clearly apparent to every intelligent observer who will inform himself as to the real situation, with a courageous determination to do his own part in the work so loudly calling for the exercise of all the faculties, the combined zeal and energy of the church.

The church in the United States never had such a grand opportunity as to-day. But it is only partially awake. There are many asleep at their posts on the walls of Zion. Fatal lethargy seems to have settled down upon many Christians, who utterly fail to realize their obligations to God and humanity. It is no time to spend hundreds of thousands and millions in the superfluities of pride and ostentatious decoration. The cry for help comes from every quarter. Multitudes of people are not reached by the

church, and chiefly on account of its own extraordinary course, especially in the older cities. Here great numbers of very poor but worthy people are left to struggle, starve, and to die in the over-crowded down-town districts, while the great churches, in which former generations were wont to worship, and which stood like beacon lights amidst surroundings always filled with temptation and surcharged with the spirit of hostility to man's spiritual welfare, gather up their movable belongings and take their way to more congenial environment. In one great city, within the past twenty-five years, twenty churches have thus strangely disappeared, leaving no trace of their former existence, not even a mission school, nor any kind of place of worship.

Striking colors in the face of the enemy.

This is an awful blunder. It is worse than that. It is an unpardonable crime against humanity; it is a lasting sin against Almighty God. There have been rich men connected with each of these churches, who from their own resources and with their influence amongst their equally fortunate business associates, could have placed an endowment fund sufficient to have kept every church in its place, an active worker for humanity and Christianity, an ever-living testimony of the true spirit of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my disciples, ye did it unto Me." A vast field has been shamefully neglected, and now there is a sudden awakening and great fear lest the spirit of evil, thus left undisturbed, shall work infinite harm.

In the city referred to, one of three rich churches, with large congregations for many years past, located at the intersection of two great highways, in the vicinity of a teeming population, has just been sold, another is having a fight for its life and the third has long been for sale. On the unfinished tower of the latter is the inspiring legend, from Luther's magnificent hymn: "A Mighty Fortress is our God." But the defenders of this fortress have struck their flag and only wait suitable terms to surrender to the advancing enemy. In the same neighborhood, in the very heart of the city, a half dozen formerly strong churches have been wiped out. No amount of sophistry, no plea of want of support, can for one moment justify such flight from the field of battle in our great American cities.

There is work everywhere, in town and country, for more earnest, self-sacrificing and true Christian labor, and in this effort the church should unite, regardless of denominational or sectarian lines. It can secure no good results in any other way. It should know but one purpose, have but one aim, and know neither rest nor peace until it has exhausted every resource in one common effort to bless mankind. Little can be done through active operations only a few hours one day in the week. There must be steady, liberal and effective co-operation on the part of men of means and true spirit. The sick should be healed, the hungry fed, the naked clothed. The church must bind up wounded hearts and wounded limbs. It must set stranded men and women upon their feet. It must rescue from the fearful whirlpool of wickedness little children. It must encourage those who have fallen in the struggle to rise again and to fight down the evil tendencies of their often-times almost lost and ruined natures.

The open doorway to troubled hearts.

The glad tidings of eternal salvation may be preached and should be upon every possible occasion, and in the true spirit of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, and who preferred the company of publicans and sinners that He might do them good, in body and mind and soul. Such preaching has never failed to find many hearers and it always will be gladly heard in the darkest corners of the earth. It is the open doorway to the human heart; it is the pathway which leads to an influence and control over humanity that nothing can equal. The late Canon Liddon, of London, one night attended a Salvation Army meeting in company with a friend. He was deeply impressed with what he saw and heard. "You could not get such men to St. Paul's," he said, and continued: "It fills me with shame! I feel guilty when I think of myself; these poor people, with their imperfect grasp of the truth; yet what a contrast between what they do and what we are doing!" Verily, with all their crudities, all their violence to social customs, their unconventional ideas, and their strange religious methods in general, the Salvationists are at least teaching the so-called "upper classes" to think of the lower millions, their sufferings, their wants, and their needs. In every American city and throughout this whole country, there is a trumpet call for the work of practical Christianity. illustrating the

lesson taught in the parable of the Good Samaritan and emphasizing the loyalty of the church to the teachings of its Founder. The only true life is that which is devoted to the welfare of others and the world will never grow too old, or too selfish, or too hardened to honor those who bless it with their benefactions, who set a high example to their fellows, who send light into darkened places, cheer desolate homes and help humanity upward and onward.

Open churches throughout the week is an innovation quite new to this country, so far as Protestantism is concerned, but it is one that is in accord with the true spirit of American life. One of the secrets of the strong hold of the Roman Catholic church upon its devoted adherents is to be found in its universal maintenance of the open church system. Its people are never barred out. At any hour of the day or evening they can quietly enter the atmosphere of prayer and worship, and the influence of this habit upon countless lives has been far beyond human estimate. The church never had so vast a field, so enviable an opportunity, as it has in our time and the demand upon it never was so great, never so urgent. Let it throw open the doors, and let the warmth and light within be typical of the spirit that ever welcomes those who seek to worship the Father of all. In this and every other way that may open, evangelization should be carried on not one day in the week merely, but all the time. Thus Christianity will make more rapid progress in the hearts and minds of all the people and men and women everywhere will feel the beneficent influence of a living faith, aggressively yet tenderly and faithfully manifested.

The temperance cause. The vacation season.

Year after year the general assemblages of many branches of the church formulate the most sweeping and emphatic deliverances upon the subject of temperance reform. It is declared to be the bounden duty of Christian men to abstain from all partnership with the saloon and its work. There are other indications of substantial and permanent growth of temperance sentiment. But the forces of evil, on the other side, are more active and vigorous than ever, and this in a great measure accounts for the timidity and uncertain attitude of many Christian men who do not realize how they are controlled and what is the effect of their course. The signs of the times plainly foretell at an early day the greatest conflict between the friends and foes of sobriety and purity which this

nation has ever seen. When the crisis comes, the church should put on its whole armor and courageously follow the course faithfully pointed out by its wisest leaders and most devoted adherents.

Amongst the changes in connection with religious life in this country within recent years none is more striking and deplorable than the conduct of many city pastors and official boards, in either closing their churches altogether during a portion of the heated term, or allowing the services held to become intermittent and purely perfunctory. The aggressive spirit gives away to a general cessation of warfare upon the strongholds of sin. Church activities are reduced within the smallest possible compass. There is a general shutting down of the spiritual forces. The command to preach the Gospel to every creature is held in suspense, as it were. All sorts of excuses are given for the course taken, but none of them approach the dignity of logical and unanswerable reasons. Meanwhile, the great adversary shakes hands with himself and prepares for effective work. This is his time of revival and he will have a great ingathering, especially amongst the young, those whom he looks upon with special favor, whom he delights to pilot into his service.

As though having a sudden twinge of conscience, a leading denominational organ, published in New York, discussing this subject, called attention to the fact that in its own city there may always be found a million and a half or more of unfortunates to whom a summer outing is an impossibility, or a thing unthought of; and then it is suggestively observed: "A large share of them are 'nobodies,' to be sure; but they have human hearts to be cheered and immortal souls to be saved, and many of them weak and sickly bodies to be administered to. It is a great opportunity for the exercise of Christian helpfulness. This is no time for the relaxing of Christian activity." And what is true of New York in this respect is relatively true of every other city and town in the country. Everybody does not go out of town; not by a very large majority. Everybody cannot go, and to the infinite credit of humanity, let it be said, there are still some who can go but don't go; who might go, who won't go; who realize their responsibility to their neighbor and who redouble their diligence at a time when others flee from the scenes of battle and suffering and sorrow, privation and heartsickness.

What can and should be done.

There is nothing in the ethics of true religion which forbids rational rest and recreation; instead, it demands that men, women and children shall treat themselves wisely, even generously. But with regard to this matter of church vacations, there seems to be a tendency to an utter misinterpretation of the divine law, a fatal misconstruction of personal duty. There is not a church in this broad land to-day, properly organized, which has the remotest excuse for closing its doors a single Sunday in the year. There is no communion which has not a host of idle preachers at all times, many of them vainly seeking places in which to labor in their Master's vineyard. Further, there is not a church in which there are not men and women capable of filling for a time every official and non-official place vacated. And as for congregations, the facts speak for themselves. The multitude is always hard by. It could not get away if it would. It would be only too glad to avail itself of the privilege of free worship; to hear the story, the old, old story of Calvary, and to hear the sweet songs of Israel, without let or hindrance. There are churches in all our cities, the Sunday school rooms of which, in July and August, could be crowded with ragged and barefooted children, who with wondering eyes would look upon a new world, should the doors be thrown open to them, and a welcome extended which they could realize was sincere, and which they could accept without fear, without hesitation.

The hot season ordinarily is the sickly season. There is not a church that is not surrounded by the victims of human weakness and peril. There is not a community in which the ministering angels of mercy could not find every hour of the day, while the mercury is trying to get out of the top of the thermometer, numberless cases of worthy persons, sorely in need of material help, of personal sympathy and attention. The long roll lengthens with every tick of the clock, as souls pass to eternity without one word of Christian cheer or Christian hope. The vacation season in the church should not be one of torpor, stupidity and death. It should be utilized for good works, through which lasting impressions remain and inestimable benefits are conferred. There should be an example of self-sacrificing devotion to humanity and its needs. The church that builds upon any other foundation rests

upon the shifting sands, and when the floods come and the winds blow it will fall, and great will be the fall of it.

A heathen philosopher's rebuke.

In this era of intellectual activity church congresses are a notable feature of the time. The criticism has been made that the one weak point always developed upon these occasions is the disposition to strain the ear listening to the modern critics of Christianity, rather than to emphasize anew and with increasing power the faith of the church in all the essentials of its belief. In all branches of Protestantism, particularly, this fact is to be noted. It forces the thought: what a vast opportunity is presented for the coming up, and how urgent the need of, a few really great leaders, planting themselves immovably upon the articles of the Christian belief, with power to stir the masses, thinkers of all classes, as well as the lethargic multitude, who practically do no thinking, to enthuse them with a fire like unto that which burned so gloriously in the old world and in the new at different times a century or more ago. A noted Brahmin philosopher stated to a missionary that he had been reading the Christian's Great Book; a most wonderful book, he pronounced it; nothing like it had ever come to his knowledge, and he frankly declared that if Christians would live up to their Book they would convert the world within five years.

Instead of rallying to this inspiring thought and bringing the people after them, most of the church leaders of to-day are too busily engaged in trying to conciliate the so-called higher critics; trying to make friends with the mammon of unbelief; laboring to answer the sneering agnostic. They devote a vast amount of attention to a small and almost hopeless class, while the great world of unbelievers goes its way, if not wholly neglected, certainly not looked after as it might be and must be before the church accomplishes the mission whereunto it is sent. The world is not hungering for a new theology, but, as Newman Hall, in his plain, old-fashioned way, put it, the presentation of the old truth in that effective manner which shall make it appear new to those who hear it. Listen to his quaint words: "The Gospel presented is old, received is new; looked at outside, it is old, received within, it is new; old as the sun, new as the beams that each morning stream through my windows, to rouse me from slumber, and help me in

the new work of the new day. The Tree of Life is the same which grew in Paradise, but it ever produces new fruit." The learned doctors of the time need to study these homely truths and apply them to the work of their consecrated lives.

The Rock that can never be moved.

A noted Presbyterian minister of New York forcibly remarked: "It wouldn't take an angel to tell that the church is undoubtedly on the brink of a revolution." He thinks the case is analogous to the national situation in the uncertain years preceding the late rebellion. The south was belligerent, the north vacillating. It needed the firing on Sumter to open the eyes of the loyal people, to arouse their latent patriotism, and to fill them with a determination to protect and defend the heritage of their fathers. Still, this clerical leader now cries out that it is his hope and prayer that there will be "concessions." He thinks the church is "broad enough and strong enough for all;" yet he admits that the declarations of the would-be revolutionists are directly and positively contrary to the cardinal principles, faith and practice of the church. The minister who is most successful does not work along these conciliatory lines. He knows where he stands. His feet are firmly fixed upon the Rock of Ages that cannot be moved. He looks up to the hills whence cometh his help with a supreme faith that knows no wavering. He has no time to waste in idle and fruitless discussion over creeds and hieroglyphics. He is filled with the spirit of love and devotion to the cause nearest his heart. He is aflame with zeal for souls and righteousness. He speaks to his people as the result of living convictions. And they listen and likewise are wonderfully lifted up.

Why is it there is so little of this kind of public declaration of divine truth these days? Why does the pulpit so largely forget the inspiring lessons of the past? Why does it not continue to draw inspiration and courage from the examples of the early fathers, who proclaimed the truth with surpassing heroism? Why is it so fearful in the presence of the forces that are hostile to the uncompromising enforcement and application to the affairs of every-day life of the principles of the decalogue? Why does it not insist upon a recognition of the great fact that it speaks, not with permission and by the grace of men, but by virtue of authority from the Most High? Why is it so timid about maintaining

anew and ever that "The ten words" of the law are applicable to all men everywhere and under all circumstances? Why does it not rise to the majestic and all powerful dignity and fearlessness of the prophets of old, who warned the nations of the certain consequences of disregard of God's commands? Why does it not remember the burning and terrible words addressed to the watchmen on the walls of Zion, declaring woe unto them who failed to warn the people of the judgment to come? Why are there so many delinquent Jonahs, who turn their backs and flee when commanded to cry aloud in the streets of our modern Ninevehs? Why do so many take refuge in harmless platitudes and "prophecy smooth things," keeping men at ease and in false security, while the clouds gather, the lightnings flash, and the thunders roll, telling of the sure coming of the consuming storm of divine wrath?

A responsibility that must be met.

On every hand there are cumulative evidences of national decay, in morals and religion. It is simply undeniable, no matter what is said to the contrary, that the church is really making but little if any headway. It is not fighting a winning battle. It is annually counting its numbers, adding those who have been brought in, but most suggestively failing to take any note of those falling by the wayside, who are increasing more rapidly from year to year. It is not grappling, at close quarters, with sin in high places, but it is cringing before it, often permitting itself to be cajoled or virtually bribed into a silence that it is terrible to contemplate. It even dallies with the destructive warfare on its own day of rest and worship. It looks on with seeming indifference, while millions of American working people are being helplessly chained to the cruel juggernaut of ceaseless toil. It sees government made the plaything and corrupt ally of men of open infamy and looks the other way, lest some emissary of the evil one may shout: "No politics in the pulpit!" It sees multitudes of young men led off by the demoralizing example of the ruling classes and speaks concerning these things with feebleness and without effect.

When will there be an awakening? When will the church in America reassert itself, and save this mighty nation from going the way of all the nations that forget God? The responsibility is tremendous. The duty is imperative. The coming of the new

century should witness in this land a demonstration of Christian courage and faith, especially on the part of those set aside for the work of ministerial leadership, that will shake the world. "Not by power, nor by might, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." So may it be, through the fidelity of His servants and the unshaken confidence of His people.



XVIII.

“American institutions can only be preserved for future generations through the fidelity of the people to their national obligations—The duties of citizenship never were more pressing.”



TWO names easily occupy foremost places in American history and in the hearts of the American people. The anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln is celebrated more widely, fervently and impressively with each passing year. There can be no doubt that this feeling of profound respect, admiration and patriotic pride will increase as the years come and go. There has been no organized movement, with the text of the law behind it, for the purpose of bringing about an observance of Lincoln's birthday; but the practice is becoming more and more general, and in a spontaneous way that is highly suggestive, the states falling

into line and the popular mind becoming attuned to the spirit of grateful remembrance. A very large proportion of the generation active in life when Lincoln was at the height of his power and fame, has either passed off the stage entirely or lingers near the edge, almost ready to take its departure. Those of the present who remember vividly the times which sorely tried the Republic, are abundantly ready to testify their high appreciation of the great War President. They unite in placing his name at the head of the roll of statesmen and heroes of that memorable time.

But these are in nowise more zealous in the desire to perpetuate the memory of Lincoln than the younger part of every American community, those who have come forward into the activities of life since the great martyr of emancipation was borne by a scr-

rowing nation to his honored tomb. And it is quite certain that American youth in the future will regard Abraham Lincoln with even greater veneration than the young people of to-day. His deeds are immortal. His place in history is fixed. His fame is as secure as the everlasting hills. Even should the Republic which he did so much to preserve, and in the service of which he laid down his life, go the way of many other attempts of mankind at self-government, the record of this remarkable man would never be effaced from the pages of history. It is meet and right that there should be especial recollection of Lincoln by the American people at a stated period. His birthday surely will, as it ought, in the near future, take a place beside that of the greatest of the founders of our government.

The fountain of patriotic inspiration.

There has been anything but a creditable disposition in certain pretentious semi-literary circles within the past few years to mar the greatness of Washington in the minds of the American people, but there has been no real public sympathy with this iconoclastic and unpatriotic spirit. On the contrary, the recent celebrations of notable events in the nation's history have served to stir up anew in the hearts of all patriotic citizens fresh love and admiration for the illustrious men to whose dauntless courage, heroic self-sacrifice, and surpassing wisdom mankind is so greatly indebted for the American Union. Washington was not a demi-god. He was in all respects a man, and never pretended to be anything else. In all his intercourse, public and private, in all the relations of life, official and unofficial, civic and military, his first thought was to perform the duty of the hour as it came to him with an eye single to the public good. He was not given to slopping over. He did not engage in demagogic sentimentalism, nor seek to win and hold the affections of the people in order that he might selfishly enjoy the incense arising from the altar of personal pride. He was content to serve in every time and place, to the highest of his ability, with an earnest purpose, a spotless integrity, and, after all, the noblest legacy that he left to future generations was his example of unselfish living, pure patriotism, and exalted desire to promote the best interests of mankind.

No one can read the memorable Farewell Address, with its burning utterances and grand wisdom, without being profoundly

impressed with all this; Washington's birthday should be a perpetual reminder of single-hearted patriotism, noble devotion to public interests, inflexible honesty and purity in public affairs. And as the picture of those times is contemplated, and the great and abiding results are recognized, the lessons implied should have due effect upon the citizenship of the time, upon those who serve in every public place, and those responsible for the performance of individual duty. It is an hour when the whole Republic should feel the inspiring influences that come from the highest fulfillment of human obligations. Washington, and those who suffered, sacrificed, and labored with him, must always and justly hold a place of exalted regard in the hearts and minds of the American people.

The greatest leader of the century.

So it was, has been and will be, with Abraham Lincoln. He came up from the people, the child of the trackless frontier. Born to poverty, hardship and toil, it was impossible for him to be otherwise than always in deepest sympathy with the dominant phases of genuine American life. It was inevitable that when called into the sphere of public action he should stand upon the rock of equal rights for all, which is the main basis of the Republic. It was inevitable that he should contend, valiantly and with increasing intelligence, for the extension and maintenance, in all their integrity, of the rights of all men, irrespective of color and condition. There was within him, as part of his very nature, a love of country and a devotion to its best interests that made his will one of iron when he sought to protect and promote the welfare of the nation. He came to the front an enigma to the people of his own land and to the astonished governments of other countries. His wonderful mind seemed to grasp all situations as by intuition. The solution of great problems was to him a pastime. Every crisis found him calmly prepared. He rose more than equal to every emergency. His faith was sublime. When others faltered his prophetic vision could penetrate the dark clouds and see the rays of light beyond. The burden he carried would have crushed a score of ordinary men. He came through it all as through fire, but unscathed, with a lustre of worldly fame that was dazzling. He was the nation's idol. Stricken down in the moment of triumph, his memory was embalmed in the minds and hearts of a patriotic and grateful people. His great purpose was to save the Union, and had he lived

his aim would have been to preserve it, along the lines of equal and exact justice to all laid down by the fathers of the Republic.

This man of the people profoundly believed in the people. He was always the defender and champion of their rights, and could he have lived to take part in the future contests his voice would have always been heard in the furtherance of the great principles for the advocacy of which he was so cruelly slain in the hour of his triumph. The lesson of it all is easily discernible, down to our own time. Republican government remains, but the duties of citizenship were never more pressing. Demagogism was never more rampant; selfishness in high places never more conspicuous. In every great city in the land there is a powerful political oligarchy which assumes the right to govern the many for the benefit of the few. The influences which go out therefrom are demoralizing and ruinous, as they are always un-American, unpatriotic and unjust. Mr. Lincoln believed that government of the people should be government by the people and government for the people; in other words, that individual citizenship had its responsibilities that could not be shaken off, or safely disregarded. He believed in the right of every man to take part in public affairs and regarded it as his duty likewise. In this respect the lesson of his life should speak powerfully to those of to-day who are so much disposed to allow the political machine and professional politicians to take entire charge of public affairs.

Burning words never to be forgotten.

Washington could not foresee, and probably little dreamed of, the marvelous material development of the Republic. It was inconceivable in his time that the foreign governments which held such a wide extent of American territory, would be induced, especially for a mere trifling consideration, to let go their hold upon the new continent, permitting the establishment of a nation of 75,000,000 people within one hundred years from the date of Washington's retirement from the Presidency. Inventive genius, which has done so much to bring about the new order of things, lay dormant within the minds of unknown men, and much of it was to come forth from the minds of those who were then unborn. It could not be foreseen, either, that before the lapse of sixty years the nation itself would be struggling in the throes of a mighty civil conflict. It could not be understood how great social changes

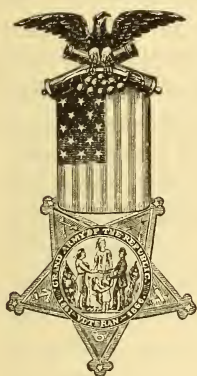
would bring added perils to the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the people. But it was clearly perceived that in many ways and at unexpected times dangers would arise which would call for the exercise of the greatest wisdom, highest courage, the truest spirit of self-sacrifice. The one thing needful was to impress upon the unit of power, the individual citizen, the imperative duty of personal devotion to the American ideal; to always remember the supreme fact that there could be no safety for the mass unless each particle composing it, or at least the governing element thereof, should fully realize the true nature of personal responsibility.

No thoughtful American can read Washington's Farewell Address without comprehending the chief idea which possessed the mind of its author, and without feeling moved to new resolves along the line so earnestly laid down for the inspiration and guidance of the American people. Yet it is precisely at this point that there has been the most woeful public and private neglect. The absorbing personal, commercial, professional and social duties of our restless, selfish and money-making time, as they are regarded, crowd out recognition of a higher duty, one which should come first in the consideration of every true citizen. In a Republic the concern of one is the concern of all. There can be no safety for the individual unless there is national unity of purpose and conduct. American institutions can only be preserved, for the protection and enjoyment of future generations, through the fidelity of the people to their national obligations. The claims of citizenship should not be overlooked or forgotten and the faster the nation grows the heavier must be the obligation which rests upon all who have a right to claim a share in the inheritance of the founders of the Republic.



XIX.

“On Memorial Day the lesson of national unity and prosperity should be learned anew—The man in the ranks, who saved the Republic, will be the one to whom the highest monument will be built.”



MEMORIAL DAY is a peculiar and thoroughly American institution. No other nation would ever have thought of such a patriotic and suggestive idea. Each succeeding 30th of May witnesses an increased popular interest in the exercises of the hour. There is a more general recognition of the true spirit of this occasion, which is becoming broader and deeper and more beneficent as the years go by. The purpose in the minds of the little company of thoughtful men who organized the first section of the Grand Army of the Republic, was to do honor to the memory of the heroic dead, to look after the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers of the armies of the Union, and to inculcate lessons of patriotism, for the guidance of the rising generation. There has been no

departure from this well-conceived general idea, yet Memorial Day has now become typical of the growing reunion of the people, which in a little while must result in the obliteration of all sectional lines.

For thirty years the survivors of the Union armies have annually made a touching pilgrimage to the graves of their former comrades, whose number is so rapidly increasing, while the ranks of the living are so suggestively growing smaller with each recurring ceremony. The vigorous youth who emerged from the conflict in safety is to-day the gray bearded veteran, moving with heavy tread, and soon the last of the great army of freedom, in the dying words of one of their most gallant foes, “Stonewall” Jackson, will “cross over the river, to rest beneath the shade of the trees on the other side.” The wearers of the blue and gray are

meeting in vast numbers on the shores of eternity. Their battles are over and the struggles of life will also presently cease. The last taps will be sounded, and amid the silence of the coming ages they will sleep their last sleep. The fallen sons of the North and of the South will then be reunited around a camp fire which will know no end.

To be commemorated by future generations.

The touching ceremonies of Memorial Day will be the inheritance of coming generations and it is to be hoped the men of the future will value this possession as a legacy to be preserved inviolate. It is the citizen of the future who should be deeply impressed by the legitimate exercises of the hour, who should learn the lessons of true patriotism and become imbued with the right spirit. The martial display, the solemn music, the beautiful ritual and the recital of heroic deeds of those who took part in the great struggle to save the Union unite to stir the blood of young America, the hope of the future, while those upon whom the responsibilities of the present rest are earnestly reminded of their civic duties. All classes of the people are under the peculiar spell of a festival that no other nation knows. And all the while those who are passing through the later stages of activity have become fully convinced that there must be a union of heads and hands and hearts which none can sever. The survivors of the civil conflict, on both sides of the line, as their steps become slower, their heads whiten, and their hearts soften towards one another, eagerly embrace every opportunity to meet upon common ground, to acknowledge each other's manly qualities, and to unite in an earnest effort to bring about complete reconciliation and prosperity.

Thoughtful citizens cannot but place the highest estimate upon everything which tends to strengthen the hold of the Republic upon the hearts of the people. The nation grows with dangerous rapidity and force. At the close of the century it will be pressing hard towards a population of 100,000,000. This will surely be reached before the last roll-call of the Grand Army. What of the future? Its material wealth, greatness and power are assured. But will the fires of genuine patriotism burn brightly and imperishably upon the national altar? Will new, and now wholly unseen and unimagined perils, arise and overshadow the land of "unwalled cities" and marvellous richness and development, so

clearly pointed out by the prophet of Israel, five and twenty centuries ago? Will the beneficent institutions established by the far-seeing founders of the Republic be firmly maintained? Will the wise and just principles which guided them in their immortal work be cherished and sustained? Will the long feared clash of the millions against millions come with cyclonic force and destructiveness? Will some tremendous combination of jealous foreign powers assail the government of the United States and wreck the liberties of its people? Will the long foretold ships of Tarshish whiten the southern seas, lay desolate the coast, and send forth, on a terrible mission, the armed minions of despotic misrule?

The duty of unselfish patriotism.

Whatever may be hidden behind the impenetrable veil of the future, the duty of the present may be thoroughly comprehended. The highest standard of citizenship must be maintained. There must be absolute fidelity to patriotic obligations. The lessons of the past must be remembered. The spirit of patriotism must be nurtured in all hearts and minds. The mystic call of the bugle, echoing over the hills and through the valleys, should meet with a universal response of loyalty from seventy millions of people. Patriotism is a supreme national duty. The responsibilities of citizenship should be clearly understood, manfully accepted and faithfully discharged. Across the national firmament should be written, in letters of living light, the story of patriotic deeds and the daily call to the performance of the highest duties toward God and man. There must be loyal adherence to fundamental American principles, and courageous determination to maintain them inviolate—a thorough revival of the spirit of true Americanism.

In one of the darkest hours of the rebellion there appeared before the loyal people of the land a quaint and weird story, telling the woes of "A Man Without a Country." As the incidents graphically related were studied by numberless firesides, a profound impression was made upon the public mind. It is doubtful whether anything written during the war had a more inspiring effect. The question went up everywhere: What will the American citizen do if his government should be blotted out, or permitted to fall into ruin? He quickly perceived that the Man Without a Country would be far worse off than Macaulay's New Zealander, viewing the ruins of St. Paul's. The latter might even

look with a disinterested curiosity upon the fallen civilization, the ruin of a once mighty empire; but the American without a country would be a curse to himself, a forlorn bird of passage, to whom life itself would be a fearful retribution for the sacred duties of citizenship neglected.

One nation, one flag, one destiny.

Around the tomb of the greatest soldier of the Union in the Civil War, a little while ago, gathered a mixed company of men of varying shades of opinion as to questions of the hour; men with diverse histories as one-time friends and enemies of the government of the United States; men of wealth and power; others possessing but little of this world's goods. There were scarred veterans and youthful patriots; but all listened with the same degree of interest to the eloquent words of tribute which fell from the lips of a soldier of the Southern Confederacy. The incident at the tomb of Grant should be but the beginning of a new departure, having a wide imitation in the near future. Sectionalism must be forever buried in the same grave with armed sectional hostility. The time has come when Memorial Day should freshly unite the hearts of all the people. It should never be used to accomplish the selfish purposes of narrow-minded political leaders, or those whose chief stock in trade is agitation of sectional issues. The tiny flags planted above the ashes of the sleeping soldiers of the Union, wave in the breezes of a peace that should be emblematic of that pervading the hearts of all the people in their feelings towards each other. It should be a day not only of hallowed memories, but of national reunion; a day when the true lessons of national unity, prosperity, and happiness are learned anew, by old and young; a day when the American citizen, proud of his country shall resolve to serve it with new zeal, fidelity, and honor.

The "Silver Encampment" of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Detroit, celebrating the twenty-fifth year of its existence, was a notable success, and greatly enjoyed by participants and spectators. The incident which attracted, and deservedly, the most notice, was that of an ex-general officer and ex-President of the United States, marching in the ranks. Mr. Hayes was quickly recognized by observers all along the route of the parade, and was the recipient of a long continued ovation. This tribute was well





THE MAN IN THE RANKS.

"At the close of the next century, the man in the ranks, who saved the Republic in the day of its greatest peril, will be the one to whom the highest monument will be built."

deserved. Most men entitled to special distinction on such an occasion would at least make themselves conspicuous in some way, take pardonable advantage of the opportunity to call attention to themselves; but the man who modestly led his regiment of Buck-eye soldiers down into West Virginia, in the early days of 1861, accompanied by a noble woman, the record of whose devoted life will never fade from the pages of American history, and at whose bier the nation paid the sincere tribute of sorrowing affection, did not even mount a horse. He wanted no fine open carriage, nor did he ask the privilege of sitting upon the grand-stand, to receive the salutes of the men who were marching in the old way, swinging along, as they did over the hot and dusty roads of an enemy's country. Instead, he doffed the honors of a General and that of the Presidency itself, laid aside the trappings that naturally belong to one who has occupied the highest official station in the land, and took his place beside the soldiers whose perils and hardships he so manfully shared. He was one of the men in the ranks. It was a tribute from the officer to those in humbler station, and one which the average citizen was quick to applaud.

The man in the ranks.

General Hayes, indeed, deserved commendation for his conduct upon this occasion; and yet, there are two ways of looking at this little incident. It is the weakness of Republics and of the world in general, always to single out the man on horseback, the leader for the time in any great movement, in any crisis, or in any memorable conflict, for special popular admiration. His career is praised in song and story. He is honored in enduring bronze and granite and marble. It is the way of the world, and doubtless many readers of the account of the Detroit parade, looking over the list of prominent names, remarked that there were no "great men" present, all the notable leaders having gone. Yet who, in the years to come, will be most honored? When the story of the national struggle for existence is written for future generations, the man in the ranks will be the one who will receive his just meed of praise. The great monument which it is proposed to erect in Washington, to the memory of the private soldiers and sailors of the Union army and navy, will fittingly testify the nation's grateful appreciation of the services of the men in the ranks.

And so it ought always to be in a government of the people, for

the people and by the people. It is the man in the ranks who has to be relied upon, and may always be relied upon, to stand in the breach in every crisis. It is the man in the ranks who stands steadfast in the face of the furious assaults of the enemy. It is the man in the ranks who stays where he is placed, amid shot and shell, death and destruction. It is the man in the ranks who rushes forward to complete the victory of the day. It is the man in the ranks who stands silent, keen-eyed, vigilant and brave on the lonely picket, holding in his hand at times the fate of armies. It is the man in the ranks, who, with duty nobly performed, the victory won, lays down his musket and takes up the hammer, goes to the plow, pursues his daily toil, becomes once more the steady, useful, loyal citizen. It is the man in the ranks who carries the burden in every trying time, who bears the brunt on every great occasion. He is the foundation stone and the pillar of the Republic, and when full justice is done him, he will become the capstone. He will be awarded the first place, the post of highest honor. At the close of the next century, the man in the ranks, who saved the Republic in the day of its greatest peril, will be the one to whom the highest monument will be built. All honor to the man in the ranks.

The second martyr President.



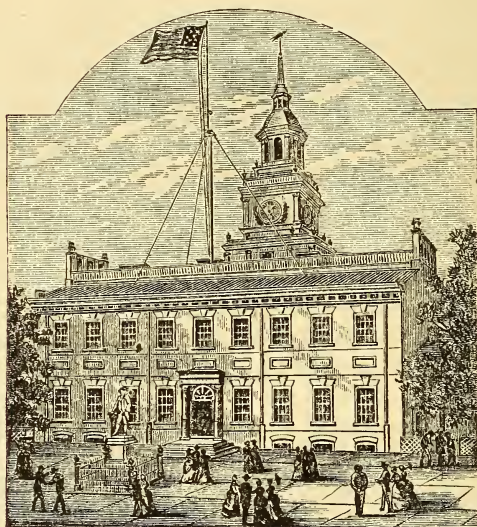
THE Garfield Memorial, at Cleveland, is the finest thing of the kind in this country, the Washington Monument alone excepted. In some respects the case is peculiar. Certainly the future historian will ponder it deeply. Garfield was one of those men who never reach greatness in their lifetime. The country only discovered his supposed worth after he was dead. The record of his life was that of a plodding, laborious, public servant, performing the work coming to him and never going out of the

beaten track, never striking out in new lines, never appearing as a strong individual leader, at any time or in any movement. His nomination to the Presidency was a surprise to the whole country, and his election due solely to the tremendous effort of a thoroughly organized party, and to the conceded and apparent weakness in affairs of state of his opponent. Had General Garfield lived and gone through his entire administration, his record would doubtless have been of the same general character as that of President Harrison—quiet, conservative, safe, and in no sense pronounced, aggressive or especially notable in any particular. But the bullet of an assassin made Garfield's fame. Prostrate, helpless and suffering, he sighed his way into the hearts of the American people, and having gained a clearer insight into his real strength and character, when tested by circumstances, when the struggle ended he was assigned a high place on the roll of the nation's illustrious dead.

But the Garfield Memorial to future generations will tell a story of vast significance in one other particular. It will forever stand as a monumental warning against the perpetuation in the politics of this country, and of the viciousness, brutality, and peril, of the spoils system. The historic events illustrated on the walls of the Memorial building do not tell the story as they might. It would hardly have been appropriate to have it so; but in the minds of the people of this country the lesson ought to be impressible and enduring. The spirit of that fatal hour was the high-water mark that ought never to be reached again. Yet it is gravely to be feared that a great many people do not realize this. It is quite plain that some of those high in official life do not. Recent utterances of theirs only too plainly indicate this. When the presiding officer of the national Senate, for instance, can sneeringly declare that the moral law "has no place in a political campaign; that modern cant about the corruption of politics is fatiguing;" that "force will coerce the timid, demagogism will gull the credulous, fraud will rob the weak, money will pay the mercenary," it is high time that the patriotic American citizen turned his face to the wall.

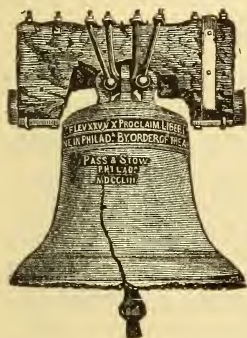
The boldest and most reckless politician in the land, with any expectation of public preferment, would not have dared to utter such degrading sentiments as these the year that Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States. Let the people, as they survey this great Cleveland memorial thoughtfully, with profound

respect for the memory of the man whose body lies in its solemn crypt, remember that there is incumbent upon them a great duty which they are not performing as the welfare of their country demands. Instead of learning a lasting lesson from Garfield's tragic fate, we have already almost forgotten it. We are becoming a strange and reckless people, wedded to the passing hour, to accomplishing momentary success, but sadly indifferent to the welfare of those who must come after us. The Republic cannot endure upon the foundation of our modern politics.



XX.

"A revival of genuine Americanism throughout the length and breadth of the land is the one great need of the hour. Here are facts which reformers should realize."



EVERY self-respecting citizen should consider himself a part of local, state and national government. He is under the highest obligation to take an intelligent interest in public affairs in order to promote his own welfare. As a tax payer he is always concerned as to the amount needful for public expenses. If he is a resident of a rural district, there are problems which should receive his practical attention. If he lives in a country town, there are many things the local government should be required to look after. If his home is in a great city, the health of himself and family

may be seriously affected through official negligence, incompetency, or worse. In every possible respect there is a loud call for constant attention to the duties of citizenship. The theory of republican government is something very agreeable to contemplate. Its practical carrying out is a matter which calls for the exercise of the highest talent and conscientious devotion to public duty.

An American historian has recently been at great pains to prove, to his own satisfaction, that the men of two or three generations ago were quite as derelict in this connection as those of to-day. He tried to make it clear that the political machine was as effectively operated in the earlier times as at present. Even should this all be true, however, it proves nothing to the credit of the present generation. Quite the reverse. Experience should have taught the American people something. Those of one generation should profit by the lack of information, the errors, and the misconduct of another. There should be a steady improvement in the character and ability of public servants. There may have been isolated

instances of official delinquency in the earlier days of the Republic, but the fact remains that it was the custom of the people to select the most intelligent, honorable, and trustworthy men in the community for public place. Men were ambitious in politics, as they always will be, but the promotion of selfish interests as a ruling motive, to the neglect of official duty, was certainly the exception and not the rule. In our time the average office seeker is for himself, first, last, and all the time; while citizens generally are so absorbed in their personal pursuits that they give but little attention to the selection of minor officials, in town or country.

The place to begin reform.

The result of the prevailing system has been the creation of combinations, large and small, which are governed by unworthy motives. When thoroughly upright men secure responsible public place, they are compelled to face mountainous obstacles in the performance of duty, in consequence of their surroundings and the low standard which prevails in political circles generally. It is a singular fact that realization of all this has been followed by a peculiar course on the part of representative and influential citizens. In every town and city will be found a small number of persons who seem to think it incumbent upon them to act as censors of public officials. They get together and form some sort of an association, the ostensible object being to see that the laws are executed honestly and faithfully. The very existence of these organizations, is, in itself, a grave reflection upon local government. They suggest want of confidence. Yet those most active in such movements are largely responsible for the character of the public officials thus put under special watch. One-tenth the energy devoted to this sort of espionage intelligently given to the preliminary work of selecting men for official place would bring a hundred fold more fruit.

The whole business is wrong end foremost. For instance, there is universal complaint as to the character of the local legislative body. But who made it what it is? There is not a member of Councils who did not receive a certificate of election in due form. Every citizen had the right to go to the polls and say who should represent him. Why was there so much indifference and carelessness, at the proper time? It is the essence of short-sightedness and costly folly for citizens to deliberately place in power men

unworthy of public trust; and it is self-reflecting waste of economic and vital force which tries to stop public plundering, after giving a commission to men who cannot be trusted. What good can come of asking one set of alleged legislative reprobates to investigate another, when all alike are the creatures of those demanding such a farcical inquisition? At stated periods the people have an opportunity, without let or hindrance, to select their public servants, from the least to the greatest, in all departments of government. Why do they not perform this duty, honestly, independently, and intelligently?

It is all in the people's hands.

A handful of self-appointed public guardians, of the Ebenezer Pinhook and DeWellington Highflyer variety, with their queer notions, senseless exclusiveness and lack of staying qualities and consistency, can accomplish nothing, when the members of such organizations and the whole community turn their backs, or shut their eyes, when the polls are opened and ballots are to be cast. There is urgent need of a great campaign of education, and it should begin at every fireside. There will be no substantial improvement in local government until the unit of power, the individual citizen, realizes his duty and is faithful thereto. When will this primary lesson be learned? They that are whole need not a physician. Any community honestly determined to be wisely and economically governed, can rid itself of official Phillistines and political highwaymen at any time. This is a sober fact which professional reformers should zealously endeavor to impress upon the public mind; and above all things, they should not forget their own short-comings, their characteristic propensity for getting the cart before the horse. The day of genuine reform will come when there is a wholesome recognition of the plain principles of common sense, a practical demonstration of personal loyalty to the fundamental duties of citizenship.

The American people at this time constantly live under too great a strain. That period has been reached in the national life when the fierceness of competition is felt throughout nearly all classes. The rage for social precedence is a distinguishing feature amongst those who otherwise might be perfectly at ease, having no need of care about the ordinary things of this life. The marked changes within the past few years have served to stimulate the ambition of

many, who, desiring to shine in the social world, give themselves no rest until they accomplish their great desire. In the business arena a tremendous struggle is going on to prevent tradesmen, manufacturers, merchants, and others of limited means, from being crowded out, crushed, or absorbed by the combinations of to-day, which seek to dominate everything dependent upon capital for success. In the professional world, especially in all centres of population, men crowd upon each other's heels, nearly every learned avocation having a surplus of eager workers, with many of whom the ceaseless contest grows hard. Men and women begin life earlier than ever before. The whole process of education is forced, from the Kindergarten to the University. With the average teacher, in public and private schools, the great aim is not how well, but how much and how soon. The desire is to keep the educational mill running at white heat, to turn out the grist at a reckless rate.

Looking backward as well as forward.

It is a subject for profound consideration, what sort of men and women will compose the dominant element of American society in the next generation. The candle is being consumed at both ends, and if the chief men of affairs of to-day are to be found on the bright side of five and forty, those of a decade or two hence will probably take possession of their heritage at a much earlier age. It would seem that there could be no more profitable way of celebrating the anniversary of the birth of the nation and other national holidays, than to recall the staid, solid and enduring qualities of the founders of the Republic; to try to learn anew from their lives some lessons to be remembered and to be applied with care and diligence.

The Fourth of July orator, as well as the most circumspect and self-contained pulpit orator, reviewing the national history and outlook, is too apt to indulge in the spread-eagleism that is the chief stock in trade of the political demagogue. Nothing is seen from such a standpoint but what is grand and inspiring. But the wiser heads of to-day, looking backward, surveying the present and glancing forward, fully realize that the American people have reached a grave crisis in their national career, and that there must be a more general recognition of this fact, more careful alignment with national principles, firmer adherence to the cardinal ideas of

the Republic. There has been too much inflation in every department of our national life. There must be less political, social, commercial and even religious kite-flying. It is time to get down to firm ground, to move forward with steadier purpose, calmly, resolutely, yet cautiously, with sincere respect for the patriotic traditions of the past. A revival of genuine Americanism throughout the length and breadth of the land is the one great need of the hour.

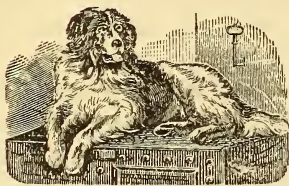
A leading religious journal, the *Christian Advocate*, makes the following timely observation, referring especially to the periodical disturbances in the labor world:

"We regard the elements at work in the United States to-day as more fraught with peril to our institutions than all the merely political and personal discussions, conflicts, and agitations which culminated in the late war. For that divided the country into two general contending factions, of which those desiring the maintenance of the Union were the more numerous, more fortunately situated, and the stronger. But these proceedings, unchecked, must surely, in the end, compel a radical change in the methods of preserving order; and when that change has occurred, and the military spirit shall have crystallized, whether the mind that controls it be called Governor, President, King, Cæsar, or Czar, matters not. As yet who sees any light on the horizon? What practicable method promising better relations is suggested? We are not frightened, for that is not our besetting sin; but in the darkest hours of the civil war, we never felt more sober than to-day, as we contemplate the future of what our gifted countrywoman, Mrs. Kemble, calls this great new world of Christian liberty."

American institutions cannot be preserved, and the manifold blessings arising therefrom be inherited by future generations, unless the citizenship of the United States more fully recognizes its bounden duty to the State, to society, and to the cause of good government. American destiny means a revival of genuine, courageous devotion to political honesty, social purity, religious fidelity and national unity; the vindication of the highest type of citizenship; the fulfillment of the grandest visions of prophecy.

XXI.

“At the door of the selfish and disloyal ruling classes may justly be laid the largest measure of responsibility for the dangers which beset the nation in its hour of seeming greatest prosperity.”



IS the direful prediction of Lord Macaulay concerning the American Republic to be fully realized, and that even before the close of the present century? Forty years ago the eminent and far-sighted English historian wrote as follows: “The time will come when New England will be as thickly peopled as Old England. Wages will be as low and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. You will have your Manchesters and Birminghams. And in those

Manchesters and Birminghams hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be sometimes out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators, who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another cannot get a full meal; that one should be permitted to drink champagne and ride in a carriage, while thousands of honest folks are in want.” All this and much more has already been painfully experienced, and many times during the past twenty-five years. Were there ever more striking, deplorable and dangerous changes in the life of any nation? See the contrasts presented.

A little while ago there was work for all, at living wages at least, when economical domestic and personal habits were observed. There were no strikes, no lockouts, no disastrous labor wars, leaving in their trail bitterness, suffering and ruin. There were no great labor organizations; workmen did not need thus to

unite to protect themselves from the injurious exactions and selfish aggression of avaricious employers. There was no large militia force— a standing army in disguise—an aggregate of 113,000, over 50,000 of these in ten industrial states, the entire number more than four times as large as the regular army of the United States, costing the taxpayers many millions of dollars annually for their maintenance. The only duty these well-drilled and well-armed forces have had to perform has been in connection with labor disturbances, in every instance the result of disputes over wages, and these chiefly caused by the importation of cheap foreign labor. And this, too, after a generation of fidelity, upon the part of American working men, to the economic policy of protection to American industries. There were no wandering bands of idle men roaming over the country in search of work, or, through utter loss of self-respect, confirmed beggars and vagabonds. That terrible reproach of our modern civilization—the tramp—had not yet made his appearance amongst our prosperous and happy people.

Things that were unknown.

There were no great areas of hopeless and heart-sickening poverty in all our cities. There were no five thousand and ten thousand acre farms, conducted in such a way as to ruin ordinary tillers of the soil. There were no gigantic and grasping land syndicates, largely made up of alien stockholders, seeking to pre-empt the remaining homestead reservations. There were no all-powerful combinations, dominating every branch of trade and stamping the life out of individualism in the industrial world. The trust was unknown and undreamed of. There were no great railroad combinations, controlling many thousand miles of rail and dictating high rates, that producer and consumer must pay. There were no reckless extensions of railroad building, leading to subsequent widespread bankruptcy and the loss of vast sums of hard-earned money by legitimate and confiding investors. The professional railroad wrecker and reorganizer, with his schemes of highway robbery, through watered stock and inside deals, had not yet appeared to curse the land. His equally conscienceless counterpart, the trust organizer and promoter, had not yet set out to crush the small manufacturer, trader and farmer. The bonanza kings in iron, coal, oil, silver and gold had not yet developed.

Business of all kinds was conducted on a fair and generally profitable competitive basis. The vast majority of the people, in town and country, were quite content, working out their own industrial salvation and asking no favors, or special protection of government, either state or national, and needing none. The ghost of paternalism did not walk the night, torturing the public mind with delusive hopes. The shadow of the mailed hand of centralized power—the “strong government” now so eagerly demanded by the selfish and tyrannical ruling classes—had not appeared, to darken the horizon and excite the fears of the people. There was no ostentatious and defiant display of superfluous wealth and semi-foreign snobbery, like that which is now such a conspicuous and un-American feature of life in every city in the United States. The millionaire had not arrived, in his gilded coach, with its prancing, high-strung, one-thousand-dollar, foreign-born steeds, driven by smug-faced graduates of the “Darby,” with imitation coats of arms, and all the paraphernalia of old world aristocracy and insolence of financial power.

Riches and rags.

There were no \$100,000 and \$500,000 and \$1,000,000 palaces, castles, villas and mansions, telling of rapidly accumulated wealth and the desperate effort of its accidental possessors to impress the world with their tremendous social importance. The ridiculous and useless dude and the idle, silly, mincing dudine, had not flitted across the face of the social moon, exciting the just derision and contempt of mankind. There was no need of the organization of numberless so-called charitable societies, to look after multitudes of the forsaken poor. The world has never seen such development of riches on the one hand and poverty on the other, as has been witnessed in this land of supposed equal rights, but frightfully unequal and one-sided possessions, during the past quarter of a century. Verily, the words of the British prophet have been sadly fulfilled. And the end is not yet.

No country ever grew rich, enormously rich, as fast as the United States. The increase of wealth among certain favored classes has been fabulous. Fortunes running far into the millions and even scores of millions have been piled up as if by magic. Millionaires are as common as tramps. The two classes came in together, and it would be a great thing for the country if they

could be banished together. The one prey on society at the back door; the other brazenly levy tribute upon almost every article of household necessity and general commerce. The one, lost to every sense of self-respect, has become a public menace and burden; the other, with hearts of stone and hands of steel, grasp the dwindling earnings of the poor, after forcing down wages and multiplying helpless idlers, and revel in ill-gotten gains, the result of highway syndicate and trust robbery, under the guise of the law. Thirty-five years ago the citizen of the United States whose possessions, without encumbrance, were fairly valued at \$500,000 was regarded as a very rich man. There were very few in each populous community who could be placed in this class, and there were not more than a score of millionaires in the entire country. A few great fortunes had been made, chiefly through enhanced value of real estate. To-day, every city has its proud troop of millionaires and even multi-millionaires. There is a surplus of wealth amongst the few in startling contrast to the extreme helplessness of vast numbers of our people.

American millionairism.

Facts published from time to time, although the result of careful investigation, concerning the congregated wealth of the money kings of this country, are almost beyond belief. In every great city may be found a large number of very rich men and thousands whose aggregate holdings amount to hundreds of millions of dollars. Twelve men can be named whose combined possessions reach the extraordinary sum of five hundred million dollars. One hundred can be named whose combined wealth is fully eight hundred million dollars. There are over four thousand millionaires in the country, whose wealth is estimated at upwards of five thousand million dollars. Vast estates are being acquired and subdivided, with immense increase of value all the while. Chicago can boast of nearly one hundred millionaires. Pittsburg can furnish a list of the same length. In the city of Cleveland there are sixty-three men with an aggregate wealth of nearly one hundred million dollars. Some time ago a special list was made of eighty-six of New York's richest men whose fortunes amounted to seven hundred millions. Within a comparatively short distance along the Hudson River, where great country houses are the fashion, sixty-three millionaires manage to find shelter from the charity of a

cold world. Boston has modestly kept its rich men in the background, but it has a considerable number of citizens who hold from five million to twenty million dollars' worth of property. Philadelphia can show a list of at least three score millionaires, whose combined possessions reach nearly if not quite one hundred million dollars. So it goes throughout the populous centres of the country particularly. Great wealth is being accumulated here as never before in the history of the world.

But no one has ever been able to take more than a partial census of American millionaires; they multiply too rapidly and have too many ways of concealing their wealth. They sink their identity in great combinations and corporations and largely invest their fat dividends and their share of rapidly increasing surplus profits in untaxable property, at home and abroad. There is a systematic effort to avoid making a just return to the State treasury. On this pertinent subject, Ex-President Harrison, upon the occasion of his last public appearance, declared that it was through the pursuance of such a policy that public discontent was fostered and intensified. He warned those bent upon cheating the commonwealth that they were sowing tares in the minds of the people that would yet produce a fearful harvest. Aye, verily. And the return for such a service to the cause of truth, justice and patriotism, will be the unanimous and contemptuous verdict, in the wide circles thus rebuked, that its author has become a "crank."

Why, certainly! Every man, high or low, poor or rich, learned or unlearned, influential or without a friend, who dares to criticise and condemn any of the wrongful doings of the ruling element in American life to-day, is a "crank," or worse, a fool or a knave; a demagogue; an anarchist; an enemy of society; a treacherous foe of good government; a dangerous person, who needs to be watched, and, if necessary, put down, with a strong hand. Benjamin Harrison, in one night, went to zero in the eyes of every millionaire highwayman in the United States. He will get his reward. He will realize the consequences of his unlooked-for declaration for a revival of public and private conscience, in a thousand ways. The big corporations that have been inclined to seek his professional services, if they could be assured that he was "trustworthy;" that he had "sound views;" that he was "straight" on the "rights of property," etc., will have no use for him. Mark the prediction.

The root of the evil.

An eminent citizen of New York, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, has lately contributed a striking paper on what he significantly terms: "Half honesty and half bribery," in which he reaches the logical conclusion that the sort of men who fill the majority of elective offices are chosen because, "smartness, corruption and all included, they fairly represent the mixed elements of the people." He finds the basis and germ of political bribery and corruption in the half honesty of our social and business life. It is observed, with courageous candor: "The whole method of private business contains the germs of disease, which are ripened in public business." It is then forcibly said: "A good many Americans feel a keen zest for dubious operations so long as they are salted with consummate shrewdness." But one lesson can be drawn from the condition of affairs herein so clearly and accurately pointed out. Political iniquity can only be uprooted through a thorough restoration of honest methods in the conduct of private affairs.

This criticism touches the core of the whole matter. It reveals the most dangerous canker spot in American life. The stream can rise no higher than its source. Popular government cannot be pure if the unit of power, the individual citizen, is tainted with corruption. It is the essence of folly to look for honesty in public affairs while the men who rule in the financial, commercial and social world are to any considerable extent either indifferent to evil practices, or directly guilty of promoting the same. It is rank injustice to utterly condemn unscrupulous legislators who secretly accept bribes and then clothe with immaculate garments the tempters who hold out the open hand of bribery. See these words from a recent issue of a leading journal, the Philadelphia Press:

"This country does not need better assessors one-hundredth part as much as it needs better taxpayers. It is not a stricter administration which is needed, but a stricter conscience. Tax dodging is treated lightly. It is held a small thing to conceal personal property. Men and women evade the customs revenue and deem it a joke. 'Pulls' are used to reduce assessments. Financial institutions adjust their holdings on tax days, so as to be exempt by holding non-taxable securities. Wealthy men arrange a fictitious residence to dodge taxes and get a low assess-

ment. The probate court is perpetually finding securities of which the tax gatherer never knew. These acts are more dangerous to property than the utterances of anarchists and the agitation of socialists. The country will survive these, but it cannot survive, as ex-President Harrison justly says, a system under which part pay taxes and part are tax free, part meet the just burdens of taxation and part avoid them." And here is the stinging arraignment of our rulers of to-day by a leading municipal reformer, who through courageous service to the cause of honest government has earned the right to speak plainly and severely. Hear him:

A picture of the times.

"We have reached a state of things in which jobbery and robbery stalk with effrontery in public places. We are living in a den of thieves. There seems to be a widespread impression that the man who steals on a large scale from the city, and he who accepts bribes from wealthy individuals or corporations to defraud the people, is not as guilty as the poor man who commits a small theft, to save his family from starving. Exactly the opposite is the truth. Every man who robs the whole community, and every man who either gives or accepts a bribe to rob the community, should be punished with extreme severity." Can any one question the logic of this conclusion? Can any one question the truth of the statements herein made, or deny their application to the condition of things in almost every city and state in the Union? The very foundations have been undermined and the temple of free government is in peril of falling with a sudden and mighty crash. The nation cannot long survive such a condition of internal rottenness, which is the equal of anything ever known in the history of former times, in the record of governments which fell by the weight of their own iniquity.

A New York railroad king, when asked what he thought about the proposed surface railroad on Fifth avenue, said promptly: "It's against the law; but that will not prevent men from trying to build it." Just so. There is no hesitancy in going ahead and ignoring the law, if there is a chance to make millions and to escape subsequent loss and punishment. There is no regard for the public interest. An officer of a corporation which was seeking a special advantage through local legislation, presented

some facts and figures to an influential editor, who wanted to make the statement public, for the information of his readers. The vigorous reply was: "The public be—hanged! It's you I'm after. I want to keep you straight. I care nothing for the public." A most suggestive declaration, right in the line of the dominant thought of these ruling elements. Easy Smiler, the smooth-tongued, crooked mercantile appraiser, and his counterpart, the dishonest assessor and De Wellington Highflyer and his associates and friends, make their corrupt bargains, conspire to cheat the state and share the plunder, and no one is punished; no one is even exposed. Men talk about these things in a free and easy way, as though they were of no consequence. "They all do it," is the common and shameless admission, the ready-made excuse.

How long shall these things be ?

There is often public curiosity to know how corrupt schemes are put through legislative bodies. Bank bills are not openly handed around like apples from a basket. There are intermediaries, like Simon Sneak and Oliver Slick, Esq., who "fix" things. Stock is promised at a nominal figure. Fat contracts are arranged for. There are secret deals with assurances of heavy returns. Campaign funds are subscribed to. Friendly co-workers are looked after. Embarrassing personal debts are mysteriously disposed of. Desirable and lucrative places are assigned in the embryo corporation. Orders are issued by outside managers, who hold these petty public servants as in a vise and compel them to play the part of public thieves. Fagan in politics is a fearful force in every city in the Union. Lije Crook directs the actions of his degraded creatures and Dan McSwiggin sees to it that the "sugar bowl" is within reach of all who have rendered satisfactory service. What a forbidding picture it all makes! From the Senate of the United States, with its slimy record of subserviency to the exactions and directions of the odious sugar trust, down to the smallest legislative body in the land, there is an open door for the lobbyist, the corruptionist, the briber, the enemy of honest government, the betrayer of public trust.

How long shall these things be? How long can they continue and republican government live? Will not history repeat itself? Were the corrupt Roman consuls one whit worse than the bribers and bribe takers of our time? With the foundation of private and

public morality, conscience and decency thus undermined, will not the superstructure inevitably fall? Can the Republic long endure, resting upon a basis, the very heart of which has been eaten away by the canker worm of corruption? At the door of the selfish, rapacious and in all things truly American, disloyal ruling classes, may justly be laid the largest measure of responsibility for the dangers which beset the nation, in its hour of seeming greatest prosperity. "Where wealth accumulates men decay," has again been impressively illustrated, this time in the new world. The country is gorged with riches, but ninety per cent. of its wealth is held by less than ten per cent. of the population. The intense greed for unhallowed gain has led to the abandonment in great part of safe paths and the pursuit of methods which if persisted in can only result in the virtual enslavement of the masses, or—an other revolution.

Nations are but communities of a larger growth, an aggregate of individuals, and the same laws govern both. Personal degradation means personal ruin. National degradation means national ruin. This is the lesson of the ages, the story of mankind from the beginning. There can be no violation of the moral law without condemnation and punishment. It may be delayed. The hand of mercy may stay the hand of justice; but it will surely fall and smite to the death, as certainly as the night follows the day. The laws of the universe are unchangeable in the natural world. The laws of its Almighty Creator are inexorable. Six thousand years of human history, recorded in the rise and fall of nations, proves this beyond the shadow of a doubt.

In the grip of the destroyer.

These impressive words, from a source not given to sensationalism, are from Christian Work, appearing after this chapter had been written:

"Revolution has no respect for capital, and the frenzied mob gloats over the plunder of accumulated wealth. A reckoning day is sure to come, through the wise forethought of accepted reform, or through the revolt of an oppressed people. Does any one doubt this? Let him study the history of the past. Persia went down when one per cent. of her people held in possession nearly the whole of her landed estate; Egypt was disrupted and fell when two per cent. of her people had obtained possession of

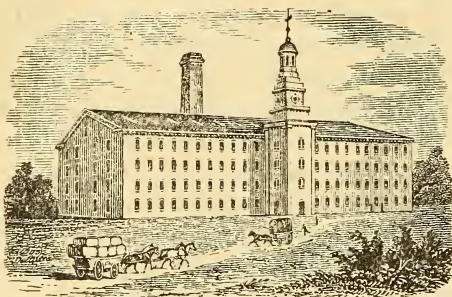
ninety-seven-one-hundredths of her wealth. Babylon perished when two per cent. of her citizens virtually controlled her wealth; Rome expired when her landed estate had fallen into the hands of one thousand eight hundred of her citizens; Greece followed in like experience; and other nations round out the lesson, that the wealth of a nation concentrated in the hands of a few is the grip of death.

"What, then, of our nation? Can it survive when ninety-five-one-hundredths of its wealth shall have fallen into the hands of one per cent. of its people? Such concentration of wealth has been, in the past and will be in the future, from the very nature of the case, detrimental to national life and prosperity. The centralization of wealth in the hands and under the control of a few immense corporations puts the many under the merciless rule of greed. Men out of work, some on the verge of **starvation**, **are** compelled, out of their pittance and want, to help increase the wealth of millionaires, or else shelter their families in comfortless homes. And in addition to this kind of oppression, this massing of wealth and of business in the hands of the few withdraws all incentive to effort from the many, saps the nourishing blood of enterprise in the masses, destroys competition, which is the life of business activity, enforces serfdom or idleness, undermines the morality of the people, kills the spirit of patriotism, breeds anarchy, and ends in national overthrow.

"Are we in danger along these lines? If wealth continues to concentrate in this country for the next twenty-five years as it has for the past twenty-five years, ninety-five-one-hundredths of all the wealth of this country will be in the hands of one per cent. of the population. Can this nation endure under the strain of such a condition of financial affairs? Already business is largely under control of great corporations, the men of small capital are forced out of manufacturing, and the multitude of laboring men and women are ready for revolt. Nor is this all. Capital already lays its hand upon the government, dictates legislation, plays fast and loose with the gold in the national treasury for its own selfish ends, and rules as an oligarchy. Are we not in the grip of the slayer?"

XXII.

"In almost every branch of productive industry there is systematic fraud. The unpardonable offense is the telling of the truth. A revival of righteousness is needed."



THERE can be no doubt that what Mr. Lathrop so pointedly terms: "Half honesty and half bribery," represents a discreditable state of things largely prevalent in many departments of the business arena in the United States at this time. There is a widespread and deplorable

lack of conscience and of that elevated spirit of honorable dealing which was formerly the just pride of all our merchants, manufacturers, professional men and leading citizens generally. There has been on the part of many a weak surrender to pernicious influences, a sacrifice of the elements of true manhood. The one purpose everywhere manifested amongst this class is to forge ahead, by fair means or foul, to win the prize of financial success, regardless of the character of the means or methods adopted to secure this end. "Smartness" is the first requisite, the first rule applied to employes, and unquestioning fidelity the next.

It is coolly insisted that the game of deception must be played from beginning to end. There must be no revelation of the tricks of trade; no enlightenment of the public; no possibility of gain must be lost through refusal to go steadily forward in crooked ways. "They all do it," is again the self-condemnatory excuse; and as always, to excuse is to accuse. Besides, it is not true. There is still a saving remnant. "It is the only way to get along, these days," is the brazen declaration on every hand; a statement that is equally without foundation. Dishonesty never

pays in the end. At times there is a shifting of responsibility that suggestively shows that conscience is not yet dead; that it is only in a state of perilous stupor. Oh! for its awakening, before the whole fabric of trade becomes hopelessly demoralized and fatally worm eaten. A faithful building inspector, in an eastern city, resisted strong political and personal pressure, for days, and required the plans for a new "sky scraper" to be changed, by the addition of one hundred tons to the weight of the steel to be used in the structure. Think of the risk to human life that the builders proposed to run in order to make unjust profits.

Fraud that runs riot.

American manufacturers possess every advantage to secure golden returns from legitimate business. Yet in almost every branch of productive industry there is systematic fraud. A very large proportion of the so-called woolen goods of the period is so constructed that the public has no idea how it is taken advantage of. "Shoddy," for instance, is now so skillfully made that even experts may be deceived. To be sure, the main fibre in the attractive-looking garment is practically "all wool," as blandly stated; but if the unsuspecting customer knew it had been worn—and largely used up—by some other person, perhaps a beggar, in the streets of some foreign city, he would not touch it, at any price. The goods are sold under false pretenses. The customer is deliberately deceived. It is nothing less than naked theft. An immense amount of wretched stuff is palmed off on poor people, with but little money for needful purchases, which makes the crime tenfold worse, as "part wool." The cheapest and meanest coloring is used for cotton goods; "fast colors," always, at the bargain counter. "Rubber" goods are sold so cheaply as to tempt the uninformed which give scarcely any protection and the use of which has cost thousands of lives.

In the boot and shoe trade there is the most persistent and equally outrageous cheating of the helpless poor, who go about with flimsy foot-covering, suffering all the ills of flesh in consequence. In carpets the ingenuity of deceptive "cheapness" has been exhausted. Miserable rags, the unfortunate housewife finds, in a little while, instead of the substantial though plain floor covering for little feet she had with such happy confidence bought, after self-sacrificing saving for a whole year. The cheap glove

makers revel in fraudulent practices nothing less than criminal. The umbrella manufacturer, too, has learned how to keep up with the procession, while his victims pass on, robbed of their money and deprived of shelter in the storm. The "cheap" mattress maker knows how to utilize rotten stuff, with poor covering; to rake in money for material the making up of which ought to be prohibited by the public health department. In knit goods great fortunes have been made at the expense of the people, and the blanket manufacturer has had a bonanza in turning out covering for man and beast that caps the climax in the game of fraud.

Criminal doings of food makers.

If it is a crime against humanity to trifle with the health of the people in connection with what they wear and must use in the household, how should such practices in the making and selling of food be characterized? Yet it is simply stating a fact which no honest and intelligent manufacturer or dealer will for one moment question, to say that almost every article of human consumption has been more or less tampered with, imitated, or adulterated. All over the country there has been agitation by the friends of "pure food laws," but without stamping out the manifold iniquities of trade thus aimed at. Some progress has been made in this direction, but very much remains to be done; and with legislators only too anxious to be "seen," executive officers indifferent or corrupt, and even courts every ready to protect great interests, powerful enough to have a "pull" in the so-called temples of justice, the battle with this combination of public pirates is a herculean and almost helpless task. Practically the whole range of farinaceous foods, such as corn starch, farina, baking powders, etc., have been criminally tampered with. Bogus coffee, of one kind and another, has been a staple article of internal commerce for a score of years. Tea trash, that a Japanese or a Chinese grower would not permit to come near his table under any circumstances, is sold in this country by the shipload.

In the canning industry, millions have been made by the use of unfit products, imitation material, bogus "salmon" for instance, and new labels on old cans, from year to year. Grocers sell tons of cheap "California hams," which never came from within two thousand miles of the Pacific coast, and which are made from another part of the hog. The cracker industry has kept in line

with numberless tricks of petty deception, while chrome yellow and other injurious substances are freely used to give unhealthful goods an attractive appearance. The candy makers have had a great time fooling the people, making work for the doctors and druggists and long rows of little graves. Even the "finest mixtures" are frequently the result of deceptive practices. "Grape sugar," which knows nothing of the fruit of the vine, but is made from the indigestible part of the grains of corn, is used in immense quantities, and poisonous coloring matter is added recklessly. One of the most villainous schemes of the time is the making of "whiskey drops," whereby little children and youth may unconsciously acquire the drink habit. Let parents be on their guard.

When the careful head of the family buys old-fashioned "'lasses jack," like his granny used to make, for his children, he has no assurance that it is not made of unhealthful bogus syrup. The very particular epicure, who knows a thing or two, buys his honey in the comb—he will take no chances with liquids in the bottle, however sweet and "pure" looking. He does not know that the natural looking "comb" itself was skillfully made in a busy human hive, by ingenious machinery, out of carefully prepared bogus "wax," and that the "pure honey," manufactured from glucose, was then deposited by human workers and sent forth to play its part in the great drama of commercial swindling which holds the boards every day and night in the year. Even the drug manufacturer is shamefully guilty, deceiving and robbing the sick and adding to the income of the funeral directors.

Wholesale cheating of government.

The federal government is engaged in a constant struggle to get its dues. During the existence of the tariff of 1894, it was reliably estimated that the importers and manufacturers came out ahead in this battle to the extent of over forty million dollars a year; that sum represented the amount of fraud practiced, in one way and another, principally through undervaluation. Under the tariff of 1890 carpet manufacturers made big money, using the better part of "carpet wool," coming in under a low rate of duty, to manufacture knit goods, in competition with other makers thus placed at a disadvantage. It was frequently discovered also that bales of carpet wool would have very soft and fine insides—another method of swindling the custom house. The notorious

"hat trimmings" case will be remembered. Millions of dollars' worth of silk ribbons were classed one way on invoices and then sold for other uses. In every possible way importers and manufacturers using foreign raw material have united to defeat the letter and spirit of the law.

On every hand the same condition of affairs is to be noted, until the question arises: What is to be the end of this wholesale and retail system of dishonesty and public and private robbery? The effect upon employes, of every class, is something those responsible for such demoralizing practices never seem to think about. The inevitable result must be the multiplication of vicious methods, the breeding of a multitude of dishonest men in the future. Yet there is no escape from the odious and ruinous conditions imposed, except at the sacrifice of the means of livelihood. The workmen must obey instructions, or quit, and perhaps starve. Clerks and salesmen must be guilty accessories, or leave their places, perhaps to become beggars, with the streets crowded with enforced idlers of every class. The employe who would rebel and make a public exposure of wrongful methods would be hounded from one end of the country to the other. He would be black-listed and bitterly denounced for having "betrayed the confidence" of his employers.

The penalty of honesty.

The odious and un-American spirit here indicated is ever present amongst the ruling classes of the hour. Its blighting effect upon aspiring young men especially is to be met everywhere. There is no toleration for that manly independence which was once the pride of the nation. There must be unyielding obedience to the galling yoke of servitude, or the consequences are felt for life. The line is drawn and maintained with relentless rigidity. Those within the charmed circle are cared for, feted, pushed forward; those without, who have manifested a disposition to think, speak and act for themselves, and on behalf of the people, are placed under the ban; their way is barred in business, professional and social life. If at the bar, they look toward honorable service upon the bench in vain. If ambitious of taking part in political life, they speedily find the gates to preferment tightly closed by an unseen hand. If they are in the pulpit and dare speak out against the sins, though manifold and glaring, of the occupants

of the front pews, they are required to move on to a more congenial field. Social honors and personal emoluments are heaped upon compromisers, who "prophesy smooth things," but the Gospel teacher, who, like John Gold-mouth, afterwards St. Chrysostom, in the pulpit of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, thunders against wickedness in high places, like him, is banished to the plains. In journalism many of the best and brightest and bravest are chained with bit and bridle and spend their restless days chafing under a restraint that stifles manhood and kills devotion to true principles. In these tainted business circles the demand is for an easy conscience, readiness to play rivals false, to deceive, to conceal that which justice demands should be made known, to act the part of duplicity with brazen assurance and spaniel-like fidelity.

The sort of service required is herewith illustrated: The watchful "outside guard" of a corporation officer enters and announces, "Mr. Longtalk, Sah." The manager looks up annoyed and asks: "Did you say I was in?" The cautious and diplomatic reply is: "I said I will see, Sah." "Buttons," says the resourceful official, rising, "I think I will go out and you—can look for me," and he steps through the wideopen door and stands just within the other room. The faithful Buttons gravely inspects the vacant chair a moment and returns to the ante-room, to say to Mr. Longtalk, with a calm countenance: "The manager is not in, Sah." Who is responsible for that falsehood? If Buttons and his kind, and all others in all grades of mercantile and business life subject to baleful influences did not readily fall in with such crooked ways, they would soon find themselves in the streets. By and bye this teaching bears legitimate fruit. There is deception, falsified books, defalcation, ruin. Who is responsible? A host of the best and brainiest young men in this country are at this time being trained in these ways that are dark; having their moral foundation undermined, their conscience seared, their souls blackened, for time and eternity, by the abominable practices of "business" men, who hold their heads above the common herd and thank heaven that they are not as other men are. Let us be profoundly thankful that they are not. These are terrible words; but who will gainsay them?

The anarchy that kills.

Almost daily expression is given, through influential sources, to the sentiments here expressed, and it would be an easy matter to take up many pages with the most vigorous characterization of the methods of the times. Thoughtful men regard these things with the gravest apprehension. Some of those who speak out plainly have attracted wide attention and deservedly received high commendation for their courageous declaration of truth. One of these is Herbert Welsh, who has rendered effective service in the cause of reform, and who in his growing publication earnestly says:

"It is not the anarchy from beneath that this nation has any real reason to fear, as City and State from time to time has pointed out, but the anarchy from above—the easy, widespread, hardly concealed and thoroughly insolent disregard of law, evading or subverting it, and contempt for obligations shown by many of those who can resort to that sort of thing, or do it all with apparent impunity, because of their great possessions, or the undue tyrannous influence which such possessions, in an age of peculiar greed, give them. This is the danger of the land at this hour, and not to be despised is it or widely lost sight of. It is in the conspiracies and nefarious schemes and practices common among the holders of wealth: in the corporations and trusts in restraint of trade, which, either without law, or under cover of the mere forms of law, corruptly and unlawfully secured, seek to secure for themselves all the rewards of enterprise; in the employers who conspire, with every advantage on their side, to grind down to a peculiarly degrading slavery those by whose brawn and brain their wealth is piled up, oppressing the hireling with his wages; it is in these and other like forms only too well known, but which really should be better known, in order to their removal, that masterful danger lurks."

A distinguished minister, Rev. S. W. Dana, of Philadelphia, recently addressed his associates in the Ministerial Association on the need of "A Revival of Righteousness." He said: "One of the most urgent needs of the hour is a revival of righteousness. Without it what becomes of civil and social virtues? What becomes of national honor, of truth and integrity between man and man? In a free republic what are you to do if there is no fair

vote, fairly counted? If there be bribery, at primaries and conventions, in legislative bodies and executive offices, with public men as clay in the hands of the unscrupulous manipulator, what hope is there of a just government, justly administered? Why should we censure the man who sells his votes for a small sum, and have no word of criticism for the committees of our great political parties and officers in large corporations, who furnish the money for these bribes, without asking any questions as to how that money is expended? If we turn our eyes from public and business life to the social condition of the things of the times, we discover the same need of a revival of righteousness.

A righteous protest.

"When the Lord's day comes, too many, even among those who bear the Christian name, seem to feel no sense of obligation to be in the Lord's House, to engage in His worship and work, or to derive from the day any religious blessing for themselves and others. The Sunday newspaper, the bicycle, golf, the rides, the excursions, dinners, musicales and so-called sacred concerts do not strike a single note for God and for unselfish living. Much of the literature of the day is degrading, and it is time that Americans were taking more cognizance of the precept that 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people.' When the word duty drops out of the vocabulary of a people; when their one constant thought, in business or recreation, is of self, then their life is upon a wrong basis and they need a revival of righteousness. If the family, society and even the church is honeycombed with selfishness, what is to become of those who are dominated by that spirit? What is to become of the Republic if the forces which sustain and purify it are withdrawn?"

What an indictment. What a page for the historian of the next century to stumble over. Is it true? Aye, every word, and much more might truthfully be said, and ought to be said. But the demand everywhere, on the part of those who have thus undermined the social, political, official and commercial fabric, is for silence. Nothing must be said. Everything must be covered up. Nothing must be made known. The people must be kept in ignorance, the laborer in subjection, the government within the iron grasp of selfish and unprincipled money kings. The unpardonable offense of the time is the telling of the truth. The all-

powerful conspiracy of degradation and silence is renewed from day to day and week to week, and year to year. But the light will be turned on, the truth will be made known and justice shall prevail, though the followers of the modern Baal unite to hold the power they have so fearfully misused. An all Seeing eye that cannot be deceived, is watching this drama of iniquity, and in His own time He will administer judgment to those who have ignored so defiantly the command, thundered from Sinai: "Thou shalt not steal."



XXIII.

"Fashionable heathendom of old never knew what sinful extravagance meant in comparison with the drones and parasites of American life. After the reign of millionairism, the deluge of Divine wrath."



WHAT is the single line of apologetic defense always offered in behalf of the habits of luxury and extravagance of our new American imitators of old world aristocracy? Simply this: "It is our own money and we have a right to do as we please with it." Here is the answer to the first part of this self-condemnatory plea of confession and avoidance.

By far the larger part of the wealth thus so selfishly used is not the rightful property of those who hold it. Every dollar taken from unrequited labor has been stolen. Every dollar secured as the result of "smart" tricks in trade, that is, systematic deception, represents a crime worse than highway robbery, where the victim has at least some chance to protect himself and his property. Every dollar secured as the result of railroad and corporation wrecking and dishonest reorganization is covered with the blackness of crime. Every dollar representing part of the dividends declared by trusts which have corrupted legislatures, debauched executive officers, violated the law or defied the courts, belongs to the people, from whom it was thus brazenly filched. Every dollar made in gambling in the necessities of life is as dishonest a dollar as that made at the faro table. Every dollar secured by the exaction of unjust rents from the helpless poor represents cruelty as well as robbery. Every dollar held as the result of cheating the state through unfair assessment and concealment of wealth belongs to the state. Every dollar made in commerce or manufactures above a fair return for the money really invested and the services actually rendered, belongs to the people thus plundered through high prices for what they are compelled to buy to wear and eat.

Let there be an equitable readjustment on this basis of equal

and exact justice and see what the result would be. Hundreds, aye, thousands of millions would fly from the gorgeous homes of millionaires and multi-millionaires, from the strong boxes in bank and safe deposit company vaults. There would be the greatest financial and social convulsion the world ever saw. Land and labor are the original sources of all wealth. The American people have faithfully wrought for two centuries and they should never have known the strange and disheartening inequalities of our time. It has not been a survival of the fittest, but the triumph of the strongest, the most daring, the most selfish, the most lawless. If the struggle continues the story of the great Republic will be read by future generations as one more chapter recording the work of human greed, heartlessness and oppression.

How the millions are spent.

It is claimed that there is a lavish expenditure of this superabundant wealth "for the general benefit of the country." Yes, the money is spent—by the million; but in what manner? Every year sees upwards of one hundred million dollars carried out of the United States and handed over to our rivals in manufactures and commerce. This is considered a moderate estimate of the amount of money annually expended abroad by American tourists. Foreign steamship companies get their share for luxurious service, and the transportation companies, hotel keepers, house owners, traders, guides, chaperones and innumerable lackeys get the remainder. Those at the front of the ultra-fashionable procession now consider it the proper thing to rent, at high rates, houses in London, Paris, along the Rhine, in Italy, at the watering and mountain resorts, etc. Private citizens from this country frequently travel with more elaborate state, in England and on the continent, than foreign princes and rulers. They outshine the nobility, who are staggered at such reckless display of financial resources.

One of the latest fads is representation on the turf. Some of our ambitious horsemen send "strings" of blooded racers and join in the great contests of the year. The ordinary expense involved is equal to a year's moderate income for a professional American of good standing at home, and this is added to by a social turnout that fills the slow-going Britishers with envy. There is the most liberal patronage of fashionable modistes and

tailors, and subsequent wholesale cheating of the United States customs. A wagon load of extra and expensive garments will be purchased, each one being worn for an hour or two, and then all will be brought in under the guise of wearing apparel "in daily use." Fashionable smugglers, especially of the female variety, glory in their many devices to escape the payment of duty and then they cover their souls with perjury, or cause their underlings to swear falsely. Tons of fancy goods are bought and great quantities of jewelry and personal and household adornment likewise. So general has this practice become a new industry has been developed, the commission agents and commercial interpreters making a fat living.

The ruling passion is ever present. Governments will be cheated without any rebellion of conscience. On one occasion a party was stopped at the gates of a southern European city. There was a noisy wrangle with the customs officers. Instantly the chief guide ran ahead and in a few moments the imposing cavalcade went through, amid the profound salaams of the apologetic guard. He had quickly swung open the gates to make way "for the Governor of Pennsylvania"—who was in his office, three thousand miles away. The thrifty-minded guide well knew that his audacious performance would be appreciated and rewarded. Everything that can be brought over to give a foreign air to the homes and surroundings of this class of alleged Americans is freely purchased. Thousands of dollars are expended for gay looking driving outfits and these must invariably be accompanied by well-groomed lackeys of the regulation pattern. Maids and valets, butlers, waiters and chefs; the whole outfit is engaged regardless of expense; in fact, it is considered quite vulgar to higggle over anything required to make a presentable appearance. Madame and her daughters must be at the front; the young bloods must dazzle their stay-at-home cronies; and the head of the house of shoddy, sham and pretense cheerfully pays the freight and shakes hands with himself.

Un-American imitation of foreign ways.

Official representatives of the American government abroad who cannot keep up with this giddy gait find themselves sadly misplaced. The general air of the social fireflies, while away from home, is one of supreme contempt for democratic ways and in-

tense admiration for everything English and continental. They strive to affect the manners and peculiar speech of old-world idlers, gossips and empty-headed pretenders. They make a dash at the gaming-tables and at the races. The son of a proud millionaire manufacturer, when going abroad, was asked by his father if he would not want a little money for the turf. And he was handed an extra five thousand dollar check. When they come home the very atmosphere surrounding these periodical visitors to the old world is heavy with the odor of the incense offered upon foreign altars. There is a fresh display of contempt for America and for Americans. Practically all the garments worn the year round are made abroad. And nearly everything used in the household that can be secured with a foreign trademark is given a place of honor.

The gay season is entered upon with a determination to break the record. Our American aristocracy live in fine houses, big enough for hotels; some of their grand-daddies would have got lost in them; but these frequently are too small for the dinners, teas, balls, receptions, whist parties, etc., which keep things whirling from Thanksgiving to Lent, and many now pay little respect to the season of restraint. Hails must be hired for special occasions and whole floors of fashionable hostelries are engaged. The floral decorations of such a night out cost enough to pay off the mortgage on a western farm. The caterer's bill represents a sum which would keep a dozen American mechanics' families in comfort for three months. The wine alone is an item that would have blinded the richest and proudest of the fore daddies. The music must be of the most expensive character; but its quality is something of a secondary nature. There must be foreign fiddlers and hornblowers or a "Hungarian Band" of some sort, whether it is made up of men who never heard of Hungary or not. Lately a new method of spending barrels of money has been invented. This is the distribution on a large scale of "favors" amongst guests. These sometimes are very costly, and in the aggregate swell the expense account enormously. But that only pleases Oily Rocks, especially when he sees the whole affair done up in great shape in the society columns of the newspapers.

Reckless extravagance. The rising generation.

The stable outfit of some of these high-rollers in fashionable life costs what would have been regarded as a big fortune thirty years ago. The loudest display of Anglo-maniacism is in connection with the coaching club fad. Here is a spectacle which is indicative of the utter recklessness of this class of spendthrifts. Their horses are infinitely better housed and cared for than is the average American working man. Their dogs, upon which great sums of money are spent, are the recipients of attention and caresses that right-minded men and women bestow upon their own offspring. Dog-doctors and dog-dentists make big money ministering to the comfort and well-being of these pampered pets of the library, the boudoir, the dressing-room and the smoking-room. These fashionable folks have conceived a wonderful and grotesque admiration for some of the simpler methods of earlier days. The women do not wear dresses; they array themselves in gorgeously-made "frocks" and "gowns." Their wardrobe for a season will comprise from ten to thirty-five of these garments, costing from five hundred to two thousand five hundred dollars, and all the rest of their attire is in keeping with this exhibition of extravagance.

The youngsters—they are suggestively growing scarcer and feebler every year—the race will soon be run out, let us be thankful for that—live in an atmosphere of cold-blooded disdain for the wholesome ways of plain living and right thinking. They are trained to imitate those about them, in un-American ways; to have a lofty contempt for the common people, who have to work for an honest living. Many of the young men do not think of matrimony before they are five and thirty or forty. This, indeed, is regarded as a weakness. But prolonged single life does not mean necessarily that they are to live in a cloister, so far as the company of the other sex is concerned. They can be a law unto themselves, and it is not "good form" to take notice of such personal matters. Concubinage is not considered an offense to be severely condemned. All that is needful is to keep up a bold front, and every fashionable door remains wide open. Cold bluff is regarded with ill-concealed admiration.

In ostentatious display, indulgence of fashionable folly, shameful extravagance and recklessly expensive living, the class here

referred to spend every year three times more than enough to pay the interest on the national debt. With fortunes ranging from one million to ten million, twenty million and fifty million dollars, and incomes from thirty thousand to five hundred thousand dollars a year, these people expend from twenty thousand dollars to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year in maintaining their different establishments, in town and country, at seaside and mountain, at home and abroad, in supporting an army of foreign lackeys, in the purchase of foreign-made goods and foreign food and drink, in vulgar display and the gratification of sensual appetites. Fashionable Athens, Rome, Pompeii, Corinth and Alexandria never knew what sinful extravagance meant in comparison with the ways of these drones and parasites of American life. Their whole existence is a monstrous libel on true manhood and womanhood. The influence of their worse than useless lives is demoralizing and vicious.

A quick transition. "After us the deluge."

And it must be remembered that in most cases it is a mushroom aristocracy, that should excite the unbridled contempt of every man and woman of true instincts. It is ordinarily only one generation from the alley to the avenue; from the washtub to the marble or silver bathtub; from the clumsy old cart horse in the quarry to the ridiculous-looking fan-tailed "cob" in the park; from the linsey woolsey to the hand-painted satin reception "gown;" from the canton flannel night gown to the richly-embroidered sleeping garment; from the old tin coffee-pot to the gold-lined silver service; from the washing machine to the \$1500 piano; from the penny jewsharp to the \$500 mandolin; from the rawhide boots to the alligator slippers and patent leather pumps; from the old-fashioned and comfortable bed quilts, made by "granny" in her younger days, to the heavy silken coverlet; from the old bed of goose feathers to the luxurious hair mattress; from the penny dip in the pewter candlestick to the delicate wax taper in the golden candelabra; from the rope bed-cord to the steel springed and gold mounted "Susan B. Anthony"—for fashionable folks must sleep apart nowadays—or pretend to; from the humble but comfortable homes of respectable and faithful toilers, to the twenty, thirty and fifty-room mansions, literally stuffed with the costliest furniture; from the plain American wedding outfit for a happy

bride to the \$25,000 trousseau from Paris. The big houses of American millionaires contain from \$50,000 to \$500,000 worth of furnishing, pictures and other expensive adornments. Some of the fine ladies of the time are so particular that they carry their sleeping arrangements around with them, golden candlesticks and all.

During the "season" day is turned into night and night is turned into day. The most profitable patronage of the demoralizing plays of the fleshly school of impurity comes from this class. Likewise the debasing iniquities practiced in the name of "art" find full indorsement and defense in these circles. The one purpose all the while is to minister to the body; to please the eye; to excite the envy of the less favored; to cut a big swath "socially;" to spend money; to keep everything "wide open"—until the day of judgment—and for such as these it surely will soon be here. The whole atmosphere surrounding this element of American life is surcharged with the spirit of deceit, vanity, pretense, frivolity, wastefulness, insolence, impurity and defiant disregard of the high responsibilities connected with the stewardship of wealth. There is no sense of responsibility, and any such suggestion is resented as an unwarranted trespass upon "personal rights." "After us the deluge," said the wicked mistress of the weak and ruined French monarch. After the reign of American millionairism, the deluge of divine wrath! "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity." "In that night was Belshazzar slain and Darius the Median took the kingdom."



XXIV.

“America’s King Stork, in account with the people of the United States—Dr. To amount received, during 1897, \$1,545,000,000—A ravenous monster who is gorging himself with the substance of the land.”

It has been stated, at a preliminary point in these pages, that America’s King Stork costs the people fully one thousand five hundred million dollars a year, or upwards of five million dollars for each working day. This extraordinary statement is made with a full appreciation of its serious character, but not without the most intelligent and careful consideration of the facts; it is really only indicative of the burden unnecessarily placed upon the nation in consequence of the present political, financial, commercial, industrial and social system. It is understood, however, that the average reader, honestly desirous of reliable information, will be glad to have laid before him a chart for his guidance in reaching a just conclusion. It would be manifestly impossible to turn on the light so as to reveal entirely the inside workings and total results of the monopolistic methods of the period. But what has been shown from time to time, through official reports, the pressure of legislative or judicial inquiry, and sometimes the outcome of rogues’ quarrels, furnishes a fair basis for a comprehensive though incomplete summary of the situation.

First, and always, as the greatest enemy of true national prosperity, stands the liquor traffic. This absorbs nearly one thousand million dollars of the people’s money every year. The political economist can find no just grounds for the existence of this fearful drain upon the national resources; but the utmost deference may be paid to the prejudices and the claims of the drinking classes; an enormous and altogether excessive sum may be set aside for payment for liquor for use in the arts and sciences, and for medicinal purposes, and to maintain personal habits, alleged to be imperative through impaired physical condition—and all this is simply in the nature of special pleading for the needless use of intoxicants—and still there would remain over \$500,000,000 unaccounted for. Let it stand at that, for present purposes. Surely no one can then complain of the figures put down.



AMERICA'S KING STORK.



Profits which might have been shared.

As remarked elsewhere, manufacturing industry in this country has been productive of great wealth, the possession of the favored few. The evidences of this are to be seen on every hand. But what has been the measure of fairness meted out to the faithful workers in factory and shop? Let the official census report of a single typical year of prosperity, the latest at hand, it will be understood, 1890, tell the suggestive story. According to the voluntary statements of 300,000 establishments, with \$6,100,000,000 capital employing upwards of 4,000,000 operatives and turning out \$9,000,000,000 worth of manufactured goods there was a net profit of \$1,213,000,000, or a fraction less than 20 per cent. on the capital invested. Many members of these great corporations render no personal service, except as directors, perhaps an hour or two a week, and are justly entitled only to a fair return on their money. They received more than three times the regular rate of interest on stocks, mortgages, bonds, etc.; nearly four times the interest drawn by holders of United States and other first-class state and municipal securities. It is to be remembered, too, that the figures given show the average profit and that in many cases there was a much heavier net return, especially where there is exclusive use of patented processes.

The average pay of the four million employees in these establishments was about nine dollars per week. Suppose the latter had been allowed only 12 per cent. more wages—a little over one dollar per week. This would have amounted to the handsome total of \$200,000,000 and the employers would still have had an aggregate profit of over one thousand million dollars, or nearly 17 per cent. Might not this concession have been cheerfully granted? Would it have been anything more than just? It would only have amounted to fifty dollars a year for each employee; a small sum but very much more than the vast majority were able to save out of their meagre earnings. A little consideration of this kind is always returned ten fold. Instead, the rate of wages paid was regulated by the "law" of supply and demand. The "help" received only what it was necessary to pay, in order to preserve the peace and to keep the mills going. Is this wise? Is it just? Will it pay in the end?

How the people pay the freight.

The railways of America have for many years been carrying thousands of millions of watered stock and bonds. Interest is not paid on all of the mountain of debt, and holders of many millions of stock receive no dividend; yet freight and passenger rates have been kept up far beyond what would have been necessary under normal conditions and according to honest methods. Last year's total receipts for traffic were \$1,125,000,000. If only 10 per cent. of this may be charged to the account of over-capitalization and reckless financiering, the people are paying considerably more than \$100,000,000 on account of the selfish operations of promoters, speculators, wreckers and professional re-organizers. Further, the power of such odious monopolies as the Standard Oil Company, the beef trust, and gigantic grain speculators to enforce special rates and rebates, robs stockholders and ordinary shippers, and the traveling public in general, of over \$100,000,000 a year; this according to known facts, and there is ample evidence to sustain the repeated declaration that this amount is far below what is really secured by these all-powerful combinations.

Who can estimate the extent of the wrong suffered through the manufacturing and commercial crookedness of our day? Each one of the twelve million families in the land must bear a proportionate share of this burden. That it amounts to not less than five per cent. of the daily expense account, no one will dispute; and this, upon a very economical basis of household management, amongst the plain people only, gives a total of over \$200,000,000 a year of simple robbery, much of it of a criminal character in other respects, on account of the physical injury inflicted through the use of adulterated foods and dishonestly made clothing material. The business failures of every year show an excess of liabilities over assets of \$100,000,000, the result, to a great extent, of monopoly, discrimination and ruinous methods which sweep all classes of small dealers into oblivion and hopeless poverty. There are some facts to be noted in this connection of a most suggestive character. Of the total amount lost through business failures, in 1896, 15 per cent. was charged to fraud, speculation, extravagance and neglect, showing the prevalence of demoralizing practices in business circles. The net fire loss is about \$50,000,000 a year, and the insurance men say that in these days of manifold devices for

protection and extended watchfulness on the part of public servants, a very large proportion of this is without excuse; and often much worse things are said.

Where the speculator holds sway.

In the fearful whirlpool of speculation disappears a vast sum of money, often many millions in one day. There is a studied and significant effort on the part of those concerned, for reasons which will be well understood, considering some of the practices of the time, to conceal the facts relating to these losses, and also to keep from the public the disgraceful record of bank-wrecking and the failures of bankers and banking institutions in general. Under the national banking system, disastrous failure is practically impossible, when the provisions of the law are faithfully complied with. Yet upwards of two hundred of these favored institutions have been hopelessly wrecked, the total loss amounting to many millions. In one eastern city, three such criminal failures resulted in a loss to depositors and innocent stock-holders of nearly \$3,000,000. There are still as many state as national banks, and these with ill-managed savings institutions and private banking companies and firms and scheming stock-brokers and speculative concerns, are constantly going down, carrying with them the hard earned accumulations of confiding patrons. And in many instances, it is, as one indignant public journal has truthfully said: "Rotten politics and rotten business" that is responsible. Bank directors who do not direct may be found everywhere, and state and federal officials are only too ready to cover up offenses and excuse, rather than promptly expose, the guilty and see that punishment is their portion. The high-water mark was reached by defaulters in 1894, when \$25,000,000 were stolen. The indirect effects of the crimes thus committed were felt far and wide. From all the facts and figures obtainable it is evident that the annual loss sustained through bank-wrecking, speculation and betrayal of trust is considerably in excess of \$50,000,000. The number of victims of the speculative arena is almost beyond belief on the part of ordinary citizens. The gambling mania possesses the minds of all classes and thousands of business and professional men are drawn into this ruinous vortex. What is publicly made known from time to time in this connection is only a faint indication of the extent of the prevailing evil.

Kindred monopolies—Enormous Profits.

How much the country suffers at the hands of trusts, no living man will ever be able to tell, but much light has been thrown upon this modern system of nation plundering. Here, for instance, may be given three illustrative cases: The users of anthracite coal are unjustly taxed, through excessive freight rates, fully \$20,000,000 every year. It has been openly admitted that the sugar trust has frequently made an extra profit of \$20,000,000. The Standard Oil Company has so many ramifications, it bleeds the public in so many ways, that no investigator has ever been able to trace all of its heavy tribute; but it is well known that the unjust profits made from the manufacture and sale of refined oil reach fully \$20,000,000 a year; this in addition to the regular annual dividend of \$20,000,000 on less than \$100,000,000 nominal capital. This monopoly charges home dealers for oil 100 per cent. more than is paid by those who purchase for export to Europe, where competition from the Russian oil fields has to be met. No corporation has ever dealt more vicious blows at honest enterprise, so boldly corrupted legislatures, and plundered the people so openly and defiantly, as this gigantic combination of millionaires and multi-millionaires, some of whom add to their possessions from five million to nine million dollars a year.

Electric monopolies, telegraph, telephone, light and heat organizations, etc., have reaped an immense profit in all parts of the land. The excessive monopoly tax thus levied upon the public annually, exceeds \$40,000,000. One telegraph company, with an actual capital of \$20,000,000, at one time paid dividends on \$80,000,000. Nearly every city and town in the country has been subject to needless drain of the popular resources by local transportation companies, generally uniting to destroy or prevent competition. In this way many millions have been taken by powerful aggregations of capital, selfishly used without regard to the interests or the rights of the people. During the twelve years from 1883 to 1894 inclusive, the loss to labor and capital through strikes, lock-outs, etc., averaged over \$20,000,000 a year. During this period there were upwards of 13,000 distinct labor contests, involving over 60,000 establishments and 3,000,000 employees. It is interesting to note, and quite contrary to the general public impres-

sion, that the percentage of establishments where strikes succeeded was forty-four. These figures are from the official records.

How labor suffers—A mountain of local debt.

The amount carried abroad every year by over one hundred thousand American tourists, chiefly by the spendthrift fashionable class and their retainers, is estimated by those who have special information concerning such matters, to be fully \$100,000,000. One-half of this immense sum, an average of \$500 each, may be allowed for legitimate expense account, and still the country is being thus rapidly drained of its resources without justifiable excuse. The annual loss, direct and indirect, consequent upon the un-American methods of a very large proportion of the undesirable immigrants of later years, reaches fully \$100,000,000. This may seem incredible; but let it be remembered that these miserable creatures work for about one dollar a day, while a vast number live on less than half that amount and send the remainder home. Thus, six hundred thousand of such unclean birds of passage—less than one-half the number imported, within the past twelve years, at the command of the employers of degraded cheap labor—may accumulate \$300,000 a day, or \$90,000,000 a year. Other workmen are thrown aside, many of them to become a burden to themselves and the state. The sum of \$10,000,000 annually will not meet the loss thus inflicted upon labor and the friends of humanity. It is this wretched business which is largely responsible for the multiplication of tramps and beggars on every highway. The facts as frequently printed are an abiding disgrace to this nation.

The total amount of public loss through mis-government, local, state and national, for the federal "pork bar'l" has long been a national scandal, official defalcation and tax cheating, is something no statistician has had the hardihood to wrestle with. It runs into scores of millions, as every wronged tax payer knows. The combined state, county, municipal and district debt in this country today amounts to over \$1,200,000,000, or more than \$300,000,000 in excess of the national debt. A large proportion of this indebtedness is due to the nefarious operations of the agents of the political machine. It is part of the penalty of mis-government, resulting from the neglect of the duties of citizenship. And this heavy burden is constantly added to by the enormous drain to sustain criminal courts, the work of which steadily increases, owing to the

rapid spread of vice and crime, largely the result of the overshadowing and all-consuming liquor traffic. Thus it will be seen, from this brief summary of facts so plain that they admit of no dispute, being within the knowledge of every observant citizen, how the American people are needlessly taxed through the selfish and destroying methods of the time. It will be noted that figures, based upon the clearest testimony, with relation to three trusts only are given, while there are scores of other combinations likewise engaged in plundering 70,000,000 victims. Here is the account as it may be presented, only in part:

What is lost every year.

KING STORK,

In account with the people of the United States for 1897, Dr.

To amount annually received through	
The liquor traffic	\$500,000,000
Manufacturing workers' loss	200,000,000
Household robbery (commercial crookedness)	200,000,000
Excessive railroad rates	100,000,000
Railroad rebates	100,000,000
Business failures (net loss)	100,000,000
Cheap foreign labor	100,000,000
Bank wrecking, speculation, defalcation	50,000,000
Extravagant expenditures abroad	50,000,000
Electric monopolies	40,000,000
Mysterious fire loss	25,000,000
Coal oil trust	20,000,000
Anthracite coal trust	20,000,000
Sugar trust	20,000,000
War on labor	20,000,000
<hr/>	
Grand total	\$1,545,000,000
Please remit.	

Down with the King !

In the fable, it will be remembered, the discontented frogs, not knowing what was good for them, came to grief most unexpectedly. They united in a petition to Jove for a king, and he sent them a huge and ravenous stork. The new monarch, quickly perceiving his opportunity, proceeded to depopulate the pond. He swallowed his helpless subjects as rapidly as his great appetite

demanding, scorning their protests. The American people have permitted themselves to be made the victims of a ravenous monster, who is gorging himself with their substance, devastating their rich heritage and mocking their self-begotten weakness and folly.



XXV.

“Superfluous wealth and sinful luxury has been the load which has borne down one nation after another—‘The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever He will.’”



WHEN the intrepid “Admiral of the Ocean Sea,” to use the quaint language of his time, stood upon the deck of his little vessel, far from home and friends, surrounded by threatened mutiny, with a waste of waters everywhere, no sign of land, the stars in their ceaseless vigil looking down upon him without sympathy, his soul heavy with depression, his whole being straining itself to perceive one ray of hope, he could still with calm trustfulness, look to the Great

Pilot who had guided him in safety thus far, borne him bravely on amidst dangers seen and unseen and ask for strength and a renewal of faith that was sublime. At last the roaring breakers and glistening sands told that the long journey was o’er and triumph at hand. With grateful enthusiasm, the hardy navigator carried forward the white standard of righteousness and planted it upon the virgin soil of the new world.

There and then this fair land was dedicated to Christianity, a covenant was made which was to bind the coming generations in loyal devotion to the highest principles of human government. The men who followed Columbus, two hundred years later, were all animated by the same lofty purposes. All the way from Jamestown, Plymouth Rock, the landings on the Delaware, Hudson and Patapsco, the same spirit prevailed. The embryo nation builders were profoundly imbued with a sense of moral responsibility. They laid the foundations broad and deep. They reverently and sincerely sought wisdom, strength and guidance from on high. They honored God and sacredly regarded the rights of man. They wrought mightily and carved out of the wilderness an abiding home for true civil and religious freedom and honorable prosperity.

When the issue was raised, in 1775, between liberty and justice and tyrannical oppression, the heroes of Lexington and Concord led the way in the great contest that was waged for seven long and dreary years. It was the strong right arm of labor, from the field and the shop, that struck down the foes of freedom. It was the men from the humblest firesides who endured the trials and sufferings of Valley Forge, who battled all the way from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. And again, a third of a century later, the American sailor fought for his own freedom and the maintenance of the commercial rights and prosperity of the young Republic. It was the same throughout the gigantic struggle for the preservation of the Union. The men in the ranks almost uniformly came from amongst the honest toilers, who thus anew testified their devotion to national principles, and when the conflict was over there was a vacant chair at hundreds of thousands of humble firesides.

The strong right arm of the nation.

From the earliest beginnings of the nation until the present hour, American labor has been intensely loyal to American principles. The founders of the Republic were inspired by a sincere desire to carry out the letter and spirit of the immortal Declaration. They sought, through the adoption of the Federal Constitution, to "form a more perfect Union," in order that there should be abiding peace, prosperity and happiness. Because arrogant and selfish leadership in one-half of the country proved false to this fundamental idea, the whole nation suffered. It was called to pass through the terrible fires of civil war. Black slavery was a curse to all labor, a menace to industrial freedom and to prosperity. In thunder tones, for many years, God said: "Let my people go," but the southern slave-holder, like the Egyptian task-master of old, said: "No! they are our property," and slaughter and desolation was their reward. As in the days of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, there was mourning in every house.

But the declaration of equal rights was scarcely made a fact before there was a new effort to make it a cruel mockery. The era of industrial activity and expansion immediately following the civil war, afforded a golden opportunity for the recognition of the just rights of labor. Immense fortunes were made, largely in manufacturing, within a few years. Evidences of rapidly accu-

mulated wealth increased on every hand. Towns and cities came up as if by magic. Speculation was rife. Real estate values were doubled, trebled, and quadrupled. Labor was well employed at living wages, but little more. There was not only no disposition to share, even in the smallest degree, the enormous profits that were being made; wages were cut the moment the tide was checked and when protest was entered, there was a startling reassertion of the brutal doctrine laid down in the case of the black man, in the Dred Scott decision. The helpless slave discovered that he had no rights which his master was bound to respect. The American laborer suddenly realized that he had no rights which capital was bound to respect. He must take what he could get, whatever was offered him. He could make no terms, exact no conditions, demand no concessions, look for no equitable division of the profits of his faithful toil. If he protested he was peremptorily stood aside and the old world was placed under fresh tribute for eager workers at even less pay than was being received by the American workmen.

As it is—As it might have been.

Thus began the destructive struggle between millions and millions; between arrogant and selfish millionairism and the rights of American manhood. Twenty-five years of this unequal contest has brought industrial and social conditions which are a lasting disgrace to the country and a peril to free institutions, the magnitude of which thoughtful and patriotic men are only beginning to realize. How different it might have been! Think of the happiness that would have been the lot of vast numbers of our most worthy people if the spirit of selfishness had not taken possession of the employing class, to such a large extent. Thousands of millions of dollars of the created wealth of the land have been unjustly absorbed by the iron-hearted few, while millions have been reduced to beggary, and millions more have been compelled to wade through the dark waters of distress.

What a blistering shame to America it is that such a state of things should exist. Here was a golden chance for all; yet vast numbers of those who have faithfully toiled for many years have not a dollar ahead, and still greater numbers have seen the value of their little possessions melt away like snow before an April sun. Their homes have been sacrificed and their savings swept from

them. Like the returned children of the Jewish captivity, they have sown much and brought in little; they eat but have not enough; they drink but are not filled with drink; they clothe themselves but none are warm; "and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put them into a bag with holes." Very many have been compelled to eat the bitter bread of so-called benevolence, and it is flung into their faces that the "blessed spirit of charity" was never more active; but this is adding insult to injury. It is not charity that is wanted, but justice that is rightfully demanded; a fair share of the legitimate profits of honest and faithful labor. Besides, most of this "charity" is only partial and reluctant restitution. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been carried out of the country by cheap and degraded foreign labor, and by the reckless devotees of fashion, neither class having any sympathy with American institutions, no regard for the rights of American labor.

The results of millionairism.

Meanwhile, that heartless economic device, the so-called "law" of supply and demand, is kept in full operation, for the purpose of keeping down workers and preventing them from getting their just dues. Our work people are rapidly being forced down to the European level and this must be the logical and inevitable result of a continuance of the present policy. There is a surplus of every kind of manual labor, especially in the cities, and poverty, vice and crime are steadily and alarmingly on the increase. This is not an imaginary picture; it is simply the presentation in plain words of terrible facts, known to all intelligent men, admitted by every observer of existing conditions, yet selfishly ignored by the class responsible therefor, and who continue to revel in the tribute exacted from the American people. In other respects the national horizon is clouded by degrading social, political and commercial changes. Money is king everywhere. It has made a den of thieves of the political arena. It has defiled the temple of justice. It has corrupted and debased society. It commands the obsequious deference of the church, under the penalty of its crushing displeasure. Its evil spirit has debauched the commercial world and the rising generation is being taught that the only commandment to be feared is, thou shalt not be found out. Disinterested patriotism is almost unknown. Men cannot forget self long

enough to unite to rescue government from the foul hands that control and abuse it.

The insolence of American millionairism is the brazen counterpart of the haughty defiance of voluptuaries in the worst periods of civilization the world has ever known. History is again repeating itself. As in Nineveh and Babylon of old, so in our wealth-gorged American cities; "The noise of a whip, and the noise of the rattling of the wheels and of prancing horses and of jumping chariots" fills the streets, while the lamentations of the hungry, the naked, the sick and the dying may be heard on every side. The golden chariots were no more an evidence of reckless extravagance and sinful pride than the \$5000 coaches, bespangled with blue and scarlet and gold, which may now be seen on the streets of every American city. The accursed greed for gain of a former time, when the oppressor reigned in forgetfulness or defiance of Divine commands, is with us from morn till night. The aim once more is to "swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land fail."

The cry of millionairism is precisely like that of the oppressors of four and twenty centuries ago. They also say: "When will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn? And the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances of deceit? That we may buy the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes?" They, indeed, study how to make the measure small and the dollar great. They rob labor and swell their own coffers by every device that can be thought out. They have no care for humanity, no thought of God, even no respect for His day nor the right of the laborer to enjoy it for needful rest, no fear of retribution. They drive on over the people as though there could be no day of reckoning, no settlement of the great account. Yet hear the words of the prophet: "The Lord hath sworn, surely I will never forget any of their works." In one of our great cities over one hundred lives were sacrificed through selfish indifference to the rights of humanity by a single corporation, controlling local transit, within two years.

Greater Babylon.

They behold their palaces and great estates; their iron and steel, granite and marble store-houses of superfluous wealth, containing hundreds of millions of well protected securities and other mil-

lions of idle capital, waiting eagerly for every opportunity to use it to make more millions, and they exultantly cry out, with the proud king of the Chaldeans: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty." They forget the sure fate of Nebuchadnezzar, that while he yet spake the judgment of Heaven fell upon him, to teach him that "the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever He will." They despise the warning that pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. They forget the burning pages of history that tell of the rise and fall of every such kingdom of unhallowed and misused riches.

They forget that God is just. They forget His own words, as spoken with such majestic impressiveness and so often by his great prophets and which have been fulfilled over and over again in the world's history. No nation ever came to an untimely end through the drying up of its natural resources and the poverty of the people through no fault of their own, but superfluous wealth and sinful luxury has been the load which has borne down one nation after another, the self-immolated victims of selfishness, impiety, sensuality, pride, indolence and utter forgetfulness of God and humanity. And may not the same consuming judgment fall again, in this land of "unwalled villages," so clearly pointed out by the wonderful seer, six and twenty centuries ago? "Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath."

And with it all, the possessors of these superfluous riches are like the common people whom they treat with such disdain, and whom they have in such great measure wronged. They are even more unhappy at heart. Their selfish existence brings its own punishment in the absence of real enjoyment. With them life is a round of formal self-indulgence, that leaves them also holding a bag filled with holes. They array themselves in costly apparel, but they are not warm. They know nothing of the inner joy that comes from a conscience void of offense towards God and man. They eat and drink, but are never filled. Their lives are in the end a dreary waste. Their young men grow old in youth and their maidens waste away at noon-tide. "The judgments of God are true and righteous altogether." As men sow they surely reap.

Where freedom's hosts encamped.

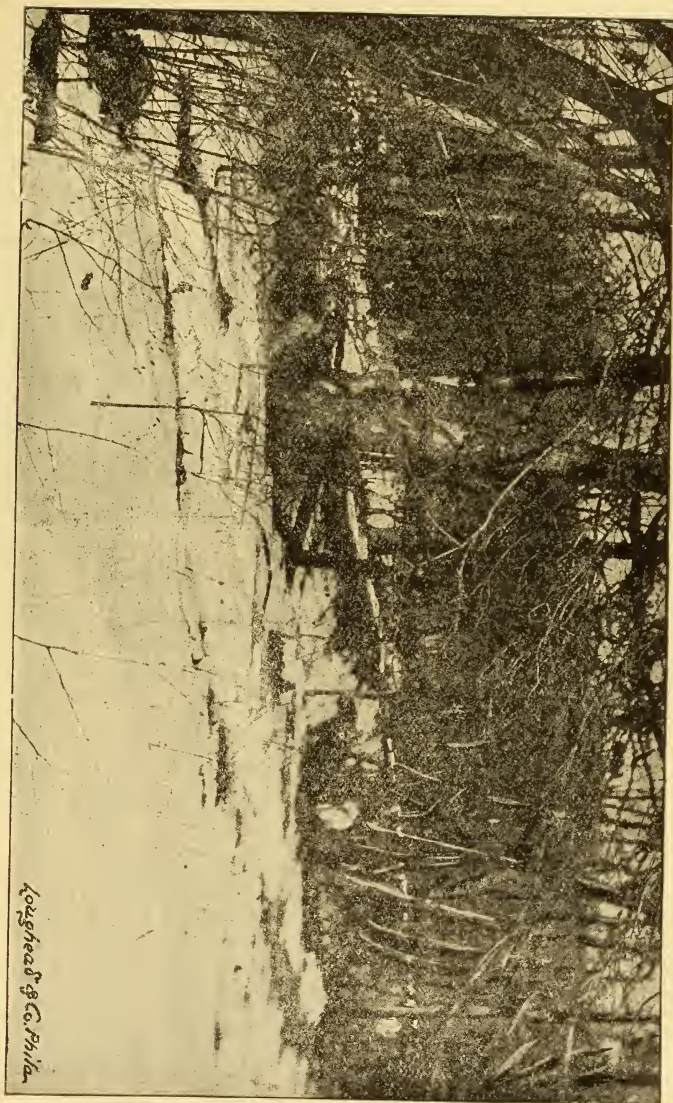
*"Recently it was my privilege to stand upon historic ground, sacred to every American citizen. Surely no one can walk the rude ramparts of Valley Forge, which, in their wonderful preservation, speak so eloquently and impressively of the heroism and self-sacrificing patriotism of the men of '76, without receiving true inspiration. Here is the spot upon which all citizens of the great Republic, the men of the north, south, east and west may meet and renew their allegiance to American institutions. The story of those thrilling times comes before the thoughtful observer like an ever-living panorama. The fearful sufferings of the hour are recalled, the temptations to betray a sacred trust which must have presented themselves with increasing force. In his midnight watch the half frozen guard appears before the mind's eye as one of the noblest figures in all history. Not far from the rude but still strong breastworks of Fort Huntingdon, is seen the only recognized grave amidst the hundreds of victims of the pitiless elements, of disease and privation. For nearly a century and a quarter the spirit of the dead soldier, John Waterman, of Rhode Island, has brooded over the scene of the trials and dangers of the little army which clung together, despite every hardship and discouragement and which was actuated by the love of country, the love of home and the love of mankind. Well would it be for this great nation if such pilgrimages were often made by the people; if the lessons of the past were more deeply studied; if the spirit of true patriotism stirred the hearts and minds of American citizens at all times, keeping them in closer alliance with the principles of free government, and inspiring them with more courageous fidelity to the public welfare. There is no other place where the youth of the land may be so strongly impressed. Valley Forge, in the years to come, should be the Mecca for a steadily increasing number of people from all parts of this country, and from other lands."

There is a legend of the American wilderness which is peculiarly impressive. A great eagle was observed to leave his lofty eerie and soar proudly aloft. Higher and higher he circled, as though ambitious to reach the heavens and reign within another world. Suddenly, this king of birds was seen to change his course, as though making an effort to return to the mountain crag. But he

* From "The Sleeping Sentinel of Valley Forge," by Edwin K. Hart.

LONG ENTRENCHMENT AT VALLEY FORGE.

Present mid-winter view of inner line of defenses, three-quarters of a mile of which remain in a remarkable state of preservation.



Longenead & Co. Phila.



came with swift and perilous descent and with a piercing scream fell to the rocks below, Without his knowledge, a deadly serpent had hidden beneath his wing and unawares he had received a treacherous wound, just when glorying in his wonderful strength and conscious power, The American nation, filled with the lust of pride, vain glory, and all the pomp and vanity of the things of this world, is soaring high; yet beneath its capacious wings it is carrying treacherous and dangerous elements which may wound it unto death

The pathway of national safety.

Truly, there must be a return to the early principles of American life or the direst consequences will ensue. Labor's just rights must be recognized. It is the bounden duty of government to take note of these things. Let there be courageous unity on the part of those who toil, the workmen in the shop and in the field, the laborer and the farmer, the small tradesman and modest property owner. United they can resist the selfish aggressions of un-American millionairism, and in this way only can they wrest the country from the grip of the destroyer. The struggle for the preservation of equal rights, the maintenance of true liberty and prosperity, is upon us. The issue is the protection of the unit of the State, the individual citizen, from the rapacity, the tyranny, the destroying selfishness of combinations of power, determined to use the functions of government to promote their own ends, regardless alike of personal rights and the welfare of the nation.

On every hand the signs of the times are portentous. There must be a revival of genuine Americanism. The need of the hour is unwavering loyalty to the bed rock principles of the founders of the Republic. In church and society, in politics and trade there is an imperative demand for a fresh alignment, shoulder to shoulder, in defence of true national principles. When Washington took the Executive Chair of the infant Republic, in the Spring of 1789, he was affectionately addressed, in a true patriotic spirit, by representatives of all the religious bodies in the country. The replies to these letters form a remarkable chapter in the history of the first President. They all breathe the same exalted spirit, are all filled with the same profound sense of the duty of acknowledgment of Divine goodness and the need of continued guidance from the same source of infinite wisdom and light. Ad-

dressing the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Washington said:

“Righteousness exalteth a nation.”

“While I reiterate the professions of my dependence upon heaven, as the source of all public and private blessings, I will observe that the general prevalence of piety, philanthropy, honesty, industry, and economy seems, in the ordinary course of human affairs, particularly necessary for advancing and confirming the happiness of our country. While all men within our territories are protected in worshiping the Deity according to the dictates of their consciences, it is rationally to be expected from them in return that they will all be emulous of evincing the sanctity of their professions by the innocence of their lives and the beneficence of their actions; for no man, who is profligate in his morals, or a bad member of the civil community, can possibly be a true Christian, or a credit to his own religious society. I desire you to accept my acknowledgments for your laudable endeavors to render men sober, honest and good citizens and the obedient subjects of a lawful government, as well as for your prayers to Almighty God for His blessing on our common country.”

The nation needs to remember afresh and impressively the God of battles, who has held it in the hollow of His Almighty hand; who has so mercifully preserved and so graciously blessed it. We need to recall his high commands; to acknowledge Him in all our ways; to honor his holy day; to preserve and defend it against secularization and desecration of every sort, as much in the interests of those who toil as of those who worship; to be guided by his Divine and loving wisdom. We need to remember that this is a Christian nation, with a Christian mission and a Christian destiny. And to this end we should confess our manifold errors, purge ourselves of the sins of the time, purify the social arena, cleanse the temple of politics, straighten the crooked places in trade, revolutionize the plague spots, rescue the “submerged tenth,” lift up the fallen, vindicate the rights of labor, and prepare to enter the new century filled with the loftiest purposes, animated with the sublimest passions, and consecrated to the noblest work of mankind.

XXVI.

"Once more it was shown, with impressiveness never to be forgotten, that man's extremity was God's opportunity. The Great Republic was saved!"



The magnificent trans-Atlantic steamer, *The Great Republic*, was nearing port, after a safe and pleasant voyage. At eventide, only two days from New York, the sky, which had been overcast for several hours, looked threatening and there was a strange tremor in the atmosphere, as though the elements were conspiring to show their dangerous and destructive power. The

watchful captain, as he surveyed the darkening horizon, from his post on the bridge, anxiously remarked to the officer standing beside him: "I don't like the appearance of those clouds. See!" as the first faint flash of lightning was observed, though seemingly far away. The quartermaster ventured to remark that he would like to know what was the matter with the ship. He was a veteran helmsman and was plainly vexed as he said: "It seems to be almost impossible, sir, to keep her steadily on her course."

Darkness, which speedily settled into the blackness of a fearful night, with the heavy air, drove the passengers inside early, only a few noticing anything that disturbed their peace of mind. There was plenty of gayety in the main saloons and beautiful state rooms. The big liner, one of the proudest of her class in all her appointments, lacked nothing which could promote the comfort of passengers. Richly furnished apartments, every personal convenience, sumptuous fare, polite attention, luxurious lounging, music, dancing and brilliant social intercourse, filled up the rapidly passing hours and made the journey a delightful one for upwards of five hundred tourists, many of them persons of unlimited

means, attended by large retinues of foreign born servants; men, women and children to whom life had been an endless round of worldly pleasure. In the other part of the ship were stowed away over one thousand humbler people. Every berth in the steerage was taken. Families were huddled together in close quarters, with frugal but wholesome fare, and all were looking forward to a landing in the new world with mingled feelings of sadness, thinking of loved ones left behind; joy, thinking of pleasant greetings; hope and fear. The only unpleasant feature was a number of large groups of men of forbidding appearance, uncleanly, low-browed, almost brutal looking, all under the care of several leaders of rough behavior; a fresh detachment of several hundred of the class of immigrants whose presence in our fair land during the past few years has been almost equal, in its terrible effects, to a pestilence.

A terrible night at sea.

At midnight all was silent. No one was to be seen but the vigilant members of the double watch, for the master of the vessel, himself remaining on duty, somehow felt strangely apprehensive. The storm had broken in great fury and the sea was becoming a fearful sight, even to experienced eyes. The wind, already blowing almost with cyclonic power, was gathering force with every moment. It shrieked and howled as though trying to drown the awful noise of the rising waves. The lightning flashed almost continuously and the artillery of the heavens seemed to be all unlimbered and double shotted for some great occasion. The officers were all at their posts and every one had supreme confidence in the ability of the ship to easily outride this, or any other storm that might overtake her. Their courage never faltered and the faithful crew vied with their leaders in calmly performing every duty.

About three hours before daybreak there was excitement down in the great engine-room. One of the immense shafts had broken near the starboard wheel. The ship's master mechanic rushed to the scene and after a brief inspection reported that nothing could be done until port was reached. Half the engines were stopped and soon it was necessary to run the others slowly, for a new trouble had arisen. The old quartermaster's fears had been more than realized. The ship now periodically refused to obey her helm.

She was soon lying almost helplessly in the trough of the raging sea, with mountainous waves engulfing her every minute. Even with the aid of powerful electric search lights it was impossible to discover what was the matter. The terrible hours seemed to be days and weeks to the brave captain, in whose keeping were the lives of fifteen hundred passengers, all unconscious of their peril, and a crew of one hundred and fifty stout-hearted men. He paced the bridge, praying for dawn, with his eyes fixed upon what he supposed to be the eastern horizon.

The quartermaster again startled his chief by declaring, in seamen's vigorous language, that he believed the ship's compass was bewitched. "Look at it," he cried; "that thing's gone clean crazy!" Sure enough, the needle danced and whirled like mad, and refused to steadily do its work. A momentary trouble, perhaps, owing to the remarkable electrical conditions prevailing; but already everything was in confusion. The reckoning had gone astray. The mighty vessel, helplessly broken in her vital parts, with all her precious burden, was lost, and in an awful storm! What a situation! And all hands knew that the coast was not far distant, and that there were perilous shoals in their probable track, as they drifted out of their course. With the coming of daylight a thorough examination of the steering apparatus was made, but nothing wrong could be discovered either inside or outside the ship. The cause of the trouble was a profound mystery. Only one thing could be done. There must be ceaseless vigilance and a sharp lookout for help. The gun was fired at intervals all day, and the great whistle kept in constant use, but not a friendly sail appeared; no answering salutation. The storm of the night had broken, only to be succeeded by weather so thick that the captain could not see the man in the bow. No one could see a half ship's length. The sea continued to roll furiously. Shortly after noon a violent northeaster set in, accompanied by a very heavy rain-fall. All the craft near the coast had either put out to sea, to outride the storm, or taken refuge in the nearest port.

Anxious hours and solemn thoughts.

The living freight soon discovered the situation and there was intense anxiety. The day was spent within closed doors as no other had been during the voyage. There was earnest but sub-

cluded conversation, and every one from outside, or who was supposed to have any information, was besieged by the imprisoned passengers. The tossing of the ship made nearly every one ill and amongst the most alarmed patients was a well-known American iron master of great wealth, who, with the ruling passion always present, tried to monopolize the services of the ship's doctor. He endeavored to slip several pieces of gold into the young man's hand, unseen, and was astonished to see his offer sternly rejected. "I'll do my duty, sir," was the manly and indignant reply; "by you and all others." As night came on, the peril of the situation increased. The anxious faces of the officers, as they flitted about, told what words could not conceal. There was no sleep for any person on board *The Great Republic*, save the helpless little ones in the steerage, a score or more of babies, held tightly in their trembling mothers' arms.

In the great dining room, two or three hundred first-class passengers assembled, trying to comfort each other. There were many tear-stained faces. Strong men held wives, mothers and sisters by the hand and said cheering words that sounded like mockery. The fear was general that the vessel would not survive the struggle; that she would be overwhelmed and plunge to the bottom, or be dashed in pieces on the Long Island or New Jersey shore. The giant of steel, the modern product of man's highest ingenuity, was as helpless as the little skiff on the sea of Gallilee, nearly two thousand years ago, when the frightened fishermen awoke the sleeping passenger, who seemed to have no thought of danger, and asked: "Master, carest thou not that we perish!" He awoke and rebuked the sea and there was a great calm. "Peace, be still!"

Ah, if this imperiled company could only find such help in this supreme hour of human need. This was the thought passing in every mind. Who should give it expression? An elderly man, of ministerial mien, finally mustered up courage to ask his friends to draw together, for a little while, and he would read to them. He tried hard to be calm, but his voice trembled in prayer, and after a few words of fatherly comfort, he opened the Book at the 3d Chapter of John, relating the familiar story of Nicodemus and his secret search for light and truth. The preacher wanted to get his hearers into a spiritual frame of mind and hoped that they would follow him with reverent interest. When he closed, some

one near him asked: "Would you mind reading that inspiring narrative of Paul's voyage to Rome?"

The mysterious stranger—Living faith.

The minister looked up astonished. Why, he evidently thought such a story, under such painful circumstances, would intensify the nervous strain of the hour. Hesitating a moment, he opened the Book, at the XXVII Chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Then he looked earnestly at the quiet stranger, a man of middle life, in very plain attire. He was thick-set, with strong, resolute face, and a fearless, yet kindly brown eye. "Won't you please read?" said the faltering preacher. "I would rather not," was the modest reply; "but I will if you wish. Thank you, I do not need the Book." Facing his astonished and inquiring auditors, he raised his voice, clear and distinct, strong and firm, yet wonderfully persuasive and reassuring in its tones. "And when it was determined that we should sail into Italy, they delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one named Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band," he began, and while every one intently listened, the whole thrilling chapter was recited, without a break, without a tremor, with evident joyousness born of a living and lofty minded, yet humble and sincere faith, which nothing could shake. And when he came to the last clause of the last verse and said, in ringing tones, that thrilled every heart: "And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land," there was an involuntary outburst of applause, that was strangely incongruous, but which told of the solid comfort thus courageously imparted.

In a moment all was still again. Each soul was hungering for more. The Fountain of life had been unexpectedly opened and they feign would drink and be filled. Once more it was shown, with impressiveness never to be forgotten, that man's extremity was God's opportunity. "Will you kindly join me in a word of supplication?" was the request. Every head was bowed. Many dropped upon their knees, for the first time in long years. It was a prayer that went straight to the heart of every hearer. The words were simplicity itself; the thoughts expressed were full of meaning; the spirit of faith manifested was sublime. When he finished, there were few dry eyes, but many weary souls were lifted up. The ship's doctor had witnessed the scene. He came forward and gently took the stranger's arm and half

pulled him away. "Come with me, please," he said. As they passed out, the acting chaplain—as they now with one accord regarded him—said to the purser: "Never mind who I am, please. You will understand?" "Certainly, Mr. ——," was the whispered reply. A dozen queries were put at the officer, but his lips had been sealed. The mystery must remain unsolved, for the present at least. "God bless him, whoever he is," were the earnest words of the iron master, who had dragged himself into the larger company, ill as he was, and this was the grateful sentiment echoed on every side.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

The enthusiastic doctor soon had his friend, for they quickly understood each other, standing in the midst of an excited and terror stricken throng of a very different class. The poor steerage passengers were almost beside themselves. They expected every minute to go to the bottom. The pitiful wailing of women and children was heard from every section. The doctor was heartily welcomed and asked by a score at once if all was well. "Oh, yes," was the cheery reply; "we'll be all right, by and bye. We've had a little meeting over in the other end and I want you to hear my good friend. He will have something to say to which I know you will gladly listen. Mr. —— now you take charge of these people for a while." The visitor mounted a table and in a moment seemed to be at home. It was evident that he was familiar with such surroundings. He knew all about "the short and simple annals of the poor." He could talk to these humble folks in a language they could understand and make them feel the joy of human kinship as freely as he had done the fine folks in the other part of the ship.

He began in a cheery way by telling his eager hearers of the voyage of his father, three-quarters of a century before, six weeks from Liverpool to New York. He showed his thorough acquaintance with the habits of thought and speech of the working classes and soon made every one quite forget the dangers of the hour. At the doctor's request, however, the story told to the cabin passengers was repeated in the same way, and with even greater effect. The poor creatures who had felt as though they were deserted by God and man, looked up with swimming eyes and heartily joined in a familiar hymn. Prayer followed and

then the mysterious visitor said he would like to go about the steerage and talk with those unable to be at their little meeting. "I can stay here, can I not, doctor?" he said inquiringly. "I'll make it all right," was the reply. "Thank you, I am at home amongst these people. Give my love to the good friends over there and tell them to keep up bravely and all will be well. We'll all get safe to land."

Long after midnight the captain became convinced that his stranded ship must have been carried very near the coast. The air was still so heavy nothing could be seen. Two engines were slowly worked, the hope being to get cautiously near enough by daybreak to ascertain their location. The roar of the sea and wind was still so great that it would be impossible to hear or distinguish the breakers. The danger, therefore, of grounding was more imminent than ever. The gun was fired at intervals all night, without response. The electric searchlight was placed in the bow, but it could only penetrate the thick atmosphere a few rods. The leadsman was faithfully sounding all the while and the result indicated land not far away. But there were shoals that were more greatly to be feared. Something startling might happen any minute. The steering apparatus was still mysteriously contrary, and the ship was really at the mercy of wind and wave. Every officer was on deck and every seaman alert. Every one in the engine room was at his post, and even the over-wearied stokers refused to take rest. Suddenly, just after the gun had been fired, a faint distant boom was heard, and then another. Was it a near by ship, or the warning answer of a life-saving station? The engines had been stopped and the ship was drifting, her agonized commander not knowing whither. It was a fearful hour. Dawn was near.

On the shoals—"Two bells."

In startled tones, the first officer, standing beside the leadsman, cried out to the captain on the bridge: "Three and one-half fathoms, sir!" The Great Republic had run aground! "Haste! haste!" the commander shouted in the ear of the old quartermaster. "Aye, aye, sir. It's done already," was the quick response. The signal, "two bells," had flashed to the engine room and with every engine at command instantly reversed, the great vessel was backed off—just in time! There was an awful quiver from

stem to stern as her forward keel ground the hidden bar. Back! back, into the deep and safe waters of the sea! Back, away from this new peril! The storm was over; the danger was passed. The fog lifted and the sun, for the first time in three days, came up out of the surging waters, bringing once more safety, joy and peace. There lay the Cape May shore, not three miles distant, the starry flag waved from the life-saving station at the Point, and the brave crew were assembled on the beach, with their boat and lines, ready for any service.

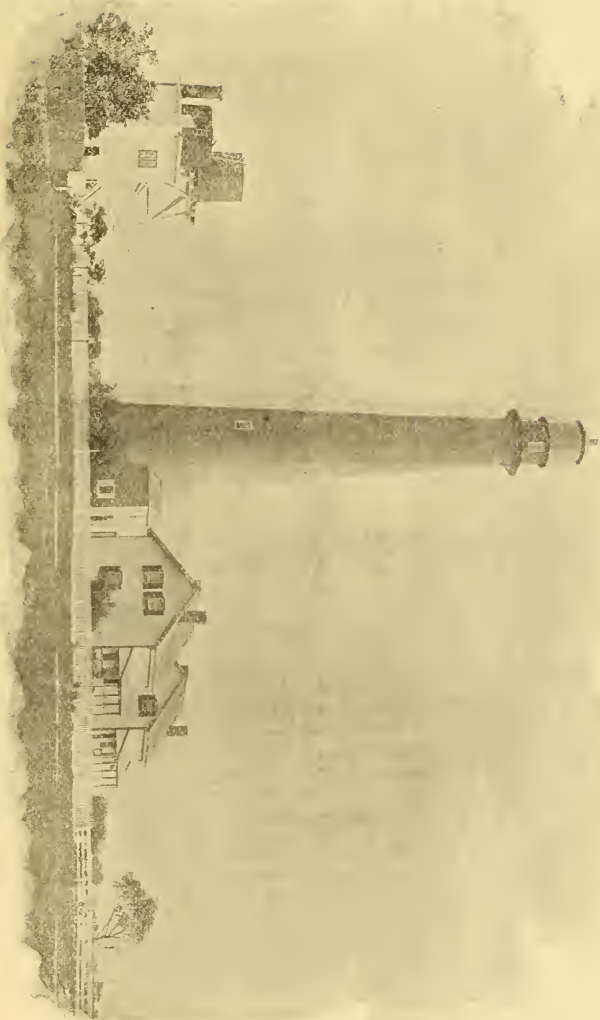
The Great Republic was saved! She had been guided by a mysterious, yet all-powerful hand, drifting to the south and westward fairly within the mouth of the bay, in the very track of the hardy navigators of two centuries ago. The imprisoned passengers were quickly released and they rushed on deck with shouts of praise and thanksgiving. The faithful quartermaster had never been a praying man. He had not left the bridge, nor taken his hand off the wheel, for thirty-six hours. He now fell upon his knees and murmured a fervent prayer, while the captain and second officer stood by his side, uncovered and with bowed heads. When the old sailor had uttered his few broken words of gratitude in behalf of all on board, the heroic chief, from a full heart, said, "Amen!" "And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

God bless our native land !
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night :
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might !

For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies ;
 On him we wait :
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State.



CAPE MAY LIGHT HOUSE.



THE SLEEPING SENTINEL

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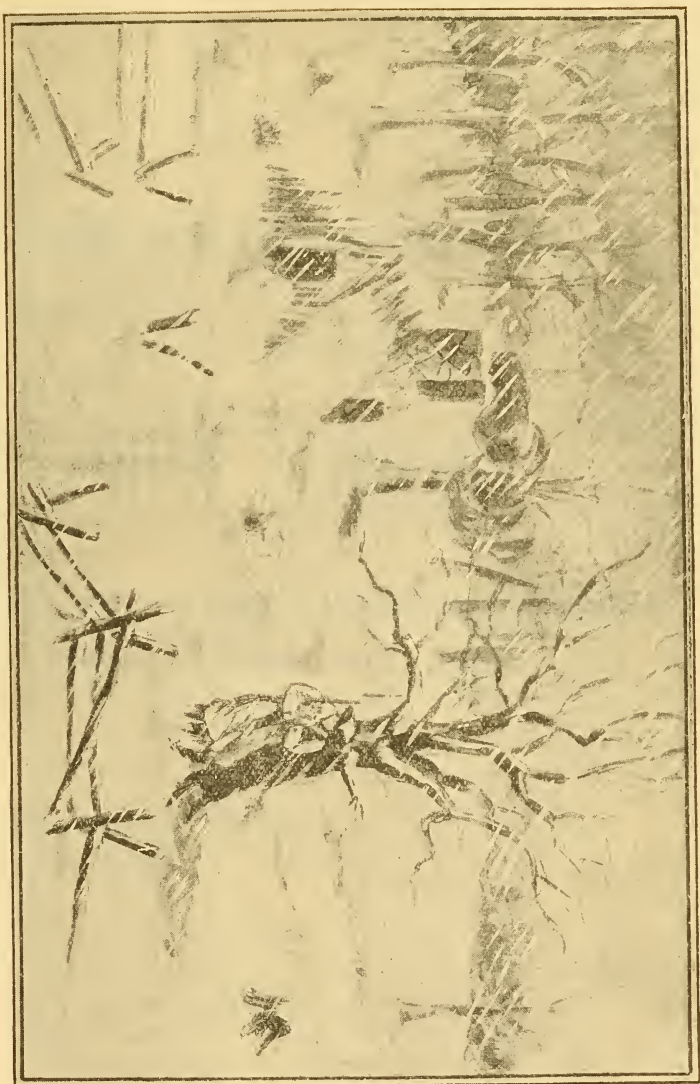
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THE STONE PICKET.

"Aye! Asleep! The sleep that knows no waking."

From "The Sleeping Sentinel of Valley Forge."

"THE GREATEST BEACH IN THE WORLD."

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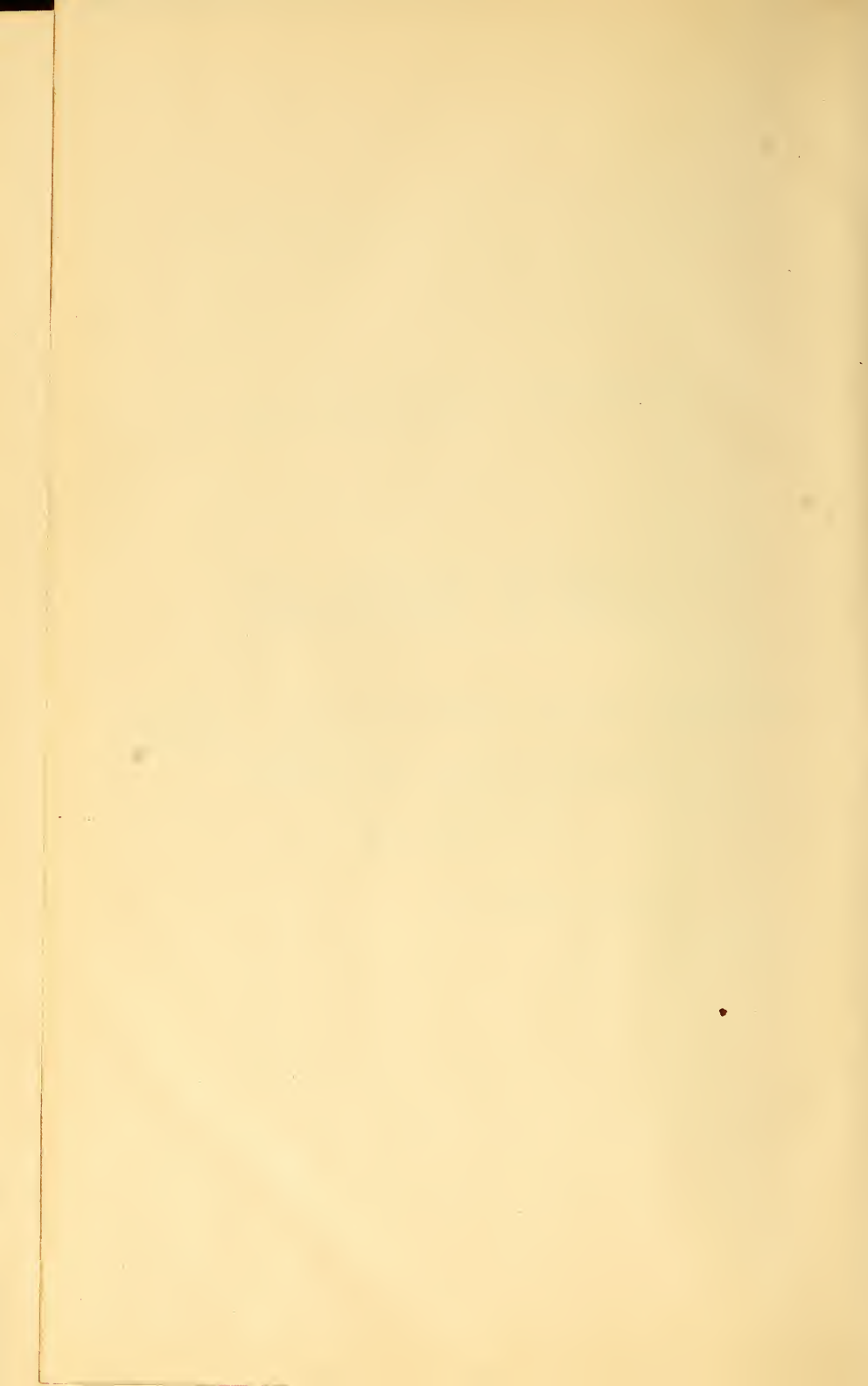
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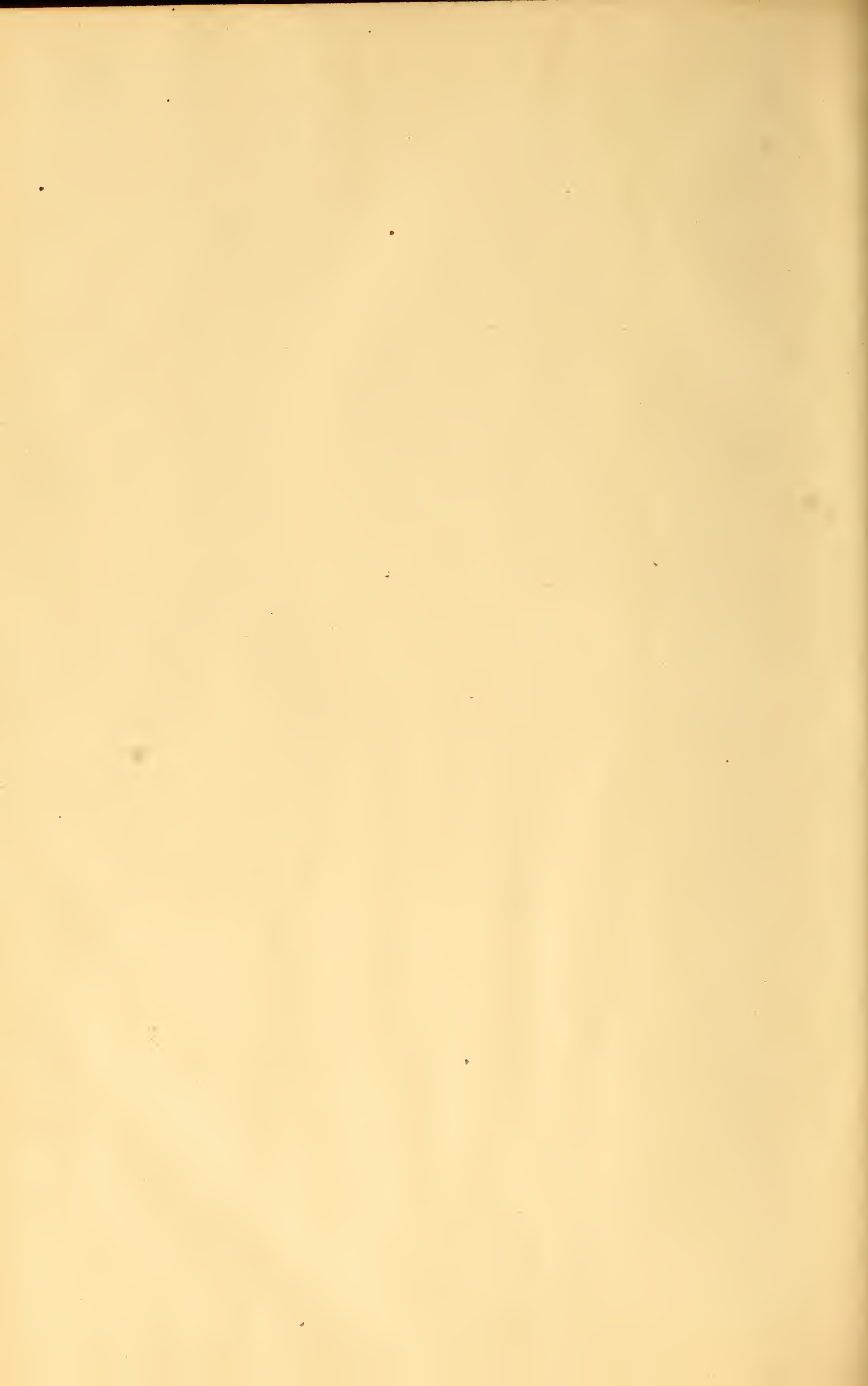




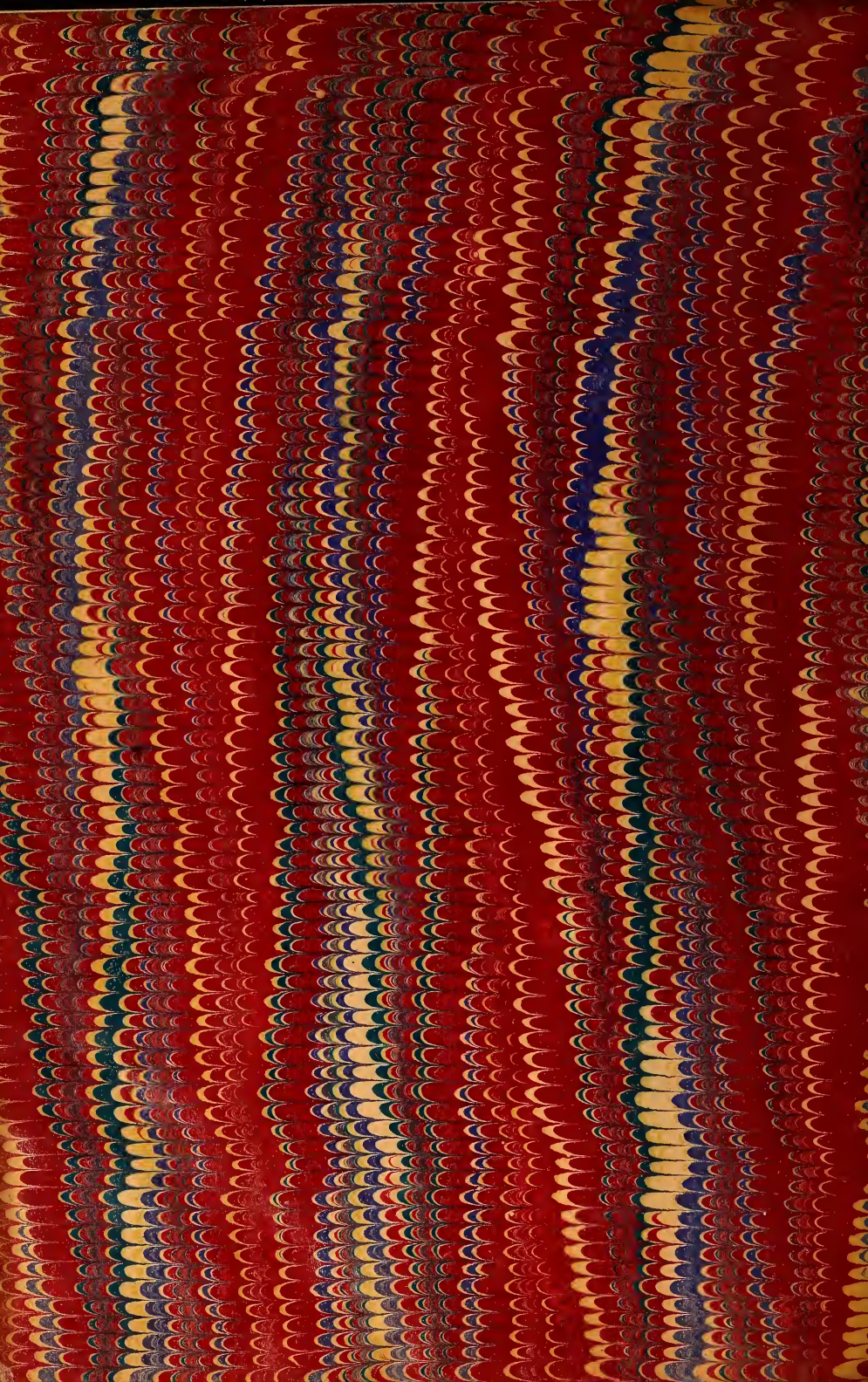














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